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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

NEW YORK'S BOOK NIGGARDLINESS

FOR both books and salaries the appropriation of the New York Public Library has been enormously cut since 1920. The largest city in the United States spends less than two cents per capita on new books for its public library, whereas Chicago spends over eight cents and Cleveland $.1342. This enforced poverty has made it impossible to buy new books to meet the demand, or to replace thousands of volumes that have become tattered, dirty, and unfit for use, or even to repair them properly. In consequence the stock of books has actually fallen off to the extent of 45,612 volumes between January 1, 1920 and December 31, 1924. And the meagre pay of employees results in the resigning each year of fully one fifth of the library staff.

By the time this editorial appears, it is possible that the Board of Estimate will have met the demands of the library trustees and employees. Whether or not they have done so, the fact remains that for several years now the political powers that be in New York City have been stifling the intellect of America, the Americanization of immigrants, the development of genius; the social, political, moral education of millions of people at its very core. It is probable that Mayor Hylan and his minions do not know what books are for. Perhaps they do not believe that those most vitally interested in the spread of knowledge have votes that count. In a sense they are, perhaps, right. On the whole, our acceptance of library privileges is sometimes a trifle complacent. Yet there are those who believe that the librarian influence in this country is as great or greater than that of the school teacher, that adult education is of stupendous importance to the growth of culture and efficiency in America.

A trained librarian with a sense of life and of books can remake a man's mind. The development of the reading habit, the desire for self training, can be imparted from the library desk in a manner truly miraculous. When millions are appropriated each year to

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administer to the bodies of the starved, we cannot afford to pinch starved minds. If you have never stood at a library desk, Mayor Hylan, and watched the eagerness with which developing minds ask for the books which will lead them nearer understanding, you should try the experiment. It may not impress you; but that will be a comment, not on the efficiency of librarians nor on the quality of awakening American intellectual demand, but on your own lack of real foresight, both humane and, honored sir, political!

A SCHOOL FOR WRITERS AND TEACHERS

THERE is a question in many minds as to whether or not creative writing can be taught. If this question is to be answered by a simple affirmative or negative, it must undoubtedly be, "No". If, however, we consider creative talent, either observable or latent, it is fairly certain that such talent can be encouraged and developed by intelligent teaching methods. One of the best examples of this is the Bread Loaf School of English at Bread Loaf, Vermont. This school for teachers and writers, under the direction of Middlebury College, has been strikingly successful. It offers not only regular work toward postgraduate and undergraduate degrees during the summer months, but a course in creative writing, backed by correlating courses and advisory counsel, that is stimulating and result-producing.

Here, in a hillside settlement brooded over by the Green Mountains, gather each summer a group of people interested in English literature in some of its phases. Many of them are teachers, some are undergraduates, some are vacationists who enjoy contact with intelligent people and like to listen to lecturers brought to Vermont to talk on poetry, the novel, philosophy, the drama. Seldom has a better scheme been devised for enjoyment, study, and discussion. Practical courses in stage design, short story writing, playwriting, and teaching methods are offered. Much actual writing is done, and many worthwhile manuscripts are produced. More important than the actual work is the atmosphere, which is characterized by gaiety and a real desire to work. Riding, hiking, dancing, tennis, form an important part of the day's schedule. The spirit is far from stodgy. The muse does not appear in flowing ties and spectacles.

The tradition of this school is something to be highly commended; and the more people who know of it, the better for American teaching methods, and for such youngsters and others ambitious to write as can take this opportunity for becoming acquainted with first rate minds and honest, sincere, understanding criticism. Robert Frost has long been a patron adviser. Paul Moody and W. E. Davison have been largely responsible for its organization, and many American writers and critics of note have taken an active part in its curriculum. If in any way this magazine can spread a knowledge of and an interest in this experiment, it will consider that it has aided in the process of developing what promises to be the ideal school for teachers and writers.

MR. HAYS MAKES A DANGEROUS GESTURE

LIKE most reformers and those who indulge in censorship of one sort or another, Will Hays has now made

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his cardinal and ridiculous blunder. He has declared "They Knew What They Wanted", Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play produced by the Theatre Guild, unfit for production in the films. Does he offer this as sop to those people who think his control of the photoplay has been lax? Does he think that by taking a case which is sure to gain much publicity, he can make it appear that his censorship control was vigorous? If so, he has done a sightless and a wicked thing. On the other hand, if he really believes "They Knew What They Wanted" is morally harmful, he is not wicked, but he remains blind. He has set his judgment above that of the Pulitzer Prize committee, a notoriously conservative body of gentlemen, which made this year's award to the picturesque California fable as not, mind you, the best play of the year, but "the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners". He has set his judgment, too, above that of last year's play jury, which pronounced this same dramatic production free from offensive material.

A sermon might well be delivered to Mr. Hays and his vulgar cohorts of the motion pictures on the text of "They Knew What They Wanted" and those three phrases, "good morals, good taste and good manners". Dozens of films are produced each day which contain material blatantly vulgar, subtly suggestive, deliberately appealing to baseness. Of these we hear nothing, though even their titles suggest their character. Vulgarity is allowed to flourish, while art is prohibited.

Perhaps Mr. Hays will consent to debate with Hamlin Garland, one of the members of the Pulitzer Prize committee, on what are accurate definitions of "good morals, good taste and good manners". On the definition of the second of the three will obviously rest Mr. Hays's reputation as head of the motion picture industry. Possibly Mr. Hays considers himself brave to have attacked the Pulitzer Prize play. But it does not require bravery to place vulgarity and mediocrity above art, for there are enough vulgar and mediocre people in the world to back his decision with banners.

Yet the fine artistry and beauty of Mr. Howard's play cannot fail to win in the long run. Rejected by the motion pictures as unclean, Mr. Howard can be content with the knowledge that his play is simply too fine for their appreciation.

CLEAN FICTION

IS there any method whereby the young intellectuals can be persuaded to cease patronizing the popular writer? Old intellectuals, too, for that matter, stodgy academicians whose reviews fail entirely to notice many of the volumes that most of us read! Laurence Stallings, returning to his book column on the New York "World" after a summer's rest, writes: "One gets back to the reviewer's desk to understand again that the bulk of published stuff grows worse each season, just as ignorance flowers in direct proportion to the minority's enlargement of wisdom." To us, books seem a trifle better each year, but ours is the optimistic temperament, while Mr. Stallings has found bitterness an excellent stock in trade. We should consider it mere stupidity not to be able to understand why it is that Harold Bell Wright and Anne Nichols flour-

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ish. We should consider it foolish indeed to claim that Dreiser is a better influence in America than Zane Grey. What a silly world it would be if all babes and sucklings lisped in the lumbersome accents of Dreiser, simpered with Mr. Van Vechten, or yet again, caviled with Mr. Stallings. For them remains the task of putting a little iron, a little gall, and a little filth into the baby's bottle. What would happen to the baby if there were no milk? America, fed on morbidity, would soon be a painful place to live in. Let Mr. Stallings and Mr. Mencken take a trip through the colleges, and discover for themselves what the present intellectual undergraduate is like: brilliant, adventuresome, clever, and deplorably neurotic. We do not lament this neuroticism; for it has with it enough healthy curiosity to ensure a future lapse into normality, in which we have no doubt rugged appreciation of bad literature will have its part. Bad literature, understand, in the Mencken-Stallings-Rascoe sense of the word. Bad literature as it is seen through the lilac spectacles of the Hotel Algonquin. Literature that takes for its basis the wholesome plot story; that has no more to do with real literature than has Ben Hecht's nastiness, but has its place on the tables of any healthy family.

Why should anyone be afraid to acknowledge that he likes to read, in his leisure moments, *a good story?* Why should anyone be afraid to own to sentiment, even to an occasional lapse into sentimentality? The Irish have long since learned how to cover their hearts with a willingness to use the fist. A fight without any heart in it is dry stuff. A literature which takes count only of irony and lust and is barren of tears is not only castrated but truly vile. It is perverse to demand cleverness and bald truth to the exclusion of prettiness. Beauty will somehow escape us if we narrow our vision in order to shut out bold emotion. Who are we to say when a man should or should not weep, or have the inclination to weep?

Consider carefully that statement of Mr. Stallings, "just as ignorance flowers in direct proportion to the minority's enlargement of wisdom". What snobbery is this from the author of "Plumes", the coauthor of "What Price Glory"? If his next book should take this statement into real account, we can only wish him the diminishing public he deserves. Let him look into his own work; he will find the answer to his dilemma. If he persists in writing criticism, let him be sure that he is wise enough to look into other men's hearts, other authors' books. Sneer once too often, and the sneer remains. There is plenty of room in the world for a Theodore Dreiser and a Harold Bell Wright; knowing them both, we feel perfectly sure that they would get along valiantly if placed face to face across a well laden table — but not a table at the Hotel Algonquin.

ENERGY IS ETERNAL DELIGHT

MRS. WHARTON'S excellent papers on writing which have been appearing in "Scribner's", and are shortly to be collected in book form, have been marvels of wisdom and restraint. They must be part of the background of any ambitious writer, or of any person interested in the writing and reading and appreciating of fiction. Yet these pages, with all their careful phraseology and astute analysis, miss a certain secret of successful writing. They say little of

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passion, of energy, of violence. They take no notice of the drive that burns up the poet and destroys the man of vision. They forget the death of Marlowe and the madness of Emerson, the morbidity of Poe, the tempest that raged in Byron's soul. It is stupendous force burning in the soul that produces the great book. It must be controlled, it must attain technique, it must proceed with care. Controlled energy is perfect technique, and vitality is the one characteristic that makes fiction surely and absolutely readable — and fiction that is not readable is scarcely worthy the name.

One night in Greece, Phidias perhaps saw before him a white block of marble, and suddenly his hands clenched and his soul writhed. He saw before him a vision so beautiful and so terrible that it moved him to madness, set his hands itching for the chisel, drove him at the white perfection of stone with the power of destruction rather than of creation. Perhaps he destroyed the beauty of the stone, hewing madly and roughly a mere satyr of his fancy. This was the trial flight of the beast in him, the beast that was his genius. That night he could have wrestled with Hercules on Olympus, or dashed himself into the bowels of Ætna, happy at a cessation of the desire for beauty that rendered him at once strongly creative and ragingly impotent. Memory sent him again to the marble, when energy was there controlled by his will to create. It was then that the perfect masterpiece resulted. It was then that he understood the combination of inspiration and technique.

Was any real work of genius ever conceived in lassitude? Was any real work of genius ever created in weariness? Analyze talent if you will, but let genius alone; for it will drive home its blows without regard for reason, without calculation of intent. If Henry James had possessed more of the attributes of the prizefighter he would have been a greater man. Yet we cannot expect Mrs. Wharton to advise a taste of madness now and then, can we?

THE BUSINESS OF NOT BEING A CLUB WOMAN

ALICE AMES WINTER was president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs from 1920 to 1924. She held office at a time when woman was gaining rapidly in political prestige. She was and still is an organizer of power and efficiency. Her primer for club women has recently been published under the title "The Business of Being a Club Woman". It is probably the greatest indictment of woman as a political force that could be penned. It is a good book, purposeful, clear, forthright; but it shows that Mrs. Winter knows her woman's mind. It shows that she knows that only by the most rigorous observation of method can feminine qualities be adapted for the accomplishment of political purposes. Is she right or wrong in the assumption that these political purposes are primarily those of reform and propaganda? "Plotter and schemer and sleeper", she writes, "menace American ideals. It is to combat them that organized women are gathering forces, through self-training and through the exercise of new-found political, social and economic powers." Is it not possible that by thinking too much about this plotting and scheming, by arraying themselves militantly to fight unseen or dimly visioned foes, the women of the country will miss the true secret of a strong nation; will be-

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come so busy fighting that they will forget to prepare themselves, their men and their children, to wage any fight well; and that as a result the cultural background of the country which has always been more or less in their tender hands will be destroyed as those hands, too, become calloused?

Mrs. Winter would like all women's clubs to be a combination of study and service. In this wish, she seems to deny womankind a sense of humor. Must a club be a club in her sense of the word? What a dull thing it would be if all men's clubs were dedicated to study and service. Can you imagine such a book as Mrs. Winter's on "The Business of Being a Club *Man*"? Women must be allowed to sit about and indulge their peculiarly feminine sense of humor. Someone must participate in the gentler arts of embroidery and gossip. If women stop spreading scandal, that will have to be taken up by the men — and then, where shall we end? Has Mrs. Winter ever listened, behind a curtain or on a platform while she was waiting to deliver one of her magnificent addresses, to a club discussing what should be the state flower adopted by the legislature?

Another chapter on a sense of humor should be added to Mrs. Winter's excellent volume. That chapter might be called, "On Not Being a Club Woman". It might further add that there are women, and women's clubs, that are made purely for enjoyment, that make an art of leisure and a fetish of beauty. It might further add that there are some women who are not club women at all and who further the ideals and politics of the nation by simply being that magnificent and charming thing, the perfect hostess. Can you picture a man's club singing "America the Beautiful" and reciting the following, "A Collect for Club Women"?

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet with each other face to face, without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straight-forward and unafraid.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene and gentle.

Grant that we may realize, it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind.

Mary Stewart

Would it not be wise to add: Let us all pray heartily, men, women, and children, for A SENSE OF HUMOR!

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WHAT WE READ AND WHY WE READ IT

By Jesse Lee Bennett

I: AMERICA HAS A BOOK!

THE United States of America now yearly produces more Ford cars than babies! California is not the only American state which boasts that it has sufficient motor cars to carry the entire population at one time.

The admission tax figures show that the American people annually spend about $650,000,000 for stage, motion picture, and athletic entertainment. In that mad year of 1920 in which we spent twenty two billion dollars on luxuries, American women spent $750,000,000 for face powder, cosmetics, and perfumes alone!

It is estimated that at least $50,000,000 is expended in this country each year for the purchase of chewing gum. There are few towns throughout the forty eight states in which one cannot buy motor cars and cosmetics and chewing gum. These commodities are obviously necessary to the life of the American people. Recently one of the great chewing gum manufacturers announced that he has 900,000 retail outlets for the sale of his product.

Considering these stirring and enlightening figures, one is somewhat startled to learn that there are whole great states in our country in which there is not one really big and modern bookstore. There are many states in which books are sold practically only at department and drug stores or at newsstands. These are, of course, vitally important outlets. They bring books to people who would otherwise not think of books. It would be a splendid thing if books were sold at every department and drug store and at every newsstand. Nevertheless, the absence of stores selling books alone is an illuminating commentary upon life in the states in question.

Stanley G. Remington, chairman of the membership committee of the American Booksellers' Association, stated at a recent convention of that body: "I have been told that there are two thousand or more bookstores in this country." The paid membership of the Association is 774. But some of the members are representatives of the great publishing houses.

Some of the agencies selling lists of names of business enterprises offer lists of "20,000 bookstores". Some of the publishers have the names of seven or eight thousand stores which sell books. But on the mailing list of the National Association of Book Publishers — an organization composed of the largest American publishers — there are only about 2,700 names, and some of these are of shops outside the United States. It is probable that Mr. Remington has been correctly informed and that there are only about 2,000 real bookstores in this country of nearly 110,000,000 people. Obviously books are commodities not yet vitally necessary to the life of the American people!

The detailed statistics of the production or sale of most commodities are carefully gathered by some branch of the government or some interested private agency. It is possible to find

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how many motor cars of different makes were sold in America last year. It is probably possible to find how many pairs of shoes, how many cakes of soap, how many corsets, how many cigarettes, were produced or sold. But it is not possible to find from any source an entirely satisfactory estimate as to the number or kinds of books produced. The number of new titles or of reprints of old titles can be obtained, since statistics concerning these facts are carefully recorded through numerous agencies. Yet so little do books — as books — vitally affect the lives of the American people as a whole that apparently no governmental or private agency undertakes to gather and study the figures of book production and consumption in any such detail as would be necessary for the figures to represent a definite and illuminating index of the general state of culture.

The Census Bureau issues the figures concerning the "Census of Manufacturers" biennially for the odd years. It takes a year or more for the figures to be available. Until May 16, 1925, the most recent available figures of book production in the country were for the year 1921. On that date "The Publishers' Weekly" was enabled to publish the advance figures for book production in 1923. They are given in the "Census of Manufactures — Table 10 — Books and Pamphlets, by Character of Publication and Number of Copies Published, for the Industry, for the United States, 1923, 1921 and 1919". In order to show the rapid development in book production the figures for 1914 are here added:

CHARACTER	NUMBER OF COPIES 1914	1919	1921	1923
Fiction	39,598,501	24,317,643	21,632,483	30,014,162
Juvenile	16,399,881	24,434,912	30,773,228	49,679,895
General Literature (New Classification in 1923)	.....	.....	.....	61,915,885
Poetry and drama	1,926,892	2,682,568	2,229,005	2,985,271
History	2,458,912	6,280,483	1,404,860	6,457,303
Religion and theology	24,411,502	36,496,230	30,626,056	48,193,861
Education	51,069,521	75,075,335	164,648,606	96,479,723
Law	1,701,602	2,254,861	2,295,034	3,662,777
All others	37,599,887	80,526,784	72,341,330	60,002,141
Total	175,166,698	252,068,816	325,950,602	359,391,018

It will be noted that there is a very marked increase in the total number of books and pamphlets produced from 1914 to 1923; the figures are a little more than doubled. The 1923 total of 359,391,018 would appear at first sight to give us the cultural index which we desire. But these figures are for both books and pamphlets; vast numbers of advertising circulars are doubtless included. Commenting on the figures, 'The Publishers' Weekly" says editorially: "The books certainly must constitute less than half of the 359,000,000. The statistics are gathered from all offices where printing and publishing is done." If this estimate is correct, the total book production during 1923 would be approximately 175,000,000 volumes.

But the pamphlets eliminated cannot be taken at the estimated rate of half from each of the classifications of kinds of books. Probably very little acknowledged "Fiction" is published in pamphlet form. The books classified under the vague head "Education" probably comprise all school textbooks. Among this group pamphlets are probably but a small proportion of the

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bound books. In "Religion and Theology" probably very few pamphlets would be found. If we assume the figures for "Education" and "Religion and Theology" to be bound books, and the estimate as to pamphlets made by "The Publishers' Weekly" to be dependable, it will be seen that the number of bound books of more general interest would be reduced by at least 125,000,000 copies.

This computation does not take into consideration the number of "Juveniles", which are probably bound books and not pamphlets. Note that the figures total 49,679,895. Were these also eliminated and the estimate concerning pamphlets accepted, the number of books of general interest would be reduced to very meagre proportions indeed.

Certainly it becomes — largely due to the grouping of books and pamphlets together without clear distinction between the two — practically impossible to obtain from these statistics of the Census Bureau any very informative and relatively exact figures as to the production of books noteworthy and important from a social, literary, or educational viewpoint because of real information, intellectual stimulation, or artistic delight which they bring to those reading them. This is not meant as a criticism of the Census Bureau classifications, which are doubtless established to deal with very complex and confusing returns from publishers and printers. From the humanist point of view, looking upon books as purveyors of alive and inspiriting knowledge and delight, there is, however, little in the 1923 figures to make us believe that many more than 25,000,000 copies of new books of very high quality are produced in this country each year, or more than 100,000,000 copies of books of all kinds except those used in schools, ecclesiastical institutions, and for specific technical purposes of different sorts.

Pending the belated biennial report of the Census Bureau, and in an effort to estimate the number of bound books as distinct from pamphlets, Frederic Melcher, editor of "The Publishers' Weekly", tries in every way to gather statistics from which rough estimates of the number of copies of books published or sold in America each year can be ascertained. From three sources, figures permitting very crude estimates are obtainable — statistics relating to printing, statistics of the production of book paper (from the general figures of paper production), and statistics of the book binding industry. The first two of these are obviously very indefinite. The book binding figures would appear to offer a good index. But these figures are unfortunately confused, due to the fact that they comprise all kinds of blank books as well as printed books. These book production figures are certainly elusive!

According to the figures of paper consumption in the United States as given in "The Publishers' Weekly" for January 31, 1925, the amount of book paper produced in the country in 1923 was 1,221,000 tons. Of this total the machine finished book paper — the class most used in book production — was 780,262 tons. The book paper statistics include all paper used in the printing press except news print.

No estimate has been made as to just what percentage of the "book" paper is devoted to books since the War Industries Board once made an investigation. This body fixed the percentage at between 5% and 6% of the whole. By far the larger part of the book paper is used by magazines and job printing, which latter includes the deluge of catalogues. These two groups

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use in all about 75% or 80% of the whole. Books — if the estimate made by the War Industries Board is still accurate — consume less than one per cent of the entire paper production, and this estimate includes all possible classes of books. Of the 127 pounds of paper per capita consumed in this country in 1922, only about one pound per capita was used to print information or ideas in book form!

Let us take the "Publishers' Weekly" figures of 1,221,000 tons and apply the War Industries Board's estimate of between 5% and 6% for books. We get between 60,000 and 70,000 tons of paper used for book production, or from 120,000,000 to 140,000,000 pounds. Rather pathetically — considering the social importance of the subject — "The Publishers' Weekly", before the 1923 Census Bureau figures were available, estimated that these figures "might be some rough indication" of how many copies of books were produced in this country during the calendar year of 1923. Allowing a pound of paper for the average book, it will be seen that this would make the production of books between 120,000,000 and 140,000,000 or slightly over one book per capita. This number does not vary very greatly from the Census Bureau figures, if the estimate of books being less than half the total number is correct. It is to be understood, of course, that these figures include bibles, reference books, government publications, textbooks, cook books, and every sort of bound book. By the Census Bureau figures, only a little over a third of a pound of paper would be allowed to each book or pamphlet. This seems a very low estimate for books. It serves to support the opinion of "The Publishers' Weekly" as to the greater number of pamphlets.

One thing at least all these bewildering statistics indicate — the desirability of some very much more detailed statistical information concerning book production in this country!

It is estimated that there are about 24,000,000 American households. These households may not read many books, but they read a very great deal. Statistics of newspaper production for 1921 — the latest figures available in May, 1925 — show an average total daily circulation of 33,770,827. These figures have probably been increased in the subsequent four years, despite the indications that there has been some slight decrease of general interest in newspapers since the war. In any case, at least one newspaper per American household per day is certainly distributed. The statistics for weekly publications during 1921 show an average total circulation of 43,947,398, or nearly two per American household per week. The statistics for monthly publications during 1921 show an average total of 83,954,144. More than three magazines per American household per month are produced. It makes a very interesting balance — one daily newspaper per American household, two weeklies, three monthly magazines, and — an extreme estimate — four books per year.

This is standardization of a very interesting type. But consider the figures in relation to other commodities. At least 5,000,000 motor cars of an average value of at least $400 each are bought in this country every year. The upkeep on them is very high. Since it appears probable that only about 25,000,000 new books of an average price of two dollars, or 100,000,000 books of all kinds, including all sorts of drivel and trash at a probable average price of one dollar, are bought in this country each year, it appears that motor transport is somewhere between twenty to

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forty times as important to the American people as literature, even when "literature" includes such writers as Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Isaiah, Job, and the Family Medical Adviser. And there is little upkeep on books!

One big New York publisher of long experience estimates, however, that only about 200,000 of the 24,000,000 American households buy books regularly; or, in other words, that only about one out of each 120 American households considers books as necessary as breakfast foods, radio sets, chewing gum, or flivvers.

Ellis W. Meyers — executive secretary of the American Booksellers' Association — informed that body recently:

> The vast majority of the public does not buy books. In fact I think the vast majority doesn't read.

Pondering these statistics and estimates and opinions, one is brought to question whether the current vaudeville story about the man who replied to the suggestion that he take a book as a present to his wife: "Oh, she has a book", belongs in the realm of fancy or in the realm of actual fact!

There is another story about the chorus girl who, several mornings after her wedding, found her new husband reading the sporting page of a Hearst newspaper. "Good Lord," she cried in an anguished tone, "I've married a bookworm!"

In some of the outlying sections of the states which have few or no bookstores, we fear many a young bride would feel that her husband moved in some very strange and remote realm if she found him reading anything at all.

Books last quite a long time. Even if few are bought each year, the general accumulations may be large. In 1924 the local libraries undertook to investigate the question of the ownership of books in the city of Cincinnati and the surrounding rural sections. School children were asked to report the total number of books in their homes. If the total number was less than fifteen, the titles were asked for. If there were no books at all in the home, this fact was to be reported. The proportion of answers received was comparatively small considering the large number of children asked to report. This fact might indicate that a great many homes had no books whatsoever.

Reports were received from 2,662 families, about 2,000 through the city branches and 600 through the rural schools. Statistics based upon these reports showed an average of 120 volumes per family for the entire county. But it must be understood that these statistics are based on the relatively small number of reports received. Six and one half per cent of the total reports showed no books in the home. Sixteen per cent showed less than 15 books. Sixty three per cent showed less than 100 books.

Before growing too enthusiastic about this relatively high showing, however, one must consider a number of related facts. Ohio — in addition to being the breeding place for presidents — is, of course, one of the wealthiest of all the states. Figures taken in such a city as Cincinnati cannot, perhaps, be regarded as typical. Among the books listed, moreover, were rather appalling numbers of the works of Mary J. Holmes, Bertha M. Clay, and Gene Stratton-Porter. There was an "amazing number of cook books". Which fact causes us to digress sufficiently long to wonder why it is, in view of the prodigious number of cook books everywhere to be found, that Count Witte and so many other Europeans have complained

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that American food is "altogether unfit for human consumption".

A list of eight books possessed by one Cincinnati family consisted of the Bible, a dictionary, "David Copperfield", and five cook books!

A report of 200 books had "18 books on behavior such as how to overcome timidity, etc." Where, now, is the stalwart American freeman of the middle west?

Another report read: "Nine cyclopædias, nine histories for reverence (*sic*) and topical reading, and fifty books and authors." This family obviously did not share Henry Ford's opinion that history is all bunk.

A list of 19 titles included: "Four hymn books, one sonatina album, 'Oranges from Florida', 'I'm from Missouri. You Can't Steer Me', and a cook book." A little girl who had recently come from Kentucky carefully explained that father had so many potatoes to bring that he had to leave the books!

The report of the investigation states that "objectionable books are conspicuous by their absence". This state of affairs may indicate either that the middle west is chemically pure or that father discreetly locks up his objectionable books. Your temperament will decide your opinion on the subject. "There was little scientific and technical material." What! — Is the middle west not realistic and rationalistic? Meredith once claimed that, "Your sentimentalist is the inevitable product of a fat soil." Does this insight into the mental life of Cincinnati and its environs endorse that epigram?

One hundred books per family might indicate the purchase of four books per year for 25 years. May Lamberton Becker, whose highly specialized literary work in answering questions concerning books on every sort of topic is almost universally known to American libraries, bookstores, and women's clubs, has stated that in her opinion her most successful article — during a career of more than twenty years — was one suggesting the purchase of four books a year by the average intelligent American household.

Considering the fact that there are probably 5,000,000 illiterate adults in the country and that most of the books sold are probably sold to less than half a million households, it is very likely that the average American household certainly does not as yet purchase four books a year.

But the flood tide is coming.

One evidence is the striking new development in the enormous sale of very cheap, paper-bound, pocket size books by mail order. One of the most successful publishers of these small books claims that he has sold over one hundred million copies during the past five years. It is to be noted that most of these books have been of unusually high quality from a literary viewpoint, being reprints of standard and classic books.

Several years ago this publisher — Haldeman-Julius — compiled what he called a "Cultural Survey by States", based on the proportion of the number of purchasers of his books in the various states to the respective state populations. The highest rate was in California, with one book buyer out of 65. The ancient state of Maryland had one to 191. Rhode Island and Delaware — with highly concentrated urban industrial populations — had, respectively, one to 231 and to 248. Georgia had one to 447, Mississippi one to 476, Alabama one to 411, South Carolina one to 511.

Renan in his "Life of Jesus" develops the theory that people living in very warm climates think and philoso-

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phize more than those living in cold climates. These figures would indicate a relative mental inactivity in some of our warm states which might have perplexed this ingenious theorist.

Alas for the South. Her books have grown fewer.
She never was much given to literachuer!

How do the various types of American statistics — to the extent that one can obtain or estimate them — compare with those of other highly civilized countries? Do other countries buy greater relative quantities of books?

Denmark may be taken for purposes of comparison. It is a small and not very wealthy nation. Denmark is about the size of the State of New York and has a population of about 3,500,000. There are in Denmark about 1,200 shops selling books exclusively. New York City, with a population of approximately seven million — just double that of all Denmark — has less than 300 shops where books are sold, and a great many of these shops carry books as a side line. It is to be seriously questioned whether in all the United States there are many more than 1,200 shops selling books exclusively. Whether these figures could be made to prove that Denmark is nearly thirty times as civilized as the United States of America is a debatable question.

The number of new titles published in Denmark in 1922 was 3,419 (the figures are based on the period from April 1 of one year to March 31 of the subsequent year). The number of new titles published in 1923 was 4,281. In 1922 the United States, with — be it remembered — a population thirty times that of Denmark, produced 5,998 new titles. In 1923 it produced 6,257; in 1924, 6,380.

The American figures are for new books and do not include new editions and pamphlets, which would bring the totals to 8,638 for 1922, 8,863 for 1923, and 9,012 for 1924. It will be noted that, by either basis of comparison, America did not produce three times as many titles as the small country of Denmark. It is, moreover, extremely probable that the average number of copies of each title sold in Denmark would compare very favorably with the average number of each title sold in the United States. For translations of foreign writers of importance sell up to 20,000 copies in Denmark, and more than one half million copies of the books of Georg Brandes have been sold in that country. There are few books which sell beyond 20,000 copies in the United States and mighty few authors whose works have a total sale of 500,000. Multiply these figures by 30 to bring the populations of the two countries on the same basis, and it would mean that some writer should have sold to a total of 15,000,000 in the United States. Has any writer ever approximated such sales?

Staggering figures as to the production of books in Russia have recently been offered. How reliable these figures are is open to question. But if figures concerning editions of a million copies of titles by American writers like Jack London and Upton Sinclair; if figures concerning single publishing houses in Russia selling fifty million books yearly are to be believed, Russia must surely fast be becoming the promised land for publishers and booksellers.

An article in "The Publishers' Weekly" for May 9, 1925, gives figures showing that from the one German city of Leipzig 25,365,000 *kilograms* of books are yearly shipped to 24 German and Austrian cities alone. These are very impressive figures indeed! A kilogram is a little over two pounds.

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The statistics for the production of new titles in some of the large countries during 1923 are as follows. The figures are taken from the "Annual Summary Number" of "The Publishers' Weekly", January 31, 1925:

TABLE OF BOOK PRODUCTION

	1922	1923	Change
United States	8,638	8,873	+ 235
Great Britain	10,842	12,247	+ 1,405
France	9,432	9,159	− 173
Germany (1)	35,859	30,734	− 5,125
Italy	6,336	6,077	− 259
Switzerland	1,419	1,504	+ 85
Spain (2)	1,096	2,324	+ 1,228
Portugal	1,515	2,069	+ 554
Norway	1,061	1,159	+ 98
Sweden	2,693	3,015	+ 322
Denmark	3,149	4,218	+ 862
Holland (3)	4,237	5,642	+ 1,405

Statistics are omitted for Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Japan, Russia, Czechoslovakia and Turkey, as statistics are not available.

(1) German statistics cover all lands where German is spoken, Germany, Austria and German Switzerland. They also include magazines.
(2) Increase partly fictitious.
(3) Increase partly fictitious.

The number of copies of books produced or sold in the various countries is not obtainable, and there appears to be no basis for estimates which would have any value.

The Bureau of Education recognized some years ago the importance of detailed figures of book production as an index of the intellectual life of the people. It published in 1917 a very illuminating and valuable little brochure entitled: "A Graphic Survey of Book Production, 1890 — 1916" (Government Printing Office). The pamphlet was prepared because the Bureau of Education believed that:

> Any comprehensive understanding of the educational life and intellectual and cultural tendencies of a country must include some knowledge of the number and kinds of books produced and the relative demand for books of the several classes.

The charts in this booklet, which was prepared by Frederick E. Woodward, appear like the record of a very sensitive barometer measuring the influence upon the American mind of world events, periods of prosperity and panic, of changing fads, and of all the fluctuations and activities of the national intelligence.

It is a deplorable fact that no study similar to that made by Mr. Woodward has been made since its appearance, and that no really comprehensive study of the "number and kinds of books" has been considered of sufficient importance to justify any governmental or private agency in making it.

It was the belief of the founders of this country that universal education was absolutely necessary to the success of the democratic experiment the country was making. The founders of the United States appear to have assumed that only the perfecting of mechanical devices making books cheap was necessary to have the people read very widely. There is a splendid paragraph in a letter written by our second president, John Adams, to his wife:

> I must study war and politics that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, and commerce and agriculture in order to give their children a right to study painting, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain.

How would John Adams and his ablest contemporaries explain the strange phenomenon that when the country they were founding had 110,000,000 people and reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific; when it had more than one half the gold of the world and such per capita wealth and standard of living as was never before known among mankind, only about one book per capita per year would be produced or bought by their descendants?

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THREE ROUSING CHEERS!!!

The Parody Adventures of Our Youthful Heroes

II: THE ROLLO BOYS AMONG THE PRIVATEERS

OR, HOW SABATINI CAME TO CAPE COD

By Corey Ford

With Sketches by Gluyas Williams

"WAL, Tom," sighed Cap'n Dick, glancing out the window of the quaint tumbled down sea shanty, on the shore of Cape Cod, "I cal'late we're in fer a bad spell, fer sartin'."

"Thet thar's the trouble with a Cape Cod novel", sighed Cap'n Tom, as he buckled his sou'wester about his neck. "It's all writ in dialect."

"Where in tunket is my terbacker?" grumbled Cap'n Harry, as he felt through his pockets. "Terbacker", he observed with homely philosophy, "is like matrimony, you never know where you put it."

"There's your terbacker on the mantel", said Cap'n Dick.

"I don't want no terbacker", replied Cap'n Harry sharply; "I jest wanted to git off that piece o' homely philosophy. Philosophy", he remarked, "is like Christmas, it comes on Monday." And the two Captains nodded at the sage counsel of the old whaler.

The three Rollo Boys were seated quietly cleaning fish in the parlor; and the tiny room was decidedly ship-like, with the dust covered lifeboat hung on the wall, the spray of dead fish tucked over the clock, and the six inches or so of salt water that washed now and then across the floor. Cap'n Dick lazily spat into the stove, provided there had been one.

"I seen Ben Barsted in front of his pool parlor, smokin' a cigar", he observed. "I wonder what's behind it?"

"His face", retorted fun loving Tom like a whip; and his brothers sniggered at the crude Yankee wit, and laughingly murmured: "Oh, belay there!"

"He's been smokin' an awful lot o' cigars lately", observed Cap'n Harry.

"He ought to buy a better brand, then", returned Cap'n Tom, and did two dance steps and off, followed by the "Five Fraternellis and their Trained Seals".

"Ol' Skipper Jo Lincoln daown ter taown was a-wonderin' where in tunket he gits his money", continued Cap'n Dick. "Sez as ter haow he must be smugglin' licker to the boys."

"Licker is like women", observed Cap'n Harry; "now you do and now you don't, but more often it's snowin'." And his companions smiled at this shrewd observation.

"Godfrey mighty!" ejaculated Dick suddenly, staring out the window. "I snum ef it ain't ol' Jo Lincoln now, headin' straight fer our port bow with a cargo o' gabble!"

"Wal, they say it sells", murmured Cap'n Tom.

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"Talk", ventured Cap'n Harry, "is like vegetable soup, I sometimes think; a lot goes in and mostly spaghetti."

"Set daown; Skipper Lincoln, set daown", offered Cap'n Tom, as the excited author entered and flung himself down in the proffered armchair, just as Tom pulled it out from under him. As the visitor landed on the floor with a crash, fun loving Tom laughed merrily. Tom had sparkling brown hair and curly eyes, and an ugly scar on his forehead where he had tried the same trick once on a policeman.

"I've discovered the plot at last!" gasped the author, his eyes aglow with excitement. "Where are your binoculars?"

"My bin-*what*-ulars?" asked Cap'n Tom with a wink, and all over the house people could be heard giggling and repeating "Bin-*what*-ulars!" under their breath, and several little girls had to be carried up the aisle in hysterics.

"Look thar!" shouted Skipper Lincoln.

In great excitement the three Rollo Boys crowded about the little window and peered across the water. Far out on the horizon rode an enormous masted galley, of fifty oars, yellow, horizontal, standing out like the pinions of some gigantic bird of hell, while above the ship circled a flock of seagulls, noisome, insolent, screaming: "Nyah! Nyah!" in the limp summer air, soft as lush, and floating out the standard, of crimson charged with a green serpent, against the heavens, blue as cobalt, that is, the heavens, like a leashed hound, I mean, the ship, comma, waiting, comma, poised, comma, ready, stop.

"Godfrey Domino!" gasped Cap'n Dick. "What manner o' craft mought *that* be?"

"Wal, it has four quarts," counted Cap'n Tom, peering through the binoculars, "so it must be a galleon."

"I thought four quarts made half a peck", said Cap'n Harry, figuring rapidly on his cuff.

"Not in liquid measure", retorted his brother sternly; and spying a small boat heading toward them, the Rollo Boys ran toward the shore.

CHAPTER SEVEN

IT is set forth in the chronicles of Lord Henry Goade, how as the slim galley drew up on the beach the leader in the prow barked out a single word in Arabic: "&", and a half dozen of his supple blackamoors leaped like greyhounds onto the white sand. Himself he stood forward at the head of that legion of brown skinned men, and the company in amazement considered this turbaned giant with the masterful face tanned to the color of mahogany, the hawk nosed beard, the deep Herculean torso glittering like steel under his black brows shod in Moorish shoes of crimson leather with jeweled hilts, agate eyed.

"Rafael Sabatini!" gasped Joseph Lincoln.

"Not Sabatini", came the answer, "but Kerem-el-Bahr, the scourge of literature, the terror of novelists, the desperate best seller which your copyrights, royalties, and contracts have made out of a sometime Italian gentleman." He embraced them all in his denunciatory gesture. "Behold me here with my 'Sea-Hawk' to collect a reckoning long overdue."

"Godfrey mighty, Rafael", murmured Joseph Lincoln, stroking his chin. "Hev you gone in fer American rights?"

Sabatini shrugged. "A novelist must

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"Look thar!" shouted Skipper Lincoln

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live", he said. "But I dally. Have out upon it, then, and fetch me yon Ben Barsted, for I wouldst make delivery."

"Wal, now, Rafael," said Mr. Lincoln slowly, "we don't allow no sech stuff on Cape Cod, and that's a fact. You see, Rafe, my folks is full of the sea salt and sterling true qualities. Coupled with a lively plot that provides excellent scope for the author's kindly, shrewd, infectious humor, two dollars net."

"Soho!" crowed Sabatini. "'Swounds! an' at last the son of truth doth peep forth from all this cloud of righteous indignation at my foreign ways. You resent my intrusion into Cape Cod, sirrah! You would maintain the field alone!" His lip curled in cold contempt. "But you cannot touch me, i' faith, for I lie outside the three mile limit!" And like lightning itself he seized the fainting form of Elsie Dinsmore who stood hard by, no man raising now so much as a finger to hinder, while Kerem-el-Bahr ran as lightly as though the swooning woman he bore were a feather in his hat, probably from Princeton, till they stood fairly away and gained the ship at length. Himself he lay under the stars that night in the season of the year and thought of this and that, mainly that.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

"ALL hands on deck, there! Turn out!"

"Come-Outers to the rescue!"

Down the main street of Orham toward the shore trotted the crowd of religious worshipers, snatching at shovels, rakes, and buckets as they ran, while in the lead sped the three Rollo Boys and Mr. Lincoln.

"Follow me!" cried Cap'n Tom; and seizing a bucket of sand he tossed it merrily into the ocean. At once the band of Come-Outers followed suit; and as bucketful after bucketful poured into the ocean, slowly but surely the shore line began to extend on out into the bay. . . .

"Hallelujah for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the Come-Outers, tossing their sand into the ocean and cheering fervidly.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

AT this point my Lord Henry Goade narrates that aboard the Moorish galleon there did break forth a terrible cry, and trumpets blared and drums beat on the poop; for towards them like a monster of the deep came a flat bottomed dory, leaping from crest to crest like a hurdler, wherein there were four, all oilskin clad and with raised harpoons, themselves they stood, and who else for that matter? In morion and corselet the Muslims did arm with calivers and pikes, while gunners sprang to the culverins, and from the slaves came such an piteous groan as the damned in hell might emit. Now the dory's grappling anchor had seized the "Sea-Hawk" on the larboard quarter, while a withering hail of arrows poured down upon her decks from the Moslem crosstrees, to the thundering cry of "Allillolalalillllllllll!" and a dense smoke hung abaft the b'lw'rks, right slippery with blood they were, and strewn with the survivors, conquered, defenseless. Himself Kerem-el-Bahr stood forward.

"We ketched you proper, you tarnation scalawags", cried Skipper Lincoln.

"In the hip pocket of the pig",

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taunted Sabatini, being by now stirred to a great fury, so writes my Lord Henry. "And prithee, what of 't?"

"Thou'rt — ye're under arrest, by Godfrey", cried Mr. Lincoln.

"Your old man is so", he replied. "Thou'lt hunt the hawk o' the sea? Thou? Thou plump partridge? Away! Hinder me not! Full three miles out am I!" But even as he spoke they did see him wince, and a faint pallor came to o'erspread the full flush of his anger, while all turned their eyes where he gazed to the revenue cutter "Oregon" which itself steamed over the waters, the sailors waving their white hats in the air, and cheering they were right lustily withal.

"Ye're only two miles out!" laughed Cap'n Tom merrily. "We moved the shore out a mile last night!"

"His hold is full of novels", warned Elsie Dinsmore, breaking from her captors. "He's planning to land his characters on the Cape!"

"Odd's zounds! A pox!" quoth Sabatini, as the Come-Outers broke open the cases of smuggled cargo and tossed the books one by one back into the ocean whence they had been written; while a huge American flag floated overhead, propelled by an electric fan in the wings, and the "Oregon" fired a salvo of guns which showered red, white, and blue confetti over the patriotic scene. "Marry, I shall have at you in the Movies yet!" he cried; and my Lord Henry tells that here he turned on his heel and, running rapidly through nine editions, himself he left his pursuers in his wake entirely as he vanished over the horizon toward Hollywood.

"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" cried the sailors of the "Oregon", waving their white hats in the air and shouting lustily.

The cheers were given with a will; and the contents of that will, and how

"In the hip pocket of the pig", taunted Sabatini

it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this series, to be entitled:

"The Rollo Boys with Elinor and Harold; or, Virtue Triumphant in Three Weeks".

And here let us say Good-By.

Good-By.

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THE PIRATE AND THE POETS

Glimpses of Edward John Trelawney

By Henry Beston

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers of M. Maurois's "Ariel" will recall his mention of Edward John Trelawney, the English sailor and piratic adventurer who played so important a rôle in the lives of Shelley and Byron. The following scenes from the adventurer's romantic and almost unknown history have been taken from Henry Beston's study of the man in his forthcoming "Book of Gallant Vagabonds".*

A Little Mystery of the Sea

ABOUT a hundred years ago, on a pleasant summer morning, two young Englishmen came down to the water front of the Italian port of Leghorn, got into a boat, and rowed off to look at the shipping in the bay. The two venturers made an odd pair, for one, the oarsman, was a tall, powerfully built fellow with piercing blue eyes, thick black hair, and the hawk features of an Arab, while the other, slender, boyish, and yellow haired, was dreamy of eye and had a schoolboy's innocence of beard.

The first vessel round which they rowed, a Greek trader, displeased them, for she was dirty of deck and sail, but beyond her lay a graceful full rigged ship flying the Stars and Stripes. At the sight of this fine vessel, the following conversation took place; it has been set down word by word, for one does not take liberties with the phrases of the great.

"It is but a step", said the oarsman, "from these ruins of worn out Greece to the New World; let's board the American clipper."

"I had rather not have any more of my hopes and illusions mocked by sad realities", protested his companion with a smile.

"You must allow", returned the other, "that that graceful craft was designed by a man who had a poet's feeling for things beautiful. Come, let us go aboard, the Americans are a free and easy people, and will not consider our visit an intrusion."

A turn, a few strokes, and the boat approached the American ship. By the gangway, an American salt with a quid of tobacco squirreled in his cheek was busy at something or other, and every now and then this honest fellow walked to the rail to spit calmly overside into the historic Mediterranean. While thus pleasantly engaged, he caught sight of the small boat coming alongside, and shouted "Boat ahoy!" A mate came to the rail.

"May we go aboard?" said the dark, Arab looking man.

"Wal, I don't see why not", answered the American mate, cheerfully and without ceremony.

"You have a beautiful vessel", said the first speaker, once he had gained the deck. "We have been rowing about looking at the ships, and admiring yours."

"I do expect now we have our new copper on, she has a look of the brass sarpent", agreed the American.

"She seems so beautiful", continued the first speaker, "that we have been

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wishing we might have a vessel like her."

"Then I calculate you must go to Boston or Baltimore to git one", replied the ship's officer. "There's no one this side the water can do the job. We have our freight all ready and are homeward bound; we have elegant accommodation, and you will be across before your young friend's beard is ripe for a razor.

"Come down and take an observation of the state cabin."

The hospitable seaman now led his guests to the state cabin, and would not let them go till they had drunk a toast under the Star Spangled Banner to the memory of Washington and the prosperity of the American commonwealth. Peach brandy was the drink. The toast concluded, the mate rummaged for a moment in a locker, and then offered his visitors a gift right from an oldtime sailor's heart.

"There, gentlemen", said the sailor. "Guess you don't see nuthin' like this in these parts!"

"Plug tobacco", said the tall dark man.

"Yes sirree, Mister", replied the mate. "And real old Virginia cake. Jest you set your teeth in that, Mister," he continued, offering the plug to the fair haired guest, "and tell me if you've tasted anything so good since the big wind."

The fair haired visitor, however, refused both the brandy and "the chaw" but managed to quaff a glass of weak grog to the memory of the first of presidents. The blue eyes gathered a strange fire.

"Washington," said this other visitor, "as a warrior and a statesman he was righteous in all he did, and unlike all who have lived before or since, he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow creatures:

He fought
For truth and freedom, foremost of the brave,
Him glory's idle glances dazzled not;
'Twas his ambition generous and great
A life to life's great end to consecrate."

"Stranger," said the American, studying the speaker, his shrewd eye bright with honest pleasure, "truer words were never spoken. There is dry rot in all the timbers of the old world, and none of you will do any good till you are docked, refitted, and annexed to the new. You must log that song you sang, there ain't many Britishers will say as much of the man that whipped them, so just set down those lines in the log or it won't go for nothing."

A little shy, perhaps, yet glad that his words had given pleasure, the youth with the yellow hair sat down to write. The quill pen made almost no sound; and the faint noises of the harbor — the voices of sailors heard across the water from other ships, the chuckling of little waves alongside, and the passing of bare feet on the deck overhead — filled the quiet time of waiting. Yielding to some fancy or inspiration, the visitor did not enter the lines he had quoted, but some others which pleased him even more. This done, the Englishmen parted from their Yankee host, and regained the dust, the street cries, the uniforms, and the hot yellow sun of the old Italian town.

A musing mind pauses to wonder as to what might have been the name of this Yankee ship anchored in Leghorn bay sometime in 1822. The hospitable mate, "a smart specimen of a Yankee", who was he? And above all, what became of the ship's log? Did it vanish from earthly eyes in the stormy tumult and breaking timbers of a wreck, was it tossed away as old rubbish, or does it still lie at the bottom of a sea chest in the piny dark of some attic in

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New England, an attic whose roof is brushed by elm boughs on windy summer days? Will the little mystery ever be solved? What a log book it would be to possess! For the young man with the crown of mutinous fair hair who wrote the lines and refused the plug tobacco was Shelley, and the Arab looking oarsman, his friend and companion, Edward John Trelawney.

II

The Isles of Greece and the Last of Byron

AFTER the death of Shelley, the adventurer lingered on a year in Italy, and found diversion in riding about the countryside followed by an American born Negro who served as a groom. Presently came a letter from Byron, and life began again with adventure and war.

The Greeks had risen against their Turkish masters, a committee of enthusiastic lovers of liberty had been formed in London to advance the cause, and this committee had persuaded Byron to act as their agent in Greece. From the point of view of what the cant of the day calls "publicity.", the choice was an excellent one; considered with a harsh and practical eye, it was absurd. This nervous, temperamental artist with the habits and posing mannerisms of a regency beau, this traveler who scarce could walk a hundred yards on his shrunken and deformed feet, yet hid his pain and weakness in a cloak of attitudes — surely here was no man to manage a horde of wily Levantines all trying to advance their own fortunes and snatch what they could for themselves of the English subsidy.

Having accepted the task, Byron turned at once to the practical friend. "My dear T.", he wrote. "You must have heard that I am going to Greece. Why do you not come to me? I want your aid, and am exceedingly anxious to see you."

War and adventure! Trelawney wasted no time in exchanging the vineyards of Italy for Grecian mountain slopes and olive trees. Then came a mistake. He abandoned Byron, and went off to adventure by himself.

Tre had never really liked the noble lord, perhaps because Byron, being a man of the world, had a clearer understanding than Shelley of Trelawney the man and his place in life. A stray letter of Clair Clairmont's, Byron's sometime mistress, suggests that Tre secretly cherished resentment for some sharp remark. Whatever the explanation may be of Tre's hidden attitude, the practical man had no intention of wasting his time with the poet, but left him to his fate. He seems to have forgotten that he had come to Greece with Byron and at Byron's invitation.

"I well knew that once on shore, Byron would fall back on his old routine of dawdling habits, plotting, planning, shillyshallying and doing nothing", he complained. And again, "Could I then longer waste my life in union with such imbecility, amid such scenes as there are here, when there is excitement enough to move the dead?"

The angry phrases make the adventurer's motives clear and perfectly comprehensible, yet leave the abandonment of the poet a matter for controversy. Byron had called Tre to his side, Tre had accepted with alacrity; there was no solemn engagement, no cant about duties and so on; Trelawney was free to do as he pleased. A meticulous sense of honor might have detained him, but then the finer shades of honor never plagued Edward John Trelawney.

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Crossing from the island of Cephalonia to the mainland, the free lance now made his way through the grey mountains and the ravaged countryside to the camp of Odysseus, chieftain of Eastern Greece. Tre thought him a man after his own heart, and wrote enthusiastically of his new friend. Of all the feudal leaders of rebellious Greece, this was the man! The adventurer's life began to be worth living, there were ambuscades, descents on villages, attacks on Turkish cavalry, and looting expeditions. He was fighting for liberty, as Shelley would have wished him, but he had no illusions about those "pallid slaves", the newly liberated Greeks. He quite agreed with Colonel Napier's famous remark, "My dear Mr. Trelawney, no one should assume any direction in Greek affairs . . . without the help of a portable gallows."

Meanwhile in the mud and malaria of Missolonghi lived the man whom every feudal chieftain hoped to coax into his hands, the noble Lord Byron, agent in chief of the Greek committee. At Odysseus's suggestion, Trelawney set out for Missolonghi to plead the chieftain's cause. He arrived there in the rain, and met dejected stragglers riding away — the English milord was dead. The fretful, bewildered satirist had perished like a bird caught in a net of dirty twine.

On receipt of this news, Tre gathered together the wreckage of Byron's entourage of adventurers who had drifted in to fight for the Greeks, and led those who were worth leading to Odysseus. He had now married Tarsitza Kamenou, the chieftain's sister, and had thus become a member of the family. Presently Odysseus made a kind of truce with the Turks, and Trelawney retired to hold the chieftain's stronghold, a romantic cave high in the crags of Mount Parnassus. It was while he was in this cave that an English adventurer whom he had befriended tried to assassinate him. Trelawney was dangerously wounded. "Two musket balls", he wrote, "fired at the distance of two paces, struck me and passed through my framework and damn near finished me." With truest chivalry, Tre spared his cowardly assailant, and rescued him from his Greek associates, who wished to do unpleasant things.

Events moved fast. Odysseus, falling into the hands of the Greek loyalists, was adjudged a traitor, and thrown from the Acropolis. Tarsitza bore a daughter. This accomplished, the lady disappeared from the scene; some say into a convent. With the help of friends in the British navy, Tre then escaped from Parnassus to a refuge in the Ionian Isles, and lingered there two or three years watching events. "I do not wish to visit England in my present state of poverty", he wrote.

Then came the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino in '27, and a breathing spell of success for the Greeks. In July of the following year, the adventurer reached Southampton with his little half Greek daughter in his arms. With the return from Greece, the great days of adventure are at an end; the rest of Trelawney's long life is the story of the kind of man the world calls a "character".

III

The Friend of the Gods

THE Seventies in England, the "delightful seventies" of George Moore, and "Our friend Tre" transformed into a fierce, venerable, magnificent, wild eyed old man full of opinionated notions on many subjects. He had taken to preaching "natural living",

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the virtues of abstemiousness, and the folly of wearing heavy underwear. To the generation of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, he was "Captain" Trelawney, the fiery ancient who had been a comrade and friend of the gods. Picturesque, dark and Arabic as ever, and still possessed of great physical strength, Tre moved among the mirrors, the teacups and the talk, spinning his wild yarns and blazing out in fine, rhetorical damnations of all poppycock and snobbery.

Joaquin Miller saw him at the Savage Club in London. "On one occasion", wrote the Californian, "he came in while a winter storm was raging, and he must have been wet all through. But he would not drink with us. His collar was open after the fashion of Walt Whitman, and he had neither overcoat nor umbrella. He stood with his back to the fire, straight and strong as a mast, looked about over us in quiet disdain for a while, then took off his coat, hung it over the back of a chair by the fire, and sat by and watched it drying till the storm abated." When Miller went to visit him, old Tre "insisted in a most mysterious tone of voice that he had blood from some extinct race of kings in his veins, and that he had in early days been a famous pirate". At eighty one, he met undaunted the unconquerable enemy. He rests beside Shelley in Rome.

What a life the great, bony, awkward boy had made for himself, what a quality of courage and defiance it has! The man would have fought the stars in the courses. Being what he was, he had to see life as a struggle, and the best of him lies in the way that he accepted every challenge with a singing joy. The fighting type of human being very often finds a certain robust satisfaction in life, and so it was with Trelawney. Whatever he had done, whatever he had been, life had been gloriously worth living under the sun. And is it not strange that the great adventure of this life of struggle and strange lands should have centred about a lamplit room in a villa in Italy, and a friendship with the most fragile and unworldly being of his time?

GREAT SHIPS

By Benjamin Rosenbaum

THE sound of moving water is like song —
Music with overtones, and with white flame,
A choir of many voices holding long
The beauty of a sacred name.

But a great ship upon a morning sea,
Oblivious of tossing waves and fears
Is like an iron man, with certainty,
Pushing aside the wind-combed years.

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LETTERS FROM ENGLAND

By Karel Capek

Translated by Paul Selver

With Sketches by the Author

The Pilgrim Observes the People

Seton Watson

In England I should like to be a cow or a baby; but being a grown up man I viewed the people of this country. Well, it is not true that the English wear loud check suits, with pipe and whiskers; as regards the latter, the only true Englishman is Dr. Bouček in Prague. Every Englishman wears a mackintosh, and has a cap on his head and a newspaper in his hand. As for the Englishwoman, she carries a mackintosh or a tennis racket. Nature here has a propensity for unusual shagginess, excrescences, woolliness, spikiness, and all kinds of hair; English horses, for example, have regular tufts and tassels of hair on their legs, and English dogs are nothing more nor less than absurd bundles of forelocks. Only the English lawn and the English gentleman are shaved every day.

What an English gentleman is cannot be stated concisely; you would have to be acquainted, first, with an English club waiter, or with a booking clerk at a railway station, or, above all, with a policeman. A gentleman, that is a measured combination of silence, courtesy, dignity, sport, newspapers, and honesty. The man sitting opposite you in the train will anger you for two hours by not regarding you as worthy of a glance; suddenly he gets up and hands you your bag which you are unable to reach. Here the people always manage to help each other, but they never have anything to say to each other, except about the weather. That is probably why Englishmen have invented all games, and why they do not speak during their games. Their taciturnity is such that they do not even publicly abuse the government, the trains, or the taxes; on the whole, a joyless and reticent people. In the place of taverns, where one can sit, drink and talk, they have invented bars, where one can stand, drink and hold one's peace. The more talkative people (like Lloyd George) take to politics, or to authorship; an English book must have at least four hundred pages.

"Nature has a propensity for shagginess"

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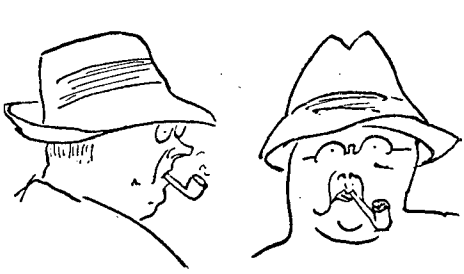

Nigel Playfair

John Galsworthy

It is perhaps through sheer taciturnity that the English swallow half of every word, and then the second half they somehow squash; so it is difficult to understand them. I used to travel every day to Ladbroke Grove; the conductor would come and I would say: "Ledbruk Grröv." ". . . ? ? Eh?" "Ledbhuk Ghöv!" ". . . ? ? ? Eh?" "Hevhuv Hev!" "Aa, Hevhuv Hov!" The conductor would rejoice and give me a ticket to Ladbroke Grove. I shall never learn this as long as I live.

But if you get to know them closer, they are very kind and gentle; they never speak much because they never speak about themselves. They enjoy themselves like children, but with the most solemn leathery expression; they have lots of ingrained etiquette, but at the same time they are as free and easy as young whelps. They are hard as flint, incapable of adapting themselves, conservative, loyal, rather shallow and always uncommunicative; they cannot get out of their skin, but it is a solid and, in every respect, excellent skin. You cannot speak to them without being invited to lunch or dinner; they are as hospitable as St. Julian, but they can never overstep the distance between man and man. Sometimes you have a sense of uneasiness at feeling so solitary in the midst of these kind and courteous people; but if you were a little boy, you would know that you can trust them more than yourself, and you would be free and respected here more than anywhere else in the world; the policeman would puff out his cheeks to make you laugh, an old gentleman would play at ball with you, and a white haired lady would lay aside her four hundred page novel to gaze at you winsomely with her grey and still youthful eyes.

A Few Faces

BUT now I have a few faces which I must exhibit and describe.

Here is Mr. Seton Watson, or Scotus Viator. You all know him, for he fought in our cause like the archangel Gabriel. He has a house in the Isle of Skye, is writing the history of the Serbs, and in the evening plays the pianola by a blazing peat fire. He has a tall and beautiful wife, two waterproof sons and a blue eyed baby, windows looking out onto the sea and the islands, a childlike mouth, and rooms full of ancestors and pictures from the Czech lands: a refined and hesitant man of a more subtle countenance than you would expect from this severe and righteous Scottish pilgrim.

This is Mr. Nigel Playfair, a man of the theatre; he is the gentleman who brought my plays to England; but he does even better things than that; he is placid, artistic, enterprising, and one

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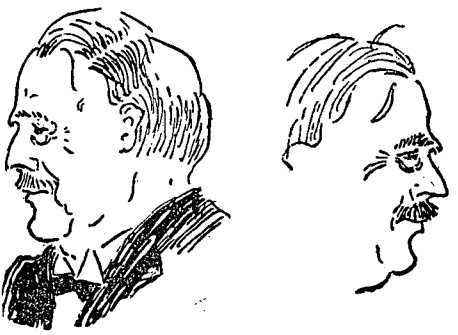
of the few really modern producers in England.

This is Mr. John Galsworthy, first as a dramatist, and second as a novelist, for, mark you, it is your duty to make his acquaintance in both these capacities. He is a very tranquil, refined, and perfect man, with the face of a priest or a judge, slender and sinewy, made up of tact, reserve, and reflective shyness, exceedingly serious; only round his eyes there is a smile in the kindly wrinkles with the intentness of their foldings. He has a wife who is very similar to him, and his books are the perfect and wise works of a sensitive and somewhat sad observer.

This is Mr. G. K. Chesterton; I have drawn him flying, partly because I was able to have only a rather fugitive impression of him, and then because of his celestial exuberance. Unhappily at that particular moment he was perhaps a trifle subdued by a situation of a slightly official character; all he could do was to smile, but his smile is enough for three. If I could write about his books, his poetical democracy, his genial optimism, it would be the merriest of my letters; but as I have taken it into my head to write only about what I have seen with my own eyes, I will describe to you a capacious

gentleman, whose ample structure recalls Viktor Dyk [1]; he has a musketeer mustache and modest, shrewd eyes



H. G. Wells

beneath pince nez, hands which are embraces, as the hands of stout people are wont to be, and a flowing necktie. He is at once a child, a giant, a curly haired lamb, and an aurochs. He has a large, russet head, a reflective and whimsical expression, and at first sight he aroused in me bashfulness and a strong feeling of attachment: I did not see him many times.

And this is Mr. H. G. Wells, first as he appears in company, and second as he appears at home; a massive head, strong, ample shoulders, strong and warm hands; he resembles a farmer, a worker, a father, and everything in the world. He has the thin and clouded voice of a man who is no orator, a face inscribed with thought and labor, a harmonious home, a pretty, petite wife as active as a linnet, two tall playful sons, eyes as if half closed and veiled beneath the thick English brows. Unassuming and wise, healthy, strong, very well informed and very matter of fact in all the good and vital implications of this phrase. You forget that you are talking to a great author, be-

[1] A well known Czech writer.

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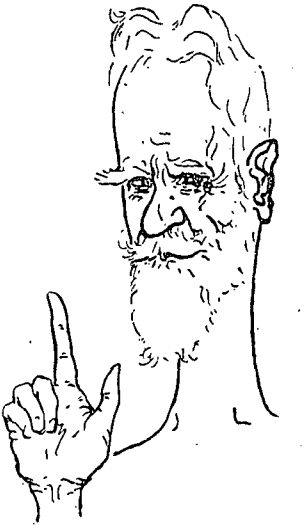
cause you are talking to a thoughtful and all round man. Long may you flourish, Mr. Wells.

This is an almost supernatural personality, Mr. Bernard Shaw; I could not make a better drawing of him, because he keeps moving about and talking. He is immensely tall, thin and straight; he looks half like God and half like a very malicious satyr, who, however, by a process of sublimation extending over thousands of years, has lost all that is too closely akin to nature. He has white hair, a white beard and a very rosy skin, inhumanly clear eyes, a prominent and pugnacious nose, something about him of Don Quixote, something apostolic, and something that makes fun of everything in the world, including himself. Never in my life have I seen so unusual a being; to tell the truth I was afraid of him. I thought it was some spirit who was only pretending to be the famous Bernard Shaw. He is a vegetarian, I do not know whether on principle or from *gourmandise;* one never knows whether people have principles on principle or for their personal gratification. He has a pensive wife, a soft toned harpsichord, and windows looking onto the Thames; he sparkles with life and has heaps of interesting things to say about himself, about Strindberg, about Rodin, and other famous things; to listen to him is a delight coupled with awe.



G. B. Shaw

I should like to draw many more remarkable and fine heads which I met; they included men, women, and pretty girls, writers, journalists, students, Indians, savants, clubmen, Americans, and all that there is in the world; but now I must take my leave, friends; I am unwilling to believe that I have seen you for the last time.

G. B. Shaw

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POLISH LITERATURE AT A TURNING POINT

By Princess Lubomirska

IT is no easy task to give a clear picture of Polish literature of the last twenty years. Polish literature has behind it a thousand years' development, concerning which little is known as yet on this side the ocean. Now, however, a new era lies before it, differing in every way from the past. It is therefore difficult to characterize a short, transitory period sandwiched between a long past, little known in America, and the future, which is unknown to all.

That this future must be different, follows from the whole character of Polish literature. Cosmopolitan and international only in its beginnings (the tenth to the fifteenth century, when, as in the whole of Europe, Latin was the language principally employed), from the fifteenth century Polish literature spread and flourished in the Polish tongue, employing from the first a ripe, magnificent language, and becoming at the same time thoroughly national, not only in background and language but in the fundamental themes of the most eminent writers. In Poland, to a degree non-existent elsewhere, literature became the leader of national, social, and political thought. This was especially evident after the fall of the Polish State. Then an extraordinary thing happened. When the Holy Alliance held iron rule over Europe, when the victorious monarchs of Russia, Prussia, and Austria decided to exterminate the intellectual life of Poland, closing Polish schools and forbidding the public use of the Polish language, there began the most brilliant period of Polish literature: a literature written and printed outside of Poland, since it was forbidden within her borders under pain of imprisonment and deportation; a literature which was learned by heart that it might escape the vigilance of the police. Polish youth garnered the works of the great poets Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski in their heads and their hearts, for it was forbidden to keep them in libraries, and thus the patriotic enthusiasm of the great poets, one generation after the other, penetrated but the deeper.

This rôle of Polish literature must be borne in mind, in order to understand the exceptional reverence in which the Polish nation holds its great writers. And this rôle has been held by Polish literature up to the present moment. It was impossible to exist permanently on a literature smuggled from abroad; therefore literature was forced to adapt itself to the political conditions. These conditions demanded that the exactions of Russian and German censors — which forbade writing on the aims and hopes of the Poles — be taken into account. In this way arose a type of literature unknown elsewhere — a kind of spiritual cryptography: the writer communed with his readers over the head of the censor who was lying in wait for every "dangerous" word. A whole series of Polish works might be named in which Poland is not once mentioned, but which are penetrated through and through with Polish patriotism, and unintelligible to the cen-

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sor. Such conditions naturally had an enormous part in the exceptional development of the technique of writing. It is probably unknown in America that Sienkiewicz built his trilogy on the history of the seventeenth century because it was not permitted to write of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; that he wrote for the youth of Poland, who were forbidden to learn Polish history; that he described the past battles and victories of Poland, that Polish youth might remember how to fight and vanquish for Poland. This method deceived the censors *, but all Poland understood. Only Poles, therefore, can fully appreciate the greatness of Sienkiewicz.

Under such conditions, until recently, were created the works of Polish writers. In Austrian Poland, it is true, it was possible to write freely, but for a writer to ignore the Russian censor meant to renounce three fourths of his readers.

Developing in such a difficult situation, Polish literature was not only at the head of Slav literature — in which it holds the highest place — but always had writers worthy to stand beside the foremost writers of other countries. Bound for centuries by spiritual ties with western civilization, Polish literature was always interested in the intellectual movements of the Occident, passing at the same time through the periods of classicism, romanticism, etc. In Poland, however, a change in directions and schools of literature meant only a change of arms in the never ending struggle for permanent ideals and aims. More, the inward force which compelled a writer to devote his pen to the service of the national cause was stronger than his will, and forced to obedience even those who rebelled against it.

This is particularly evident in the works of Polish writers of the last few decades. Without naming the hundreds of Polish authors, and the hundreds of national problems which occupied them, it may be said briefly that after the last Polish insurrection (1863) Polish intellect broke with romanticism, which was succeeded by a strong current of positivism, with the slogan of organized labor in the interest of the future of the nation. After twenty years of positivism came an idealistic reaction, the most admirable expression of which was given by Sienkiewicz. Then came new currents from the Occident: realism, and the slogan of art for art. As an instance of the results of these western slogans transplanted to Polish ground, may be cited the work of four of Poland's most eminent writers of the last twenty years.

A partizan of artistic individualism and the slogan of art for art was Wyspianski. Art should not serve any indirect aims, even the most lofty, but think only of itself and give expression to the individuality of the artist; art should not be national, but simply and solely art. That was the theory. But when Wyspianski began to create according to this theory, it transpired that his artistic feelings and aspirations found their greatest satisfaction in Polish themes; that in giving expression to his artistic individuality he was

* As an instance of how suspicious were the Russian censors, may be cited the following authentic fact:

The author of a certain serial story was summoned before the censor, who received him very severely, exclaiming: "How dare you insult the Russian army?"

"How? In what way?"

"You wrote that a Russian officer borrowed 5,000 rubles from a merchant."

"But that is no insult!"

"But he will not repay it. Give me your word that he will repay it, and I will permit your story to be printed."

The author, however, hesitated to give such a risky guarantee, even in fiction, and his story was suppressed.

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forced to touch upon national problems, not because they were national but because they formed the most essential part of his individuality: he could not pass over them if he wished to be sincere. The result is that his works have become a national catechism for the younger generation. The fact that his aim was to be solely an artist — and he was a great artist — made his spiritual influence all the stronger. By profession a painter, Wyspianski can be compared only with the great artists of the Renaissance, whose creative impetus could not be satisfied with one art alone. Wyspianski created his own style of church decoration; he designed stained glass windows representing the wraiths of Polish kings knocking at the windows of the cathedral; he created his own style of drama and his own style of theatre, in which the author does not confine himself to writing the text of the play but simultaneously influences the audience by the words and imagination of a poet, the painter's art, and the *mise-en-scène*, forming an organic whole. The artists themselves were astonished at the impression they made, and could not understand by what miracle it had happened. Unfortunately, it is next to impossible to give Wyspianski's dramas on the foreign stage, for the poet, taking the shortest cut to influence the audience, introduces historical and legendary figures and heroes of Polish poetry known to every Pole, but demanding a long explanation in order to be intelligible to foreigners. Thus, this poet who wished to be only an artist became thoroughly national. He died while still young, a few years before the war.

Zeromski, another great Polish writer, still living and creating, began in quite another way. In his youth he appeared to be a socialist of an international type, and it seemed that for him patriotism would be at most a secondary feeling. But this also turned out to be a theory which could not compete with the deeply rooted Polish traditions with which he was imbued. Zeromski's impressionability with regard to all around him, nature as well as people, is extraordinary; he has a fiery, passionate imagination, and a creativeness of elemental spontaneity and force. He does not aim at artistic effects — he is a great artist without effort. His works perhaps lack unity of composition, for he writes under the pressure of inward compulsion, and himself does not know where his imagination will carry him. The reader turns the pages of the book with trembling fingers, unable to foresee what surprise the author has in store for him on the following page: whether his nerves will be torn unbearably, whether he will be raised to the dizziest heights of poetry, or offered a cup of corrosive bitterness. Zeromski springs such surprises on his readers that up to the present his talent can be compared with no other talent; the reader feels that he has to do with some elemental force, such as an earthquake or the eruption of a volcano. The impressionability of the writer is such that he must give expression to that which surrounds him; and in the fire of his imagination are melted and molded the yearnings and the ideals of contemporary Poland. Whether in his splendid Napoleonic epopee "Popioly", or in his poem "Duma o Hetmanie", he is a worthy successor of Poland's great patriotic poets.

Still other paths were followed by the creativeness of a Polish writer recently introduced to America, Reymont. Were it absolutely necessary to classify him, he might perhaps be said to belong to the realistic school, at the head of which, in French literature, stood Zola, and in painting, Bastien-Lepage. But

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again, even the realist was so constrained and bent to her needs by Poland that he ceased to resemble the original French models. When Zola conceived the idea of writing "Lourdes" he wrote to a friend that he would visit the spot for three weeks for the purpose of taking notes, that five weeks would suffice for putting them in order, and that he would then begin to write the novel which the "Gaulois" would begin to publish as its *feuilleton* on such and such a day, so that on such and such a day the book should be on sale at the booksellers. All these calculations were made by Zola before he went to Lourdes to experience new impressions. He could do this, for he gathered "human documents" which he afterward worked up into novels according to a prearranged system. Reymont's creative process is quite different, and therefore the results are different. He does not stand outside his work as a keen observer who collects documents and facts and draws from them logical results. Before writing a word of his story, Reymont confounds himself completely with the object of his descriptions. His greatest work is the novel which won him the Nobel Prize, "The Peasants" (Chlopi). But in this narrative one would seek in vain Reymont describing the peasants, for before beginning to write Reymont himself first became a peasant in spirit: he saw with the eyes of a peasant, he thought like a peasant, he felt with the heart of a peasant and expressed himself like a peasant. It is not Reymont describing the peasants, Reymont is invisible; there are only Polish peasants with their own peculiar conceptions and feelings. And since the basis of these conceptions and feelings is a passionate love of the soil, this novel by the Polish "realist" is the most idealistic hymn to the glory of Polish soil.

Still another writer may be mentioned: one who stands in the first ranks of eminent Polish authors. Weyssenhoff is an intellectual aristocrat of extraordinary subtility, an artist of great distinction, whose novels bear comparison with the most perfect masterpieces of French literature. He has not the elemental force of Zeromski or Reymont, but he has the finished style, the artistic measure, and the soaring imagination of a poet of no ordinary type. Were he a Frenchman, he would no doubt be the epigone of the French "Parnassians": elegant singers, detached from contemporary realities. Being a Pole, in his greatest work Weyssenhoff created a marvelous love idyl framed in the country life of Lithuania and wrapped in the glamor of Lithuanian forests and lakes: a story simple, full of a poetry as delicate and subtle as the frail web of a spider, and so permeated with intuitive comprehension and love of Lithuania that it forms another link in the spiritual ties binding Lithuania to Poland. Thus, half a century before him, Polish poets celebrated the Ukraine, creating ties that politicians endeavor in vain to sunder.

As shown by the example of four of Poland's most eminent contemporary writers, Polish literature has until now been national, creating national ideals and indicating the paths leading to these ideals. It was never a narrow and selfish nationalism. The great poets and philosophers of dismembered Poland placed Polish literature on a higher plane. As a condition of Poland's happy future they saw a happy humanity, based on the concord of free nations. From that time Polish literature was at the service of this double ideal, a happy humanity and free nations; and in giving expression to the desires of the Polish nation, it pointed

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out to Poles the ways leading to this ideal. It therefore embraced a wide field of thought, from abstract researches on fundamental, idealistic problems to practical questions belonging in other countries to the domain of politicians, for the leading idea of Polish literature during the whole period of Polish captivity until recently was the restoration of the independence of Poland.

Today this aim is attained. Today the Polish nation governs itself, like other free nations. The Seym, proceeding from a general election, is sitting in Warsaw, and indicating the way which should be followed by the Polish government, which is dependent on the Seym. Authority over the nation, which during its captivity was held by literature, has now passed to another, to the true ruler. The literature of dismembered Poland has reached its goal, stirring and raising the faith of the nation, and supporting its will and endeavor until not Poland, but her dismemberment, is a thing of the past.

What paths will be followed by Polish literature after the fulfilment of this great task, no one can foresee or foretell. One thing is sure: it will not be silent, and will not cease to be the glory of reborn Poland.

NOMADS

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

THERE was a sound of camel bells,
Of saddle creak and sand astir,
Talk of tomorrow's palms and wells
And mosques that never were.

Quietly as a wind at night
The tents are folded in this place,
Leaving the silence to rewrite,
The desert to erase.

Where is the road to Khorassan,
The dreamed of Israel we divined
That once with milk and honey ran,
Beyond our faith to find?

The fig tree thirsts in leaf and root,
The jackal wakes no traveler;
Unheard from the sun-whitened foot
Falls the rusty spur.

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SOME ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

By Joseph Pennell

With Illustrations by the Author

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The publishers of "The Adventures of an Illustrator" have given us permission to reprint portions of Mr. Pennell's autobiographical narrative. This famous illustrator, friend and biographer of Whistler, gives many revelatory and entertaining glimpses of figures of his youth and of the present as well.*

I WENT in the spring to Venice with "the boys",* and at that epoch even we could afford a gondola and a gondolier. He cost, I think it was, ninety *lire* a month — the boat was thrown in — and he was happy, sleeping when we did not want him, when awake doing anything we wanted done, or yelling at or to his friends and enemies. Now he is miserable if he cannot do you out of that much a day. I illustrated two articles on Venice for "The Portfolio", and Duveneck, who was there and whom I then saw for the first time, liked me — which most people do not — and he liked me till his death. I was in Cincinnati just before that and tried to see him; but he was about to die and said I was to remember him as I had known him, not as he was then. When I finished the Venice drawings and etchings, I showed them to Duveneck, and he thought them good, for a wonder, and in that happy city I happily wandered day and night, only turning up if in the neighborhood, noon and evening, at the Panada, where we all dined — Duveneck, Jobbins, Bunce, and "the boys". Dear old Bunce, painting sunsets at sunrise and moonlights on cloudy days from his broken backed "gandle", with, after forty years, about forty words of Italian, many of them naughty words. In those hot spring days, he would come into the close, shadowy Panada, his pockets bulging, and order a plate, a knife and fork, and a *quinto di Verona*, and from one pocket pull out a roast potato, and a roll or some *polenta*, from another cooked *fegato* or fish, and from another cherries or strawberries. And he always complained at the Panada of the plate or the knife or the glass. We all used to clean them ourselves with our napkins and so into the habit did we get that once, later, when Duveneck came to London and he went to dine with a duchess, he solemnly took up his knives and forks and spoons and wiped them on his napkin, breathed in his glasses and wiped them, and was going on with his plate when he noticed that the whole table was paralyzed; but he went on calmly, though if he had not explained, probably the butler would have been sacked. I do not think he was asked again. One evening Bunce had a spree of his own and ordered a *bestecca*. When it came it was overdone, so he ordered another. It was too rare; he sent for a third. He was charged for three. But after the affair was settled, he was never allowed in the Panada again. His painting was

*Students of Duveneck's — Rolshoven, Grover, Freeman, and Mills.

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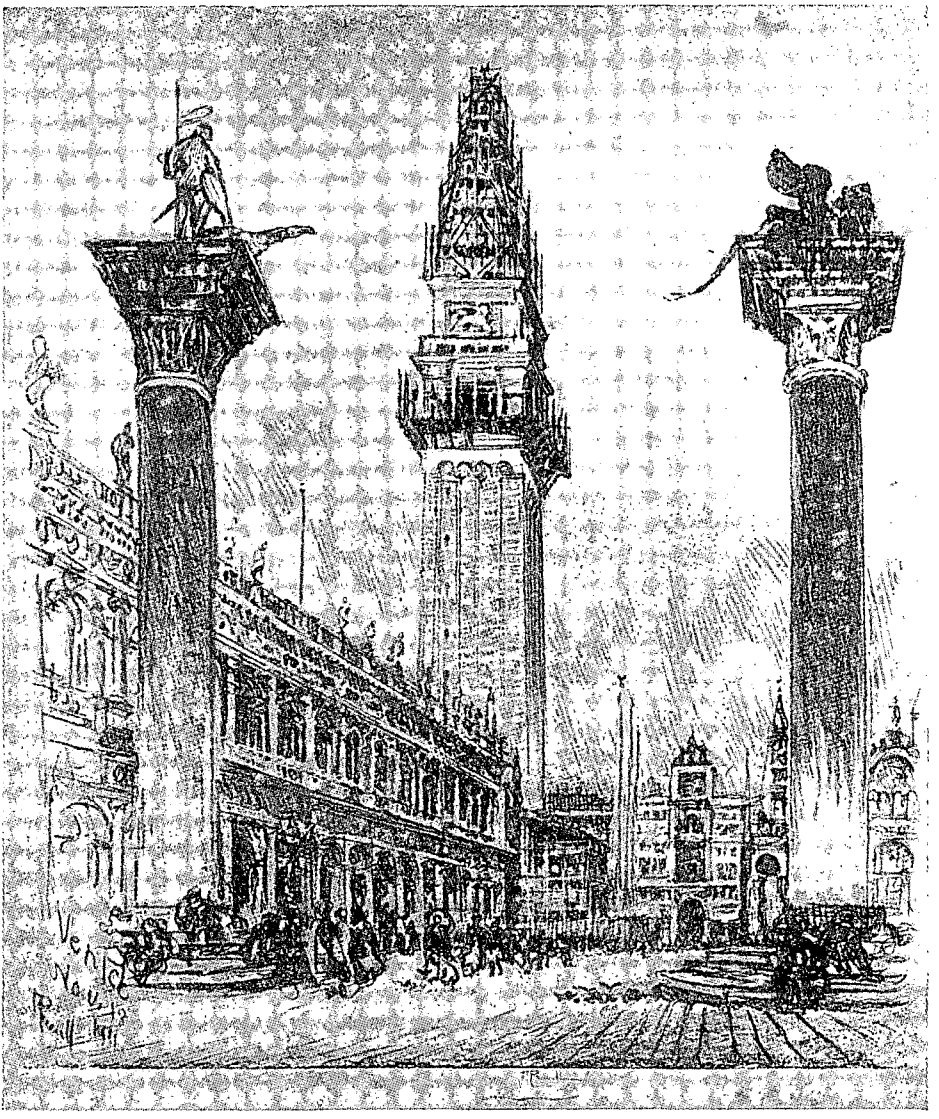

Rebuilding the Campanile, 1911. Lithograph Drawn from Nature Published by the Venice Exhibition as a Poster to Announce the Opening of the Biennial in 1912

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as interesting as his personality, and he was, without others' knowing it, always doing good to someone in need of it. When Bunce had lunched and paid for his plate and wine, he went to Florian's, and finding a shady seat, read the "Times" till it got cool enough to work.

I went once with Bunce and some people to Padua, and as it was cold, he put on a lot of clothes. When, after the lovely voyage up the villa-lined Brenta, we reached the city, the people we were with hoped I would not insult the Giottos in the Arena by giving my opinion of them. So I found my way about alone and bought nigger babies for luck at the shrine of St. Anthony, and looked at the Donatello and into the market, and then on to the Arena by myself, to really see the paintings and not be bothered; and loafed at the big University *caffe* till the rest turned up, filled with Giotto they had imbibed from books but empty, all the same, for they had only had time for rolls and coffee instead of their dear American breakfast before leaving Venice. Then we went to a near by restaurant and Bunce proceeded to get rid of his clothes, and I don't know how many coats and sweaters he shed before he came down to his ordinary costume. It was almost like Charles Keene who, when asked to stay a week at a country house, took no bag but wore seven shirts, one of which he took off each day, borrowing a grip to bring them home in — and both were artists. One day a pretty girl, brought by her family, came to be painted by Duveneck, and first they gave him a dinner at Florian's. And the next day the young lady began to sit; Duveneck had mixed up his sauce with bitumen and asphaltum all ready, and he went at her head and worked like fury, and when she got too tired to pose, as it was near *mezzo giorno*, they all walked round to the Calcino, which was near his studio, for lunch, and when they came back, the upper part of the young lady's head had run down to the end of her nose like a veil, only it was not like a veil but like one of those exaggerating mirrors that used to stand in shop windows to make fat men thin and long females short; but it was funny.

And we kept the Fourth of July as good Americans and had a ball game. There was a student — a Harvard man sent to study painting, owing to Duveneck's success in Boston, his one success outside his teaching, until I got him a special medal at San Francisco. This student had a talent for sleeping so great that no sooner did he sit down with a brush in his hand than he slept, and Duveneck would push him off his chair and work on his study, and then the Harvard man would wake up and sign it and send it home. But he could pitch curves; he had been on the Nine. And, on the Fourth, we were to play the British painters who were there, and the Harvard man set up three wickets on a line between the creases and made curves round them. But there was a doubting Britisher and he did not believe what he saw, so the Harvard man told him he would send him three balls he could not hit with a cricket bat, and he would bet him a dinner for the two teams that he would not. And the Briton asked for a high ball and it came low and then rose over his head; and then for a low one and it came high till it reached him and dropped, and he missed that; and last for a medium one and it came to one side and then curved and took him in the tummy. Then he gave up and we adjourned to Jacanuzzi and later, at the Englishman's expense, to the Little Horses and dined on *scampi*,

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vino bianco and *grasso del monte*. Speaking of dining in Venice reminds me that after the great dinner at the opening of one of the Biennial Exhibitions at the Fenice, Tito had just come back from Pittsburg, where he thought he had learned to make cocktails. So he got a salad bowl at the same Jacanuzzi's, and filled it with vermuth and *tamarindo* and wine and brandy and gave it to Zorn and Stuck and the rest of us, and we were then carried round the piazza by admirers, and the horses came down from St. Mark's and danced with the bell ringers from the clock tower all around the place and the campanile bowed to us as we went home to bed. It was an *immenso successo*, almost as great as when the American sailors, to protect their officers, cleaned up the piazza and were all locked up for it. I made some etchings then and the following year, but the superior Goulding could not print them, or did not like them, and I did not etch again for years. So much did he discourage me that, when I recommenced, I did my own printing and have done so to this day. The British fleet which had bombarded Alexandria came to Venice that summer and painted the town red one night and were turned out the next morning, though in the meantime I saw almost Midshipman Easy's sight, "three British admirals drunk in a wheelbarrow" — only it was a gondola. And we would go on expeditions to Burano and Torcello and threaten never to come back, so fascinating were the sirens of those islands, and some did not for a while; and to the Lido to swim — the Venetians went there to see the only live horse in the city, which was a mule and drew a street car. And we worked too, and I stayed on till mid-July and then I started for Scotland.

I stopped in London and called at once on Edmund Gosse, who was then representing "The Century" in Europe. I had a letter to him from Gilder, whom at that time I had scarce seen; and when I did see him he seemed always occupied with something besides me. I found Gosse in the old Board of Trade Buildings, in a little place off Whitehall, with a little statue of Charles I in it, behind the Banqueting Hall; or rather on the buildings, for his room was on the roof, with a little terrace, and when I called he was having his lunch and reading a foreign paper. He was translator to the Board of Trade and had to read foreign papers. He did not ask me to share his lunch or order another for me, and I little thought then of the endless Sunday evening suppers in good company I should have with him and his family in later years, or the good lunches with good talk he would invite me to at his club or at the House of Lords, or the endless fights we should indulge in, for which I never could see any reason; but they all ended happily and we are at peace, and later too I have dined with him in Venice. I cannot recall that I wanted anything from Gosse as editor. Then, or on a later day, I never wasted much of my time or anyone else's when I had work to do. I went on to see Andrew Lang and lunched with him at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. I do not remember the lunch, but I do remember that after it — as Lang was by way of being a sporting person — I explained baseball to him. It was then a game, not a business for padded heroes and company promoters, to gull fool fans with. The real reason for lunching with Lang, between his morning with Theocritus or Aucassin and his afternoon writing leaders for the "Daily News", which were the delight of the town when they appeared — he even

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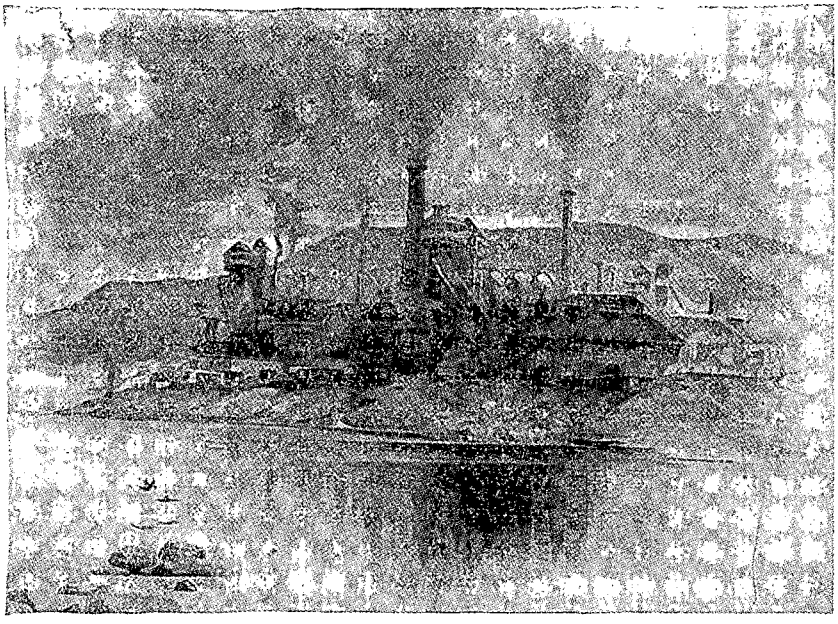
wrote one two years afterward on us — was to talk over the article on Edinburgh for "The Century". So pleased was he with my baseball description that he gave me, or thought he did, a letter of introduction to a friend in Edinburgh. But when I got back to the hotel, I found it was a private letter to this friend he had enclosed instead of the letter of introduction; in which he described my accent as wonderful as my description of baseball. Accent, indeed! If anyone had a more perfect Oxford accent than Andrew Lang, with a bit of Scotch burr thrown in, I never heard it! And the squeaking scream in which he talked beat any middle west schoolma'am's cackle! I sent the letter back to him, telling him I thought he had made a mistake, and I did not call on his friend. A year or two later, meeting him, he said he had completely forgotten what I wrote him, but he had never forgiven me for writing it. When I told him it did not matter, he would not speak to me for another year. But he was most picturesque, and Sir "Billy" Richmond's portrait of him is most like; in fact, so far as I know, it is the only decent thing Richmond, a superior person, ever did, but he ruined St. Paul's, which reminds me that he painted Canon Barnett, and the painting was shown at Whitechapel — or was it Watts? — but no matter — merely a change of name, it was Watts really, and a minor canon, taking a crowd round the show one Sunday afternoon, explained the pictures to the poor people. "And here", said he, "is the portrait of our great and good master Canon Barnett; and the good and great artist has not only painted his face, but his soul, as well." And a voice from the people was heard, "What a dirty black soul 'e do 'ave." Even Carlyle said the same thing of Watts's painting of his shirt: "Mon, I'm in the hobbut of wurrin' clean linnun."



An Example of Mr. Pennell's Early Work

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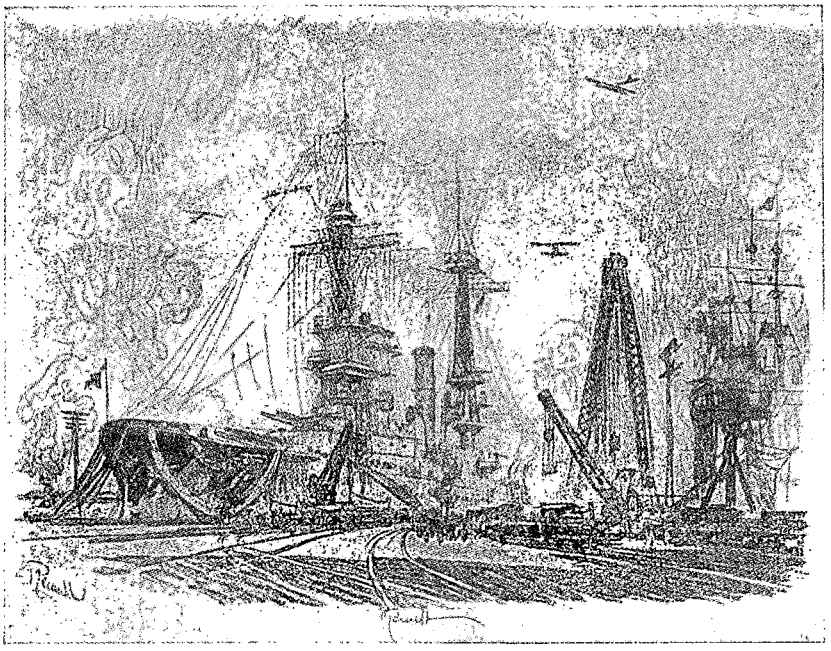

An Example of Mr. Pennell's Later Work

I went down to Edinburgh and on the way got an awful toothache — I remember that distinctly — from rushing through too fast from hot Venice to damp London and cold Scotland; and I cured it by furious practice one night in a roller skating rink, where I was in such fine form before the evening was over that I was offered "twelve pun" a week, Scotch, I suppose, as instructor. I also learned a lot about smoke and mist and steam and rain from Edinburgh Old Town, and what I learned is in the "Century" article, and other articles illustrated later. The Edinburgh shopkeepers and wynd dwellers were not nice, and I had misunderstandings with them when I sat down to draw in front of their shops and castles and refused to be moved on. So I put "Shoemaker" on a sign over a lawyer's door and "Writer to the Signet" on a pawnbroker's shop, and the owners of the signs wrote furious letters to "The Century" about me. That often happened and Drake always sent me the indignant letters — but I rarely got any of praise. But as one could work, and I did that summer, long after the place had gone to bed and long before it was up, for it was never really dark, I got through, not with the picturesque, really magnificent city which I have returned to again and again, but with my article. Nor did I finish with Lang, for, after the article came out, we were — or he was — reconciled and I did with him articles on St. Andrews — a stupid place, the University, a fine ruin, the golf links, a bore — North Berwick, and other of his beloved haunts which I never would have chosen for myself to draw. Still there always is something interesting everywhere, even in a middle west Main Street town, if you can escape the Babbitts and find it.

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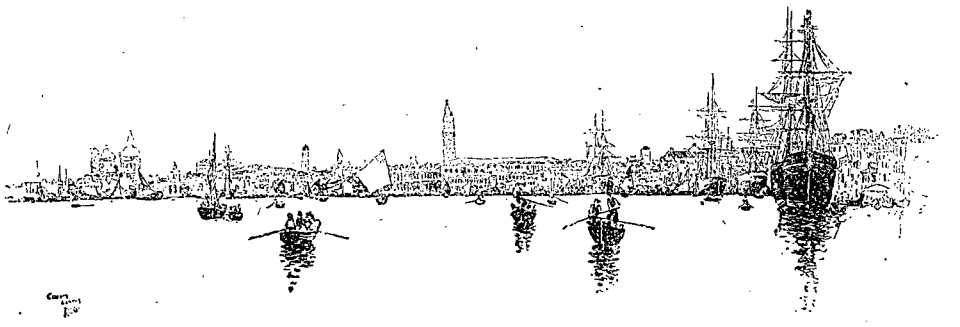
I used often to see Lang at Gosse's, but I think the last time was at a tea party at Abbey's, which I somehow got mixed up in, where, having my teacup in one hand and my top hat in the other, and wanting to be shaken hands with by someone, possibly Lang, I dumped the tea in my top hat — not that I meant to. But after that I avoided tea parties, and have as much as possible, to this day, though my performance gave quite a delightful interlude to the otherwise solemn function.

From Edinburgh I came down — up, as they say in Scotland — not only to Yorkshire but to cycling, and flew about, between there and Coventry, with Colonel Pope — who was "six foot one way, four foot t'uder, and weighed three hunnerd pound", and had to be helped onto his high wheel — and a man on an American Star. I had a nickel plated show machine Pope lent me. He built the Columbia tall wheels and was an early millionaire monopolist protectionist. We were a howling success. At Coventry I bought a fearful contraption in the shape of a sociable tricycle and rode it to Liverpool, wrote an article about that in "The Century", shipped the tricycle to Philadelphia, and entered in a race with two other competitors as soon as I got home. There were three of us in the race and there were three prizes, but, as I was lapped once or thrice, the judges refused mine, and that ended my cycle racing and my first trip to Europe.

When I went abroad I was a coming man in Philadelphia; when, nine months later I came back, I was almost forgotten.



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HENRY JAMES AND MR. VAN WYCK BROOKS

By Edna Kenton

BEFORE Mr. Brooks gave us his study of an expatriated American artist in "The Pilgrimage of Henry James", he had, in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain", pondered the problem of an American writer who stayed at home; and any attentive reader of that earlier book, still wondering why he ever published it, must approach this latest essay in criticism warily. For, beginning with the unstabilized premise that Mark Twain was "the born, predestined artist", he surrendered the premise, midway, to truth. At page 150, he admits his artist's "lack of any sense of proportion", his "rudimentary judgment", his "rudimentary cultural sense". "Quite on a par with his reckless juvenility of judgment was Mark Twain's æsthetic sense. . . . What did he like? In painting, Landseer . . . in music, the Jubilee Singers . . . in poetry, Kipling . . . and this general order of taste remained his to the end." Reflect on these lacks in a "born, predestined artist"; and reflect likewise on Mr. Brooks's lack of reflection. For he canceled neither beginning nor middle — he rounded his circle and published, seemingly without any awareness of what had happened in midstream to logic or to Mark Twain.

"The Pilgrimage of Henry James", by all the internal evidence, sprang not from a subject but a syllogism that lacked its middle term: "All expatriates are failures. —— was an expatriate. Therefore, —— was a failure." The list of American expatriate failures is long. Perhaps William Wetmore Story came to mind. But William Story's pilgrimage had been done — by Henry James. Henry James was an expatriate. Ergo. And Q. E. D.

Now, to start upon such a quest as that of Henry James's uncharted country with a theory strapped to one's feet instead of winged curiosity poised within the mind, is a very dangerous undertaking. Fatigue can blind the traveler to signposts, and after several years of search that failed to find, Mr. Brooks has given us a weary little book that can be best compared, as to method, with M. R. Werner's "Barnum". He has, that is, "rewritten" James; and if "The Pilgrimage" falls, as good rewriting, considerably below the level — whatever that may be — of the Werner-Barnum opus, the reason need not puzzle us. Mr. Werner was not baffled by his subject; and we picture him beside his shallow stream, fishing easily for little pearls. But Mr. Brooks, after a long period of attempted communion with his figure — and only one who has so attempted can feel due compassion for him — faced a mass of material — above all, terms — that no amount of logic could clarify. *Above all, terms.* He has simply not translated. Yet this is his "Foreword":

> Readers who are familiar with Henry James will observe that many phrases and even longer passages have been incorporated in the text of this book, usually without any indication of their source. The author has resorted to this expedient because he knows of no other means of conveying with strict accuracy at moments what he conceives to have been James's thoughts and feelings.

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It is an expedient that carries with it a certain originality — compiling a serious thesis almost entirely from quotation and rewritten matter, without so much as a footnote for page and line. But if Mr. Brooks had cast about for disaster instead of expediency he could not have chosen a road strewn thicker with traps. To write about what one does not understand is safer than to paraphrase what one does not understand. In the first case, fortuitous accident may play; in the second, the original text settles the matter. It settles it, that is, if page and line can be found.

And just exactly here it is that this expedient seems less a means for strict accuracy than a royal road to laxity. Few readers — even the most devoted — of Henry James know his hundred odd volumes well enough — let pass the "incorporated" uncollected work — to check this method, as it should be checked, every step of the way. We are used to "Studies" that do not study; to "Lives" that do not live; but this is an aftermath of undocumented partial quotation and muddled paraphrasing the like of which has not happened before to a great and special case in letters. "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" adds a new terror to death.

In a spirit of real curiosity, fortified by a knowledge of sources that could check by the way, I have read this book. My copy is enriched with a wealth of marginal notations — the fruit of a leisurely day spent at the source — exactly volume and page for all but two of Mr. Brooks's quotations and re-renditions. It was worthwhile to go back; only the context can show the strength with which desire for proof has wrenched quotation out of context; and only the original text of the paraphrase can keep compassion lively for his bewildered state.

For example: At one point, pressing hard on the Puritan note in James, his concern for "morality" and "conscience", Mr. Brooks says: "Had he not summed up his admiration for George Eliot by saying that her touchstone is the word respectable?"

This is a question that deserves an answer, and it shall have it. James summed up his admiration for George Eliot in the preface to "The Princess Casamassima" (1908): the quintessence of nine essays on her and an abiding interest in her over a period of more than forty years. The paper from which Mr. Brooks raises his head inquiringly lies in "The Atlantic Monthly", October, 1866, several years before her two greatest novels appeared, forty two years before the Prefaces offered aid to critics, and when James himself was just twenty three years of age. And exactly what he said then was this:

"The word which sums up the common traits of our author's various groups is the word *respectable.*" After citing characters in confirmation, he went on: "They all share this fundamental trait — that in each of them passion proves itself feebler than conscience." And he concluded: "In morals her problems are still the old passive problems. . . . Unless in the case of Savonarola she has made no attempt to depict a conscience taking on itself great and novel responsibilities." Now I called that, when I first came on it — written by a Boston boy of twenty three, in 1866 — interesting, and a little clue to follow. But I do not know what to call Mr. Brooks's use of it, or his ignorance of the grounds on which James based his admiration of Eliot, unless I call this, too, interesting, and a little clue to follow.

Another example, more serious because the quotation is so "selected" from context, is his summing up of

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James's opinion of Ibsen. To James, he says, "Ibsen was scarcely anything but a 'provincial of provincials . . . ugly, common, hard, prosaic, bottomlessly bourgeois'." James expressed himself on Ibsen in "Essays in London", in "Notes on Novelists", in an old periodical of 1897, and in the preface to "The Awkward Age" (XVIII-XXI). But Mr. Brooks took most of his seemingly direct quotation from another source, from a letter to Julian Sturgis in "The Letters of Henry James" (volume I, 212). This quotation calls for all the context:

My dear Julian:
I wish I had your gift of facile and fascinating rhyme, — I would turn it to account to thank you for your note and your sympathy. Yes, Ibsen is ugly, common, hard, prosaic, bottomlessly bourgeois — and with his distinction so far *in*, as it were, so behind doors and beyond vestibules, that one is excusable for not pushing one's way to it. And yet of his art he's a master — and I feel in him, to the pitch of almost intolerable boredom, the presence and the insistence of life. On the other hand, his mastery, so bare and lean as it is, would n't count nearly so much in any medium in which the genus was otherwise represented. In *our* sandy desert even this translated octopus (excuse the confusion of habitats!!!) sits alone, and isn't kept in his place by relativity.

Lacking one phrase, Mr. Brooks appears here to be caught red handed in the act of quoting James in the act of quoting Sturgis. The lacking phrase, "a provincial of provincials", he most untidily lifted from the Note on John Gabriel Borkman, in "Notes on Novelists" (page 425). The quotation here must be incomplete, but enough can be given to stir inquiry: did he read beyond the first line? or did he filch a phrase as a college boy might for a debate? or does he use Scripture like the Devil?

The author who, at the age of seventy, a provincial of provincials, turns out "John Gabriel", is frankly for me so much one of the peculiar pleasures of the day, one of the current strong sensations, that, erect as he still seems to stand, I deplore his extreme maturity, and, thinking of what shall happen, look round in vain for any other possible source of the same kind of emotion. . . .

If the spirit is a lamp within us, glowing through what the world and the flesh make of us as through a ground glass shade, then such pictures as Little Eyolf and John Gabriel are each a *chassez-croisez* of lamps burning, as in tasteless parlours, with the flame practically exposed. . . . The author nevertheless arrives at the dramatist's great goal — he arrives for all his meagreness at intensity. The meagreness, which is after all but an unconscious, an admirable economy, never interferes with that: it plays straight into the hands of his rare mastery of form. The contrast between this form — so difficult to have reached, so "evolved", so civilised — and the bareness and bleakness of his little northern democracy, is the source of half the frugal charm he puts forth. . . . Well in the very front of the scene lunges with extraordinary length of arm the Ego against the Ego and rocks in a rigour of passion the soul against the soul. . . . Down from that desolation the sturdy old symbolist comes this time with a supreme example of his method. It is high wonder and pleasure to welcome such splendid fruit from sap that might by now have shown something of the chill of age. Never has he juggled more gallantly with difficulty and danger than in this really prodigious "John Gabriel", in which a great span of tragedy is taken between three or four persons — a trio of the grim and grizzled — in the two or three hours of a winter's evening; in which the whole thing throbs with an actability that fairly shakes us as we read. . . .

It is one thing for a critic to be mistaken in his estimate of a writer; that is his own small affair. It is another thing for Mr. Brooks, "summing up", to be mistaken in Henry James's estimates of special cases; this is a larger affair and one not his own. When he speaks of James's "adored Thackeray", is it because he has never read or, reading, has not understood, "Winchelsea, Rye, and Denis Duval" — subtle, very; Jamesian, altogether; in camera, quite, but also in English: or even the mention of Thackeray, *plus context*, in the preface to "The Tragic Muse"? But, though a mention in James is as good as

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a mile, you must have walked your mile with him first. Mr. Brooks is a poor pedestrian. When he essays "conveying with strict accuracy James's thoughts and feelings" — "If he had been able to read the universe into his own country as Balzac had read it into his France . . ." a sincere curiosity rises as to whether, if Mr. Brooks were locked up for a year and a day with everything James has written on Balzac — everything — he could emerge clear on just two things: first, that Balzac's great attempt, as repeatedly stated by James, had been to read the universe into his France; and, second, that Balzac's great failure, as repeatedly stated by James, was that he failed to do this. When he says: "To the end of his life James cherished for Zola a respect that, in him, we find almost inexplicable save as the result of some profound impression that he had received in his youth", there is, happily, recourse other than to childhood's unhappy hours and misapplied Freud: there is the text — the Zola essay in "Notes on Novelists", the introduction to the Vizetelly "Nana" of 1887, again the Prefaces, and any "mention". James *did* have a respect for Zola, but it is not "inexplicable". For he explains it fully — quite fully.

The numerous imitations of Henry James in meditation unfortunately do not oblige because they do not accurately render, as the Balzac imbroglio clearly shows. The method used for the notable Ibsen quotation — catching up a phrase here, another there, consummating the union by a few connubial dots, with no marriage licenses, birth records, or divorce papers offered by way of footnotes and good faith, has been the method employed to the *nth* degree of polygamy in the indirect rewriting process. Naturally, all the "relations" are mixed, and not until Mr. Brooks has made Henry James's definition of relations his own can he sound the proper note of repentance. On page 23, for just one instance, he is musing over Newport in the master's manner and in a veritable "stew" of the master's words; the Newport (among other things it was not, to James's really acute vision) of the "inverted romantics". He picked up that distinguished phrase from "Notes of a Son and Brother", and any reader sufficiently curious may refer to pages 475–478 of that book, to discover for himself to what or to whom the phrase refers. It is a small matter, but the reader will rise up from the brief research with an eternal query over the "strict accuracy" of the incorporate method, as well as with a touch of sympathy for Mr. Brooks's task in elucidation. His sentences parse, his verbs have subject and object, but they are not the subjects and objects of James's verbs — at least, not often.

He betrays no perception of James's prime quality: irony may be, of course, easily mistaken for other things, including, in these days, grave complexes; but he mistakes the quality itself when he says that James, when writing of young girls, "abandons his irony"; when he lists Maggie Verver of "The Golden Bowl" with "innocent cat's paws"; when he speaks of Milly Theale of "The Wings of the Dove" as "victim of the basest plot that ever mind conceived". And this, perhaps, is the secret of his mishap; he has read James seriously, not lightly; which means, of course, that he has still to read James seriously enough.

Why did James go abroad and stay abroad? It is an interesting question, and worth a book's span, if, that is, the question is answered. A sentence could answer it, but to that sentence the author of "The Pilgrimage" is hardly entitled just now. However,

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if one said that James went abroad to be closer to the American scene, the proof would take some doing, but it could be done. Or if one said that he went abroad to know himself to be farther from Europe than Mark Twain and his Innocents conceived themselves to be, that would take more doing, but it might be done — and without tears.

Why did James advise other writers to stay at home? This is a good question, and Mr. Brooks asks it: "Why", he queries, "did he write of Mrs. Wharton; 'She *must* be tethered in native pastures, even if it reduces her to a backyard in New York'— adding that this was the pure essence of his wisdom and experience? Why did he write to Mrs. Wharton herself: 'Your only drawback is not having the homeliness and the inevitability and the happy limitation and the affluent poverty of a country of your own'?"

Well, as Mr. Brooks often says in these ruminative pages, "we can only assume". But let us assume here, aided by context; and very interesting these contexts are — in "The Letters" (I, 396; II, 285). For the first, the context is Mrs. Wharton's "The Valley of Decision", a novel of eighteenth century Italy; for the second, the context is Mrs. Wharton's "The Reef", a novel laid in modern Paris. Perhaps — just perhaps — James was placing no restrictions of "country" on anything but Mrs. Wharton's pen. If, for instance, you know New York and not eighteenth century Italy, or if, though you know Paris, your point of view is not quite yet Parisian, and the works betray these alien notes, discard the Italian setting and the "vague and elegant French colonnade" for Manhattan as the *mise-en-scène*, the "tone". On the other hand, if you are to be truly "international", really a citizen of the world, it may necessitate, for reasons of "art" and the "dark psychologic" and all else, "expatriation" from any native soil whatever, and the creating of a Country of your Own. Perhaps in this way, and in this way only, the native soil becomes the Sacred Fount.

But the treadmill of the syllogism does away with the game of "constatations" — the word is James's own coined one for special illuminations. Mr. Brooks has merely gone through James and has come out at the gate he went in, weary and unillumined. And yet he put this book together. Why did he do it? This is another interesting question, particularly when carried to the light so often turned on to explain the pilgrimage of Henry James. "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain", if not too carefully examined, can serve for the apologia of all frustrated artists who are American citizens. Choosing Mark Twain's way, or the path of Henry James, success will be in spite of either road, not because of it. To live or not to live in these States? — It is a perilous choice to make.

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"CUE" STORIES OF STEVENSON

By George S. Hellman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following paper is a portion of the final chapter of "The True Stevenson: A Study in Clarification". Mr. Hellman's discoveries and editorship in the Stevenson field add authority to his startling narrative that will be published late this October.*

IN "Memories of Vailima", published in 1902, Stevenson's stepchildren brought forth an engaging volume. Its first portion, entitled "Vailima Table Talk", has many of those touches which make biography a live, and not a dead, thing; and in its latter portion vitality is given to the relations of Stevenson with his Samoan retainers. The book gets the reader below the surface and somewhere into Stevenson's mind, but never far enough below the surface to touch deeply upon things unhappy. Thus also as to their magazine articles concerning the Vailima days. Not until the publication in 1924 of "An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S." — Lloyd Osbourne's belated but delightful little book — has either of Mrs. Stevenson's children been willing to show the Stevenson of jagged nerves and of utter weariness who had so much to try him in the days when a costly household enforced the labor of his pen.

One who knew the Stevenson household well was Mr. H. J. Moors, the American merchant and planter at Apia, in whose home the entire Stevenson party had lived for several weeks shortly after the arrival at Samoa. It was Mr. Moors who acted as Stevenson's agent in the purchase of the Vailima property and who undertook for Stevenson the preliminary work of making a clearing for the home on Vaea's slope. Nor was his assistance limited to things practical. Mr. Moors was a decided aid to Stevenson when the author was engaged on his researches for "A Footnote to History". Stevenson thought of him and wrote of him as "my friend", and Mr. Moors's volume entitled "With Stevenson in Samoa" shows that the American and the Scotchman were congenial companions, the former having no illusions concerning the nature of the man to whom in so many ways he proved of service.

In observing Stevenson's moods of depression, of reaction against the conditions of his household, of chafing at the restrictions and annoyances at Vailima, Mr. Moors concluded that it would be well for Stevenson to get away from his surroundings, and he accordingly took the first steps toward the purchase of Nassau Island as an asylum for his friend. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Moors did this without Stevenson's approval, as the island was to be bought for Stevenson. Stevenson, however, seems to have decided that there was no chance of his escaping into that solitude where he might enter into more intimate communion with himself. I have been told that he tried to run away and was prevented by Mrs. Stevenson, but I have found no absolute proof of this. At any rate, in one of his depressed moods, he called a

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halt to the transaction and, after the purchase of Nassau Island by Mr. Moors for his own account, Stevenson never availed himself of his friend's suggestion that he should go and live there for some months.

In this connection there is an unfinished and unpublished story by Stevenson leading to interesting surmise. "The Castaways of Soledad" was written presumably in 1893, although it is not impossible that it belongs to 1894 and, as a manuscript of that year, may be Stevenson's final excursion in the realm of fiction. Is it, however, purely fiction or does a biographical motif underlie this tale where, under circumstances of terror, the hero is cast upon a desert island? Soledad — the Island of Solitude. There has been shipwreck and it is no happy island, no Treasure Island, to which escape is made. Dreary, unutterably dreary are the countenance and the atmosphere of the place — dreary, as Stevenson's mood when he realized that for him there was no sailing to a lovely island of tranquillity, such as Mr. Moors had sought to provide. Death is in the air, and vile and cruel birds hover like a swarm of life's oppressions over the inhospitable shores.

Even more significant is "The Waif Woman", a story that also belongs to the last period of Stevenson's life. It has to do with that strange woman, Thorgunna, who came to Iceland on a vessel from the South Isles, bringing with her two chests of marvelous raiment and rare lace. Aud, wife of the worthy goodman, Finnward Keelfarer, lusted after the contents of these marvelous chests, but Thorgunna could neither be tempted to sell nor cozened into giving any of the silks or linens or velvets, glittering jewels or curiously wrought brooches. Then comes the time for her death in the house of Finnward, and he promises her that her possessions shall be burned after she has died. But Aud will not have it so, and, one way or the other, with arguments *and with kisses* she prevails upon her husband to be false to his pledge, to forsake that light of honor clear to his own eyes. The tragedy that follows fast on the heels of this betrayal, with Finnward's death[1] — alone on a small reef amid wild waters — as the final calamity, is a grim one; and the story is told with mastery, the language fitting splendidly to the theme.

It was not until 1916 (Mrs. Stevenson died in 1914) that "The Waif Woman" was published. Why was this striking tale kept hidden by Mrs. Stevenson from the reading public? The answer is to be found in the subtitle that Stevenson gave it. In all my years of interesting research in the Stevenson field I have never felt quite the same strange thrill experienced on observing this subtitle: "The Waif Woman, A Cue — from a Saga." A cue! Here, for the first time I found Stevenson stating that he is making use of fiction to reveal the essential secret of his life. Finnward Keelfarer, who allows his wife to dominate over him in matters that affect his deepest convictions, is he other than Robert Louis Stevenson, who saw his novel thrown into the fire, who broke with his old friend Henley, and who, in some moods of unhappiness at Vailima, felt that he had made from a sense of conjugal loyalty, or from motives of practical compromise, concessions too great — concessions indeed so great that both his courage and his honor seemed to him impugned? What else did Steven-

[1] "So strangely are we built; so much more strong is the love of woman than mere love of life." — R. L. S.

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son mean us to understand where, in "The Waif Woman" (page 32), he wrote of the man who, conscious of his weakness, would sometimes labor in a mood of fury and at other times would sit staring into space, like a man bereft? What did he mean by those sentences wherein he depicted Aud's passion for admiration and those sentences indicating Aud's sex attraction for her husband, this being the essence of her mastery over him? What did he mean by that saying which Aud uttered after Finnward's death, to the effect that, well, they had been good helpmates to one another? A cue? There are many cues in this little story which seems, in truth, an *apologia pro vita sua*. Stevenson did not really have to apologize for his life.[2] It was one of courage and of kindness. But that he himself did not feel he had been sufficiently courageous in his relations with Mrs. Stevenson; that he felt, apart from the domain of conduct, he had been led into derelictions unworthy of a writer who must not compromise in matters affecting his art, is — who can doubt? — trenchantly apparent in that strange story of Aud and Finnward where the Waif Woman comes from the mystic realm beyond life to effect the inevitable retribution. And as we see the weak hero dying miserably on the little reef in the Northern Seas, do we not realize that Stevenson is adopting the method used by Henry James when in "The Author of Beltraffio" James told the story of the destroyed novel? In theme and in setting there are departures from the actual episode that provided the general idea, as where the northern reef takes the place of the Samoan island. The lusted-after chests of fine raiment are symbolical of worldly possessions; the passion for admiration, the desire for suitors, have roots in actuality. The story, whatever its modifications, is essentially autobiographical.

But with "The Castaways of Soledad" and "The Waif Woman" we are not through with Stevenson's cryptic fiction. Only recently I made a further discovery. Looking over the latest edition of Stevenson's "Letters", in more minute search of hints not given in the earlier editions, I came across Stevenson's letter of November 30, 1892, to Sidney Colvin, a document not included in the original collection of the "Letters to His Family and Friends". There Stevenson gives the titles of a number of stories on which he is engaged, and among them is "The Bottle Imp". Now, "The Bottle Imp", we were told by Mr. Colvin in the notes prefatory to one of the chapters of the original edition of the "Letters", was written during the six weeks of Stevenson's first visit to Samoa in December, 1889, and January, 1890. The tale was first published in "Black and White" in 1891, and was the only one of Stevenson's stories to be printed, later that year, in the Samoan language. It is recorded as the first of his Polynesian tales, and neither Mr. Colvin nor Mrs. Stevenson, in her introduction to the "Island Nights' Entertainments", in the Tusitala Edition of Stevenson's Works, suggests that "The Bottle Imp" has any special significance beyond an attempt on Stevenson's part to write stories that might specially interest the Samoans. Everything, wrote Mrs. Stevenson in a letter to Charles Warren Stoddard, had already been said concerning Stevenson's works. Her introductions were merely an act of gratitude toward the publishers who had been so kind to her.

[2] "A man, a work of art, or only a fine city, must be judged by its merits as a whole."— R. L. S.

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She could add nothing — the critics would have her blood for her ineffectual words. And so on, and so on. How amusing! Everything said? Everything of "The Bottle Imp", for instance? Of "The Bottle Imp"!

But what does Stevenson's letter itself reveal? Nothing less than that this story also had a subtitle similar to the subtitle of "The Waif Woman". "The Bottle Imp: A Cue from an Old Melodrama." This subtitle will not be found in either the Thistle or the Edinburgh or the Tusitala edition, and its appearance in Stevenson's letter may well explain the omission of that letter at a time when Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne had too much control over the editorial functions of Sidney Colvin.

"The Bottle Imp", in view of this subtitle, takes on an interest which really has no parallel in literary achievement. Innumerable writers have used the material of their own lives, of the lives of their acquaintances, for the purposes of their fiction; but I can think of no other man who has thus adapted a centuried legend. The immediate literary source of the story was, probably, a drama presented in London in 1828, although the theme may also be found in the writings of La Motte Fouqué and the Brothers Grimm. The scholar interested in the record of this theme that appears, under various aspects, throughout European folklore, may turn to the January, 1910, and March, 1911, issues of "Modern Language Notes". It is essentially a variation of the widespread mediæval legend of one who risks eternal damnation for the sake of worldly success.

Stevenson's story begins with the statement that in the island of Hawaii dwelt a man whom he will call Keawe, a man whose real name must not be divulged. Keawe, poor, courageous, and with at least a schoolmaster's talent for writings, sails across the ocean, and arrives at San Francisco. There, in one of his walks, he finds himself before a beautiful house, into which he is invited by the owner. How happy, thinks Keawe, he would be were he the master of so fine a mansion. Nothing easier, suggests his host; and from a locked niche he takes a strangely shaped bottle. If Keawe will buy this bottle — and the owner is entirely willing to accept the fifty dollars which are the total of Keawe's wealth — the bottle of milk-white glass, the bottle with its strange something moving within its belly, will prove another Aladdin's lamp. But the rich man warns the poor Hawaiian that to die with the bottle in one's possession means the inevitable consignment of the soul to hell; warns him, also, that the bottle must be sold at a lesser price than that which purchased it. The bargain is consummated, and the bottle imp, who may eventually prove Keawe's eternal master, becomes his temporary slave.

Now, one of the greatest desires of our poor, brave hero (who had a talent for writing) was to own a house on the mountainside of his native island. How, through the agency of the bottle imp, his wish was fulfilled, let the reader ascertain for himself in Stevenson's pages. A great house it was, with the surrounding forests reaching up toward the skies. Balconies ran around it. Flowers bloomed in its garden. It overlooked the waters beyond, and from a mast erected in front of it there flew the flag of its owner. Here, in external details, we have Stevenson picturing his home at Vailima, where the great woods rose from the flanks of Vaea, where Mrs. Stevenson took such pride in her many-

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colored flower garden, and where the Union Jack floated before the home of the health-exiled son of Great Britain. The setting has the autobiographical note first so significantly struck when the acquisition of the fatal bottle was placed in that far away California which had been the scene of the most decisive of Stevenson's actions when, with his marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, he committed himself to the necessity of worldly success.

Keawe (who throughout the tale shows reluctance in invoking the aid of the bottle imp) on one occasion, in the company of his friend Lopaka, gets a glimpse of the infernal creature who is the source of his wealth. Both men are aghast at what they see, but even so Lopaka, aware of all the conditions attendant on the purchase, buys the bottle from Keawe. Shortly thereafter thoughts of terror fade away in the radiance of newborn love. Keawe meets Kokua, a lovely maiden, her eyes like stars. Her heart goes out to him, as his to her; and soon they are betrothed. But hard on the heels of this happiness follows calamity. Keawe, making himself ready for his bath, finds on his skin the ghastly mark of leprosy — that horrible disease with which Stevenson became so familiar when he visited the lepers' colony at Molokai. How can Keawe now marry Kokua? There is only one way. He must repurchase the bottle imp to free him from leprosy. The search for the bottle begins. It has passed from Lopaka's possession, and owner after owner has, at a constantly decreasing price, gotten rid of it. Each possessor had acquired wealth; each possessor had been caught up in the terror of the thought that he might die with the bottle in his keeping and so be damned forever. Finally, Keawe tracks it down and, from a young man who, having committed a felony, had bought the bottle for the reckless price of two cents, Keawe obtains it.

The leprosy disappears; the marriage takes place. But Keawe, who has paid what he thinks the fatal minimum price for this instrument of worldly riches and power, regards himself as a man who has lost his soul. For all that Kokua can do there is depression, misery and, one feels, inner shame, in a home that might otherwise have been poor but happy.

So far we can follow sufficiently closely the emotions and the mental workings of that Stevenson who, with the extravagant house at Vailima weighing upon him, pondered in his closing years the author he might have been, the friendships he might have retained unbroken, had he not become involved in marriage with a woman with dependent children, and a woman who, not sharing his point of view toward literature or toward loyalties, had forced him to destroy the novel written at Hyères, and the friendship formed with Henley at Edinburgh. In a letter of August, 1893, to Conan Doyle, Stevenson refers to "The Bottle Imp", specifically calling it an indiscreet piece of writing. In this same letter he tells Conan Doyle that he has been relating to Simelé[3] that adventure of Sherlock Holmes where an impoverished engineer is willing to accept fifty dollars (the very price paid by Keawe for the bottle!) for a service running contrary to a high sense of honor. But there is surely no need to adduce further evidence as to the autobiographical motivation of "The Bottle Imp". What does remain to be considered is whether, as the narrative winds to its close, Stevenson was hewing to the line of his own reactions, or whether he was,

[3] Stevenson's native overseer at Vailima.

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with the privileges and the methods of a writer of fiction, indulging in the most bitter irony of his work as an author.

How, then, is it that the tale ends? Kokua loves her husband. She cannot fail to observe his unhappiness, despite their great house, their orchards, their plantations, their gardens. She gets at the heart of the secret, and when she realizes that it is for her sake, for the sake of her love, that her husband has been willing to sell himself to perdition, she decides that she must save him. To her comes the thought that, after all, the one cent which he paid at the time of his second purchase of the bottle is not, among moneys, the lowest denomination. Are there not centimes in the French islands of the Pacific? And so she persuades Keawe to sail with her to Tahiti, there to get rid of the bottle. They go; but when, soon, their story becomes known, they are looked upon as people accursed, and none will buy. But Kokua must save her husband, even at the cost of eternal damnation to herself. She prevails upon an old man to offer four centimes, promising him that she will repurchase the bottle for three. The transactions are consummated, and Keawe is overjoyed, not knowing that it is now his wife who has come under the spell of the damnable imp. When, caught up with the thoughts of the impending ruin that her act of self sacrifice seems to make inevitable, Kokua in turn becomes despondent, Keawe is angered at his wife, who should, he thinks, be rejoicing and elated at his escape. He leaves her; resorts to dissipation. Returning unexpectedly from one of his bacchanalian nights, he finds Kokua staring at the bottle. The truth flashes upon him. She has not seen him enter, and he returns to his low companions, that kind of dissolute riffraff with which Louis Stevenson had in Edinburgh days consorted. Keawe tells a vicious sailor about the bottle; tells him to go to Kokua and buy the bottle for two centimes; assures the sailor that he will repurchase it for one centime; tells the sailor that the bottle will bring them the money they need for the continuation of their debauch. The plan partially goes through, but the sailor, once in possession of the magic instrument, refuses to part with it. The happy wife and the happy husband are rid forever of the evil thing.

Such, then, is the story — one of the stories — concerning which Mrs. Stevenson wrote that nothing new could be said. Was the idea of the wife who would be willing to make supreme sacrifice for the husband still a dream — a hope — of Stevenson's when he wrote the tale in 1889, or was it even then, as it must have seemed to him in 1892, full of bitter irony? In that letter of November 30, to which I have already referred, Stevenson gives Colvin a list of stories proposed as the contents for the volume to be entitled "Island Nights' Entertainments". In this list appear *both* "The Bottle Imp" *and* "The Waif Woman", *with their revelatory subtitles*. Further on in his letter Stevenson adds that Mrs. Stevenson has objected to the inclusion of "The Waif Woman". The full paragraph (one can only guess as to its conclusion) is not given, asterisks furnished by Sidney Colvin taking the place of Stevenson's final words. Moreover, Stevenson wrote to Colvin that he greatly regretted the appearance (which must therefore have been arranged for without his approbation) of "The Bottle Imp" in the magazine, "Black and White". Stevenson had wished his story to be the "*clou*" (as well as the cue!) of the book which (perhaps again with subtle irony?) was to bear the name of "Island Nights'

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Entertainments". Stevenson told Colvin of his desire to have the subtitle used in the printed volume, in preference to the unimportant note concerning the London play. Stevenson's wish was disregarded both by his wife and his friend. The subtitle, with its words, "A Cue", is in no edition of Stevenson's works.

It is quite apparent that Mrs. Stevenson was willing to have "The Bottle Imp" printed (without its subtitle) because the story, with its legendary theme, would not be recognized as essentially autobiographical. For thirty five years it has indeed escaped such recognition. Learned scholars have traced its sources back to mediæval times — but never to Stevenson's heart. "The Waif Woman", however, that Mrs. Stevenson would not risk — subtitle or no subtitle! So it was left out of the "Island Nights' Entertainments" and kept suppressed by her throughout her lifetime. The portrait of Aud, the portrait of the yielding husband who died, miserable and ashamed in the Northern Seas, had too much verisimilitude.

Now, as we consider Stevenson's intention and desire to publish these two "cue" stories, we must to that extent revise the view of Stevenson's unbroken attitude of, at whatsoever cost to himself, protection of his wife. It becomes manifest that in the final period of his life he decided he had been too much the chivalrous husband, and, under the guise of fiction, he had at last decided to give the world a chance to guess the truth. His unselfishness had its limits, and beneath the burden of ill health, financial harassments, and the grief of an artist who had been kept from the full freedom of his art, his will was beginning, it may be thought by some, to disintegrate; by others, to assert itself in too long delayed action of revolt against the tyranny of domestic circumstances. In any event, these "cue" stories prove conclusively that Stevenson would have welcomed the clarification which this present chapter has attempted. Henry James's "The Author of Beltraffio", with Stevenson's "The Bottle Imp", "The Waif Woman", and the incomplete and as yet unpublished "Castaways of Soledad" — what an unparalleled little volume they would make!

MINE IS NOT A SINGING VOICE

By Harbor Allen

MINE is not a singing voice,
My fingers rasp a lute,
And passion, though it burn me up,
Strikes me stark and mute.

Search, oh love, my open eyes.
In men like me rise notes
Which beat out pæans in their breasts,
But strangle in their throats.

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PORGY

By DuBose Heyward

With Sketches by Theodore Nadejen

(The last of three selections from a novel of Negro life in old Charleston)

The Storm

EXCEPT for the faint moan of the wind, the town and harbor lay in a silence that was like held breath.

Many Negroes came to the wharf, passed out to the pier head, and sat quietly watching the entrance to the bay.

At one o'clock the tension snapped. As though it had been awaiting St. Christopher's chimes to announce "Zero Hour", the wind swung into the east, and its voice dropped an octave, and changed its quality. Instead of the complaining whine, a grave, sustained note came in from the Atlantic, with an undertone of alarming variations, that sounded oddly out of place as it traversed the inert waters of the bay.

The tide was at the last of the ebb, and racing out of the many rivers and creeks toward the sea. All morning the west wind had driven it smoothly before it. But now, the stiffening eastern gale threw its weight against the water, and the conflict immediately filled the bay with large waves that leaped up to angry points, then dropped back sullenly upon themselves.

"Choppy water", observed a very old Negro who squinted through half closed eyes. "Dem boat nebbuh mek headway in dat sea."

But he was not encouraged to continue by the silent, anxious group.

Slowly the threatening undertone of the wind grew louder. Then, as though a curtain had been lowered across the harbor mouth, everything beyond was blotted by a milky screen.

"Oh, my Jedus!" a voice shrilled. "Here he come, now! Le's we go!"

Many of the watchers broke for the cover of buildings across the street. Some of those whose men were in the fleet crowded into the small wharf house. Several voices started to pray at once, and were immediately drowned in the rising clamor of the wind.

With the mathematical precision that it had exhibited in starting, the gale now moved its obliterating curtain through the jetties, and thrust it forward in a straight line across the outer bay.

There was something utterly terrifying about the studied manner in which the hurricane proceeded about its business. It clicked off its moves like an automaton. It was Destiny working nakedly for the eyes of men to see. The watchers knew that for at least twenty four hours it would stay, moving its tides and winds here and there with that invincible precision, crushing the life from those whom its preconceived plan had seemed to mark for death.

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With that instant emotional release that is the great solace of the Negro, the tightly packed wharf house burst into a babblement of weeping and prayer.

The curtain advanced to the inner bay and narrowed the world to the city, with its buildings cowering white and fearful, and the remaining semi-circle of the harbor.

And now from the opaque surface of the screen came a persistent roar that was neither of wind or water, but the articulate cry of the storm itself. The curtain shot forward again and became a wall, grey and impenetrable, that sunk its foundations into the tortured sea and bore the leaden sky upon its soaring top.

The noise became deafening. The narrow strip of water that was left before the wharves seemed to shrink away. The buildings huddled closer and waited.

Then it crossed the strip, and smote the city.

From the roofs came the sound as though ton after ton of ore had been dumped from some great eminence. There was a dead weight to the shocks that could not conceivably be delivered by so unsubstantial a substance as air, yet which was the wind itself, lifting abruptly to enormous heights, then hurling its full force downward.

These shocks followed the demoniac plan, occurring at exact intervals, and were succeeded by prying fingers, as fluid as ether, as hard as steel, that felt for cracks in roofs and windows.

One could no longer say with certainty, "This which I breathe is air, and this upon which I stand is earth." The storm had possessed itself of the city and made it its own. Tangibles and intangibles alike were whirled in a mad, inextricable nebula.

The waves that moved upon the bay could be dimly discerned for a little distance. They were turgid, yellow, and naked; for the moment they lifted a crest, the wind snatched it and dispersed it, with the rain, into the warm semi-fluid atmosphere with which it delivered its attack upon the panic stricken city.

Notch by notch the velocity increased. The concussions upon the roofs became louder, and the prying fingers commenced to gain a purchase, worrying small holes into large ones. Here and there the wind would get beneath the tin, roll it up suddenly, whirl it from a building like a sheet of paper, and send it thundering and crashing down a deserted street.

Again it would gain entrance to a room through a broken window, and, exerting its explosive force to the full, would blow all of the other windows outward, and commence work upon the walls from within.

It was impossible to walk upon the street. At the first shock of the storm, the little group of Negroes who had sought shelter in the wharf house fled to the Row. Even then, the force of the attack had been so great that only by bending double and clinging together were they able to resist the onslaughts and traverse the narrow street.

Porgy and Bess sat in their room. The slats had been taken from the bed and nailed across the window, and the mattress, bundled into a corner, had been preempted by the goat. Bess sat wrapped in her own thoughts, apparently unmoved by the demoniac din without. Porgy's look was one of wonder, not unmixed with fear, as he peered into the outer world between two of the slats. The goat, blessed with an utter lack of imagination, reveled in the comfort and intimacy of his new environment, expressing his

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contentment in suffocating waves, after the manner of his kind. A kerosene lamp without a chimney, smoking straight up into the unnatural stillness of the room, cast a faint, yellow light about it, but only accentuated the heavy gloom of the corners.

From where Porgy sat, he could catch glimpses of what lay beyond the window. There would come occasional moments when the floor of the storm would be lifted by a burrowing wind, and he would see the high, naked breakers racing under the sudden pall of spume and rain.

Once he saw a derelict go by. The vessel was a small river sloop, with its rigging blown clean out. A man was clinging to the tiller. One wave, larger than its fellows, submerged the little boat, and when it wallowed to the surface again, the man was gone, and the tiller was kicking wildly.

"Oh, my Jedus, hab a little pity!" the watcher moaned under his breath.

Later, a roof went by.

Porgy heard it coming, even above the sound of the attack upon the Row, and it filled him with awe and dread. He turned and looked at Bess, and was reassured to see that she met his gaze fearlessly. Down the street the roar advanced, growing nearer and louder momentarily. Surely it would be the final instrument of destruction. He held his breath, and waited. Then it thundered past his narrow sphere of vision. Rolled loosely, it loomed to the second story windows, and flapped and tore at the buildings as it swept over the cobbles.

When a voice could be heard again, Porgy turned to his companion.

"You an' me, Bess", he said with conviction. "We *sho'* is a little some-t'ing attuh all."

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After that, they sat long without exchanging a word. Then Porgy looked out of the window and noticed that the quality of the atmosphere was becoming denser. The spume lifted for a moment, and he could scarcely see the tormented bay.

"I t'ink it mus' be mos' night", he observed. "Dey ain't much light now on de outside ob dis storm."

He looked again before the curtain descended, and what he saw caused his heart to miss a beat.

He knew that the tide should be again at the ebb, for the flood had commenced just after the storm broke. But as he looked, the water, which was already higher than a normal flood, lifted over the far edge of the street, and three tremendous waves broke in rapid succession, sending the deep layers of water across the narrow way to splash against the wall of the building.

This reversal of nature's law struck terror into the dark places of Porgy's soul. He beckoned to Bess, his fascinated eyes upon the advancing waves.

She bent down and peered into the gloom.

"Oh, yes", she remarked in a flat tone. "It been dis way in de las' great storm. De win' hol' de watuh in de jetty mout' so he can't go out. Den he pile up annoder tide on him."

Suddenly an enormous breaker loomed over the backs of its shattered and retreating fellows. The two watchers could not see its crest, for it towered into, and was absorbed by, the low hanging atmosphere. Yellow, smooth, and with a perpendicular, slightly concave front, it flashed across the street, and smote the solid wall of the Row. They heard it roar like a millrace through the drive, and flatten, hissing in the court. Then they turned, and saw their own door give slightly to the pressure, and a dark flood spurt beneath it, and debouch upon the floor.

Bess took immediate command of the situation. She threw an arm about Porgy, and hurried him to the door. She withdrew the bolt, and the flimsy panels shot inward. The court was almost totally dark. One after another now the waves were hurtling through the drive and impounding in the walled square.

The night was full of moving figures, and cries of fear; while, out of the upper dark, the wind struck savagely downward.

With a powerful swing, Bess got Porgy to a stairway that providentially opened near their room, and, leaving him to make his way up alone, she rushed back, and was soon at his heels with an armful of belongings.

They sought refuge in what had been the great ballroom of the mansion, a square, high ceilinged room on the second story, which was occupied by a large and prosperous family. There were many refugees there before them. In the faint light cast by several lanterns, the indestructible beauty of the apartment was evident, while the defacing effects of a century were absorbed in shadow. The noble open fireplace, the tall, slender mantel, with its Grecian frieze and intricate scrollwork, the high paneled walls, were all there. And then, huddled in little groups on the floor, or seated against the walls, with eyes wide in the lantern shine, the black, fear stricken faces.

Like the ultimate disintegration of a civilization—there it was; and upon it, as though to make quick work of the last, tragic chapter, the scourging wrath of the Gods—white, and black.

The night that settled down upon Catfish Row was one of nameless horror to the inhabitants, most of whom were

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huddled on the second floor in order to avoid the sea from beneath, and deafening assaults upon the roof above their heads.

With the obliteration of vision, sound assumed an exaggerated significance, and the voice of the gale, which had seemed by day only a great roar, broke up in the dark into its various parts. Human voices seemed to cry in it; and there were moments when it sniffed and moaned at the windows.

Once, during a silence in the room, a whinny was distinctly heard.

"Dat my ole horse!" wailed Peter. "He done dead in he stall now, an' dat he woice goin' by. Oh, my Gawd!"

They all wailed out at that; and Porgy, remembering his goat, whimpered and turned his face to the wall.

Then someone started to sing:

> I gots uh home in de rock,
> Don't yuh see!

With a feeling of infinite relief, Porgy turned to his Jesus. It was not a charm that he sought now for the assuaging of some physical ill, but a benign power, vaster perhaps even than the hurricane. He lifted his rich baritone above the others:

> Oh, between de eart' an' sky,
> I kin see my Sabior die.
> I gots uh home in de rock,
> Don't yuh see!

Then they were all in it, heart and soul. Those who had fallen into a fitful sleep awoke, rubbed their eyes, and sang.

Hour after hour dragged heavily past. Outside, the storm worked its will upon the defenseless city. But in the great ballroom of Catfish Row, forty souls sat wrapped in an invulnerable garment. They swayed and patted, and poured their griefs and fears into a rhythm that never missed a beat, which swept the hours behind it into oblivion, and that finally sang up the faint grey light that penetrated the storm, and told them that it was again day.

At about an hour after daybreak the first lull came. Like the other moves of the hurricane, it arrived without warning. One moment the tumult was at its height. The next, there was utter suspension. Abruptly, like an indrawn breath, the wind sucked back upon itself, leaving an aching vacuum in its place. Then from the inundated water front arose the sound of the receding flood.

The ebb tide was again overdue, and with the second tide piled upon it, the whole immeasurable weight of the wind was required to maintain its height. Now, with the pressure removed, it turned and raced beneath the low lying mist toward the sea, carrying its pitiful loot upon its back.

To the huddled figures in the great room of the Row came the welcome sound, as the court emptied itself into the street. The Negroes crowded to the windows, and peered between the barricades at the world without.

The water receded with incredible speed. Submerged wreckage lifted above the surface. The street became the bed of a cataract that foamed and boiled on its rush to the sea. Presently the wharf emerged, and at its end even a substantial remnant of the house could be descried. How it had survived that long was one of the inexplicable mysteries of the storm.

Suddenly Peter, who was at one of the windows, gave a cry, and the other Negroes crowded about him to peer out.

The sea was still running high, and as a large wave lifted above the level of the others, it thrust into view the hull of a half submerged boat. Before the

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watchers could see, the wave dropped its burden into a trough, but the old man showed them where to look, and presently a big roller caught it up and swung it, bow on, for all to see. There was a flash of scarlet gunnel and, beneath it, a bright blue bird with open wings.

"De 'Seagull'!" cried a dozen voices together. "My Gawd! dat Jake' boat!"

All night Clara had sat in a corner of the room with the baby in her arms, saying no word to anyone. She was so still that she seemed to be asleep, with her head upon her breast. But once, when Bess had gone and looked into her face, she had seen her eyes, wide and bright with pain.

Now the unfortunate woman heard the voices, and sprang to the window just in time to see the craft swoop into a hollow at the head of the pier.

She did not scream out. For a moment she did not even speak. Then she spun around on Bess with the dawn of a wild hope in her dark face.

"Tek care ob dis baby 'til I gits back", she said, as she thrust the child almost savagely into Bess's arms. Then she rushed from the room.

The watchers at the window saw her cross the street, splashing wildly through the knee deep water. Then she ran the length of the wharf, and disappeared behind the sheltering wall of the house.

It was so sudden, and tired wits move slowly. Several minutes had passed before it occurred to anyone to go with her. Finally Peter turned from the window.

"Dat 'oman ain't ought tuh be out dey by sheself", he said. "Who goin' out dey wid me, now?"

One of the men volunteered, and they started for the door.

A sound like the detonation of a cannon shook the building to its foundations. The gale had returned, smashing straight downward from some incredible height to which it had lifted during the lull.

The men turned and looked at one another.

Shock followed shock in rapid succession. Those who stood by the windows felt them give inward, and instinctly threw their weight against the frames. The explosions merged into a steady roar of sound that surpassed anything that had yet occurred. The room became so dark that they could no longer see one another. The barricaded windows were vaguely discernible in bars of muddy grey and black. Deeply rooted walls swung from the blows, and then settled slowly back on the recoil.

A confused sound of praying filled the room. And above it shrilled the terror of the women.

For an appreciable space of time the spasm lasted. Then slowly, as though by the gradual withdrawing of a lever, the vehemence of the attack abated. The muddy grey bars at the windows became lighter, and some of the more courageous of the Negroes peered out.

The wharf could be seen dimly extending under the low floor of spume and mist. The breakers were higher than at any previous time, but instead of smashing in upon the shore, they raced straight up the river and paralleled the city. As each one swung by it went clean over the wharf, obliterating it for the duration of its passage.

Suddenly from the direction of the lower harbor a tremendous mass appeared, showing first only a vast distorted stain against the grey fabric of the mist. Then a gigantic wave took it, and drove it into fuller view.

"Great Gawd A'mighty!" someone whispered. "It's dat big lumbuh

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schooner bruck loose in de harbor."

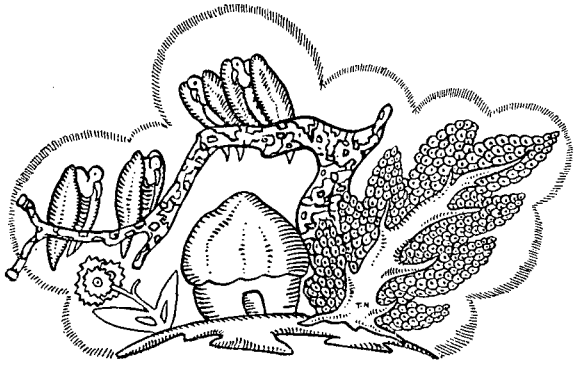
The wave hunched its mighty shoulders under the vessel and swung it up—up, for an interminable moment. The soaring bowsprit lifted until it was lost in mist. Tons of water gushed from the steep incline of the deck, and poured over the smooth, black wall of the side, as it reared half out of the sea. Then the wave swept aft, and the bow descended in a swift, deadly plunge.

A crashing of timbers followed that could be heard clearly above the roaring of the storm. The hull had fallen directly across the middle of the wharf. There was one cataclysmic moment when the whole view seemed to disintegrate. The huge timbers of the wharf up-ended, and were washed out like straws. The schooner rolled half over, and her three masts crashed down with their rigging. The shock burst the lashings of the vessel's deck load, and as the hull heeled, an avalanche of heavy timbers took the water. The ruin was utter.

Heavy and obliterating, the mist closed down again.

Bess turned from the window holding the sleeping infant in her arms, raised her eyes and looked full at Porgy.

With an expression of awe in his face, the cripple reached out a timid hand and touched the baby's cheek.



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THE LONDONER

Married Women the Best Authors — Prince Mirsky on Russian Literature — Violet Hunt's Autobiography — B. W. Matz — An Attack upon the "Times Literary Supplement" — "Short Story Writing for Profit".

LONDON, *September* 1, 1925.

I SEE that Mrs. Arthur Strong, well known as the author of a number of works on art, has been announcing that married women make the best authors. The suggestion may of course be true, but I should have thought that it was not generally supported by facts. The number of women who cease to write, or who cease to write well, once they are married must be considerable. Mrs. Strong may have some evidence in the writers of works other than those of fiction, whereas I am thinking chiefly of the women who have written novels. Jane Austen was unmarried; the Brontës were unmarried (for Charlotte's work practically ceased when she became Mrs. Nicholls, and indeed her life was by that time over); Fanny Burney ceased to be any good as a writer some time before her marriage; one says "Miss Edgeworth" and "Miss Ferrier" and "Miss Mitford"; and so on. The names of later writers will easily present themselves to the reader who recalls them with an eye to this problem. I should have been inclined to say that the mere fact of Miss Austen was enough to dispose of Mrs. Strong's theory, because the longer I live the more highly do I regard Miss Austen as a novelist. Had Mrs. Strong said that women writers were happier married I think she might have been upon safer ground, but happiness is not always an encouragement to literary work. Moreover, given any degree of imagination, a person who is absorbed in the act and art of living has less incentive to that detachment from immediate personal experience which produces good literary work. Mind, I do not say that married authors, of either sex, are incapable of holding the pen. I do not say that they may not be as good as unmarried authors. All I question is whether in fact they are better. Most women writers who marry take over the ordinary responsibilities of married women, and have children or look after homes; and with such calls upon their attention they have less surplus energy than unmarried women. They may perfectly well refuse these responsibilities, but in that case I do not see why they should trouble to get married at all; and the majority of them, if they marry, and if they love their husbands rather better than they love themselves or their "art" or their personal vanity, do certainly marry with some vague conception of reciprocity. Directly the home or the family is involved authorship, it seems to me, goes to the winds — not because it is really less important than domestic affairs, but because authorship cannot long persist when the mind is exceptionally agitated with other matters. Agitation is all very well as a groundwork for good writing, but it is not a genuine daily companion to it. Upon the whole I should regard agitation and happiness as about equally inimical to great imaginative effort. In both cases the mind is distracted. The

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writer is like a person in a hurry, who cannot speed because speed is not the only thought in his head. It is confused with the complicating desire for speed. Only one job at a time is the brain's true occupation. But perhaps Mrs. Strong meant that those women are the best writers who have been unhappily married? It seems a more reasonable proposition. I imagine that nobody in the world has a head so stuffed full of fiery notions regarding herself, her husband, her friends, and the world in general as a woman who has been unhappily married — that is, if she has been the sufferer. Also, if she is one who has imagination enough to apportion some part at least of the blame for disaster to her own character.

* * * *

Nobody who takes interest in Russian literature should fail to secure a copy of Prince Mirsky's new book, "Modern Russian Literature". As Prince Mirsky says, when one speaks of Russian literature one can only speak of *modern* literature, and this modern literature is in reality the offshoot of western civilization, since it does not derive at all from the old Russian literature. One means that whole sweep of creative writing which dates from Pushkin. There already exist several books by Maurice Baring dealing with this subject, and these I still think are good books, full of enthusiasm and information. Mr. Baring's translations, too, are of great value. We owe him a large debt. We also owe Mr. and Mrs. Garnett an immeasurable debt, and in another field Arnold Bennett, because if any reader will take the trouble to glance at Mr. Bennett's "Books and Persons" he will discover that as early as 1908 Mr. Bennett was telling us about Russian authors, long before the reading of them became at all general. Mr. Bennett, in fact, was aware of the Russians before the snobs got hold of them. The snobs are always a day late for the fair, but they make up for their lateness, as late theatrecomers do, by setting the early arrivals at naught. And now we have Prince Mirsky covering the whole ground of modern Russian literature in a small but authoritative handbook which as a work of reference will be needed by all students. With individual judgments of Prince Mirsky I should be inclined to disagree, but there can be no question of his general soundness. I should say that he was least good in dealing with Turgenev, not because all that he says is not excellent in its way, but because he regards Turgenev from a specially Russian point of view. In dealing with Turgenev it seems to me that he falls into the customary defect of Russian criticism — the political bias. For this reason some of his verdicts are not purely artistic, as they should be. He is striving to set aside the ordinary western exaggeration of Turgenev's merits. For example, although he (I think rightly) considers "A Sportsman's Sketches" as the best work of Turgenev, he scorns "On the Eve". It so happens that "On the Eve" was the first book by Turgenev which I read, when I was about seventeen or eighteen; and I shall never forget the revelation it was to me of the possibilities of the novel. He says it is "the most 'civic' and the least attractive of Turgenev's novels". Elsewhere he calls it "the worst of Turgenev's works. No one will call it a good novel." I do not agree. Insarov is certainly a failure, but the early scenes with Bersenyev and Shubin are written with the delicate sureness of a master. It is impossible to analyze the impressions which are

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conveyed subtly to the reader in such few words. In the same way, I feel that Prince Mirsky is less than just to Chekhov. He has so great a horror of Chekhov's love of weak characters that a kind of moral bias enters into his treatment of the author. That is to say, he seems to be trying to set his face against what appears to him to be too great an English enthusiasm for Chekhov. He is being a Russian before he is being a critic. With what he says about Turgenev and Chekhov one can quite well agree, admitting the points which are made against both writers as interesting ones and as worthy of examination; but I doubt if they will be regarded generally as final. I do not see what critical validity these criticisms have as applied to Turgenev and Chekhov as artists. On the other hand, there are many extremely admirable comments scattered through the book. The account of each author is clear, and the qualities of such men as Leskov and Aksakov are well indicated. The two greatest Russian novelists, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy (or, as Prince Mirsky prefers it, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky) are excellently handled, with clearness and discretion. Andreyev, greatly to my own satisfaction, is condemned for the right reasons; and Remizov receives the praise which is his due. For my own part I regard Remizov as the greatest of the later writers — those, that is, since Chekhov; and I am hoping that when the reading public is able to enjoy "Stratilatov" and "The Fifth Plague" in good translation, he will take his right place in the esteem of even the snobs. But indeed I must commend Prince Mirsky's book very warmly to all those who would find their way about the works of the Russian authors. We shall in time have translations of most of them (I regret that the translations of Saltykov and Goncharov's "Oblomov" should be so inadequate at present), and then we shall be able to form our own judgment of all the important Russian novelists. Meanwhile, if we all read Prince Mirsky's little book, we shall grasp the outline of Russian literature better, probably, than we have ever done before. I must not omit to mention that Prince Mirsky makes an interesting comparison. Chekhov, he says,

> outdoes Turgenev in the cult of inefficiency. He hated the man who *deserves* success quite as much as the man who commands it undeservingly. Inefficiency is for him the cardinal virtue, and defeat the only halo. This attitude has been believed by some to be essentially Russian, but in its extreme expression it is certainly quite personal to Chekhov. The tendency of English literature has been the other way, but latterly, and parallel with the great vogue of Chekhov, the cult of Inefficiency and the hate of Vulgar Success has spread in this country. There is nothing more Chekhovian, outside Chekhov, than Mr. Lytton Strachey's life of Cardinal Manning, with the pointed contrast between the active and obviously detestable Archbishop of Westminster and the gentle dreamer Newman.

This passage gives an impression of Prince Mirsky's bias against Chekhov, but it also shows his power of making neat comment. Moreover, the point itself is of interest.

* * * *

I hear that Violet Hunt has written her autobiography. This should cause some fluttering in the dovecotes, for Miss Hunt is a great gossip, and is startlingly indiscreet, even about her friends — indeed, especially about her friends. Probably, with the pen in her hand, she is more restrained than she is by tongue, when one word suggests another, and when the stimulus of congenial society assists memory and invention. Alone with a pen, I think, the habitual writer and the habit-

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ual gossip is controlled and pervaded by a regrettable sense of responsibility. I have recently read the whole of the Wheatley edition of Pepys's Diary, and quite apart from the loneliness consequent upon the completion of that great work I have been wondering why there has never been a diary to match it. The answer is, I suppose, that while Pepys was so great an egoist that he wanted to record all his doings in a secret form, for some personal satisfaction, and while we no doubt have egoists as great as Pepys in our midst, Pepys takes the palm for unselfconsciousness. If we were to keep diaries in this age we should find it extraordinarily hard to refrain from attitudinizing. Even to ourselves, I fancy, we want to appear more excellent than Pepys. Pepys had the advantage of being unselfconscious, and of being pleased with himself. The egoist nowadays is not awfully pleased with himself. He is so constantly being analyzed by others. We live a more intricate life nowadays than was possible in the day of Pepys. Miss Hunt represents the more modern age. We do not keep diaries, except for the purpose of writing autobiographies out of them. If Miss Hunt has kept a diary, and if she has entered in her diary all that she has heard at literary tea parties, I can imagine that the autobiography which she has written will be a scorching affair. On the other hand it will probably be quite innocuous, and the real fun lies no doubt in the anxieties which Miss Hunt's friends must now be feeling. In addition to the autobiography, Miss Hunt is represented in the autumn publishing lists with a new collection of "Tales of the Uneasy".

* * * *

I see that B. W. Matz is dead, and Dickensians will miss a good friend. Matz was for a long time traveler to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the English publishers of Dickens and Carlyle; and although as far as I know he never blossomed into a state of enthusiasm for Carlyle, it is due to his great efforts that the modern lovers of Dickens have been, as it were, coordinated. In the last few years he had forsaken Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and had thrown in his lot with a younger publisher, Cecil Palmer. One of the most interesting things he did was to examine the reports written for Chapman and Hall by George Meredith. He made them the subject of an article in "The Fortnightly Review" for August, 1909, called "Meredith as Publishers' Reader". I do not remember that the article was a specially good one (for Matz was in no sense a writer), but the subject was one of considerable interest. It would be amusing to have a collection of publishers' reports by famous literary men, not because they would necessarily add much to our knowledge, but because the report is very much "undress" criticism, showing little likeness to the sort of thing that is printed in the critical journals.

* * * *

Speaking of critical journals reminds me that there has just appeared in the London "Nation" a series of comments upon the "Times Literary Supplement". It must be most unusual for one critical journal to criticize another critical journal, and I assume that "The Nation" has no reason to expect a retort from the "Times". All the same, because this particular comment is so different from those others which from time to time are hurled at the "Times Literary Supplement", it is worth consideration. The critic's concern is directed not so much to the new and unwelcome note of whatever is the

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literary equivalent of nepotism which I find in the "Supplement", but to the literary standards according to which the paper is now written. He gives examples. He says:

In the issue of July 16th you may read a number of reviews done in a fashion that would seem to imply the incursion of a corps of new contributors who are writing, as a hard young critic of the day would put it, with the burnt end of a match instead of an honest English pen. In an article on Balzac's psychology I read,

His honesty of outlook was too inborn in him . . .

The following sentences are from a review of two trivial eighteenth-century poets lately exhumed:

Both Cuthbert Shaw and Thomas Russell have been fairly thoroughly forgotten.
But too many men with a touch of the vision and the faculty divine were ill in those days for a simple physical explanation to satisfy us.

And these appear in the notice of a book by an incredible person named Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt:

Indeed, but that Sir Thomas assures us in his preface that had he known that these letters were ever to see "the type of day" he would have taken more literary pains, the reader might have credited him with a Stevensonian concern for wording and cadence.
He will select some episode — a massacre of Armenians, for instance — and dramatize it, casting himself for some minor rôle, such as that of spectator!

No one, at any rate, would accuse this reviewer of a Stevensonian concern. And the second example must be nearly the most shocking comment that has found its way into the Supplement for several years past.

* * * *

I turn to a neighbouring column and find an appreciation of Mauclair's book on Claude Monet. The following passages are fair examples of its style:

Between the "blonde" sounding name, the work and the reputation of Claude Monet there is a similarity which suggests a natural phenomenon: something atmospheric and pervasive rather than solid and distinct. If the liberty may be allowed, it is always with a slight surprise that one remembers that Monet is still alive.
Thinking about this one comes upon another limitation in the work of Monet, connected with what has been pointed out, but, as more intimately connected with the actual craft of painting, helping to explain the limitations in application to subject-matter. It is that the æsthetic aims of Monet, of impressionism generally, are at some violence to the substance of pigment.

These extracts certainly are distressing. When they are taken in conjunction with the inferior criticism to be found in other articles, less badly written, the case against the "Supplement" is considerable. It has long been difficult to find in the paper a decent criticism of any new novel; and nowadays there are long and fulsome reviews of mediocre books which bear the mark rather of extreme friendship than of the passion for truth. As the writer in "The Nation" says, in the course of his introductory comments, "Under Mr. Bruce Richmond's editorship the paper has maintained a high standard of criticism and of English writing. Something, however, is certainly happening to it now."

* * * *

I have been reading a work entitled "Short Story Writing for Profit", written by Michael Joseph. I received a shock — the first shock — on page three, when I read the words: "The man who contributes short stories to the magazines is every whit as useful a member of society as the man who manufactures furniture or cheap jewellery, or who provides many of the plays that people pay to go and see." I cannot tell what a wave of reassurance passed over me when I read these words. I felt that, after all, my life had not been the discreditable and furtive scavenging I had always supposed. For if these handsome words can be spoken of the short story writer, surely there must be some similar comfort for the novelist. But having given this shock, Mr. Joseph proceeds to provide some most useful advice for the amateur writer. I am sure that his book will be — nay, that it has been already — a boon to the beginner. From the letters I occasionally receive from amateur writers who ask for help in the simplest problems of authorship, and from the manuscripts which I have in the course of a lengthening life read so unwillingly, I am confident that the majority of young writers know noth-

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ing whatever. I do not speak of the highly educated young men who learn everything in life, "and then some", at our public schools and universities, but of those who begin without such disadvantages of omniscience. Mr. Joseph will teach them. I wonder, in fact, whether he may not teach too many of them. I should not be surprised to hear that all the old ladies in England are now busy writing impossible short stories for the magazines. At the same time, I do not feel quite at ease in reading Mr. Joseph's practical remarks, for if there is nothing in authorship but forethought and routine it ceases to be the game that is so full of zest for the real author. However, there are some gems in the book. It contains a section on "What Editors Want" in which the editors show what authors *they* are. One writes a positive lecture. He says:

> Quite often I am asked by would-be contributors to tell them the subject and length of stories suitable to my magazines. The absurdity of the question is obvious, for one can readily imagine the sales — or rather the returns — of a magazine that ran stories of equal lengths and dealing with one subject. A short story should grip from the first word to the last, and if it does that it matters not whether it is two thousand or twenty thousand words in length. Also, the short story that counts is that which deals with life *as it is:* the characters should not be merely creatures of the author's imagination, but living, breathing actors in the story he has to tell. If a reader, as he reads, says to himself (or herself), this character might be me, the author has succeeded. The soul-storms arising from love, jealousy, passion . . . all these things make stories if logically and not too theatrically treated. Such subjects may be written of in one thousand words, or one hundred thousand. They may be placed in Mayfair or Bermondsey, but if the psychology be true they are certain of their following. Either a story is written because it *had* to be written, or it is merely a part of the day's work of the author. It is not very difficult to separate the sheep from the goats. There is no golden rule to the selection of magazine fiction.

Now I contend that this is a very manly statement, suspensive dots and all. True, it seems to run counter to Mr. Joseph's remarks about cheap jewelry and the British drama; but it has an eloquence and a style about it which should please all readers. In contrast is the grim statement of another magazine:

> ———'s only publishes the work of the most famous writers of the day. All kinds of stories are acceptable provided they reach the unusually high standard set. Length varies from two to eight thousand words.

Another magazine says, very definitely:

> Whether they are tales of adventure, weird thrills, or love romances, the stories should sparkle. They should be from three to eight thousand words long, though an occasional long complete story of about twenty thousand words can be used, but they must be brightly written and must hold the reader's interest from start to finish.

I will quote no more. I will be cruel, and refer the reader for further information to the pages of any English magazine. There he will see sparkling tales of weird thrills, soul storms, and gripping life as it is. Whether he will be able to separate the sheep from the goats as easily as an editor can do I am not prepared to say. He will find quite a number of goats. Just how many sheep will be in the pasture at the moment of inspection depends upon the crop of soul storms and sparkles — always a most uncertain matter in the rainy months of summer.

SIMON PURE

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From "The Fat of the Cat"

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF 1925

By Anne Carroll Moore

EVERYBODY who is anybody at all is writing a children's book — if not a whole book, at least a story, a poem, a play, or an unusual introduction — and those who are not writing books are making pictures for them, or are editing the work of their friends.

It's a delightful season on both sides of the water, with Thomas Hardy's dog, "Wessex", guarding "The Flying Carpet" Cynthia Asquith has designed, and William Beebe lending the touch of modern magic to "David Goes Voyaging" — the record of David Putnam's experience on the ship "Arcturus" written by himself.

David is neither a prodigy nor a prig. He is just a very likable twelve year old American boy who had an unusual opportunity to stay out of school for a few months and go on a scientific expedition under Beebe's command. His modest little book telling what he did, delightfully illustrated with line drawings by Isabel Cooper and excellent photographs, is a unique contribution to books for children from which parents and teachers may learn something to their advantage.

That parents have been learning a good deal from their children in recent years, the children's books of 1925 abundantly testify. The Jimmy Canfield Fisher of the 1950's is going to thank his lucky stars that he had a resourceful mother in the hour of his ten year old scorn of fairies, improbabilities, and stories with a moral. "Made To Order Stories" are far more improbable than most fairy tales, only they deal with things that Jimmy knows at first hand and are told at a tempo that

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carries conviction and a sense of everyday life in Vermont.

Dorothy Canfield well knew what she was about when she began to make up stories out of the jumbled up things Jimmy pulled out of his mind, but she kept her own counsel — there is no hint of educational theory or practice in the book, and therein lies its value to other young realists with less wise and companionable parents.

You may make a story about anything at all if you have imagination and skill and don't try to teach, or preach to, even your own child, is Mrs. Fisher's reply to Jimmy's challenge in a round dozen of stories according to his formula. Good for a novelist herself does it seem to be brought to grips with an audience so alive, so exacting, so subject to change of mood.

"You may say", writes Barrie, on the incomparable strip he has woven for "The Flying Carpet" — "you may say (when you hear of his dark design) that I should at once have insisted on an explanation, but explanations are barred in the sport that he and I play, which is the greatest of all parlour games, the Game of Trying to Know Each Other without asking questions. It is strictly a game for two . . . it is played silently and it never lasts less than a life-time."

"Neil and Tintinnabulum, An Interlude for Parents", the story is called. Barrie takes Neil "prancing in the glories of the unknown" to public school at the age of nine. It is Tintinnabulum who chases the little boy Neil out of the story soon after he gets there. Tintinnabulum is not a fairy but an apple-eating schoolboy as real as Jimmy Fisher.

"What character apples have, even when being consumed", says Barrie, at the end of the delightful chapter in which Tintinnabulum, half clothed in his pajamas, sits crosslegged on his bed eating an apple and reading a book. "If I had given him an orange or a pear this chapter would have been quite different. With such deep thoughts I put out his light and took away the other apple which he had hidden under his pillow."

That touch of apple eating in bed reveals an unsuspected likeness to the small boy of New England ancestry proverbially indifferent to the daily life of English schoolboys. "They're all alike", says he, and believes it, unless some day he discovers Tom Brown; "cricket and *tea* and talking language you can't understand. I don't like 'em."

More and more clearly does it appear to us that any real international understanding must grow out of something known and felt far back in childhood. Not by propaganda, nor by speeches, nor by clever new educational

From "David Goes Voyaging"

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devices, do children grow wiser and more tolerant; but by the slow and silent and ineradicable influences of art in books, in pictures, in buildings and statues, and by the rarer art of wise leadership and companionship in carrying on the business of life itself without growing bored.

Sir James Barrie is not the only one who has provided food for thought as well as delicious fooling in "The Flying Carpet". There are more than twenty other weavers of stories and verse. Adelaide Phillpotts, Desmond MacCarthy, A. A. Milne, Henry Newbolt, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Herbert Asquith, Clemencè Dane, Walter de la Mare, Hugh Lofting, are among them and Cynthia Asquith has herself contributed two stories for good measure. Those who have enjoyed Mrs. Asquith's "The Child at Home" will not need to be told how she qualified for this unique piece of editorial work.

"But isn't it an imitation of the 'Joy Street' books?" asks someone. No, for the content of "The Flying Carpet" is far richer and more permanent in character, with more direct appeal to the children themselves.

"Number Two Joy Street" was so disappointing to children that we reluctantly withhold our recommendation of "Number Three" until we have sampled its contents with children under ten years old. Once a year is, we suspect, too often to add a new number to "Joy Street". Even distinguished contributors will have their lean years, and editors and publishers must learn to recognize them in advance of the children. Eleanor Farjeon set a standard for "Joy Street" with her story of "Tom Cobble" in "Number One". "'Tom Cobble' is the nicest of all in that book", say the children we know, and look in vain for another story as good.

But for the children who have welcomed the return of "The Velveteen Rabbit" every Christmas and Easter since 1922, no disappointment lurks inside the covers of "Poor Cecco: The Wonderful Story of a Wonderful Wooden Dog Who was the Jolliest Toy in the House until He went out to Explore the World". There is color, flavor, sophistication, yet a child's delight, in Margery Williams Bianco's story for which Arthur Rackham has made seven full page pictures and many line drawings. The street scene where Cecco is taking the place of the little black dog gathering in pennies for the blind man, carries children of all ages straight to the heart of the story.

The book is dedicated to Pamela and Cecco, to whom it belongs by every natural and inherited right; but it will be claimed by all who have not thrown their toys away. Poor Cecco with his broken tail is still bravely seeing the world, and Pamela, whose toys are here immortalized, still cherishes the personalities of Bulka, the sensitive rag puppy, of Tubby "who looked just like him except that her ears were longer and her eyes were rounder", of Anna "the lamb with the bell round her neck and the little green meadow fastened under her feet", of Harlequin, Gladys and Virginia May, the Lion and the Wooden Engine, and the old grumbling Express Wagon in which the toys ride away to the country. For the look and the feel of garden and countryside as well as the nursery is in the story and the personalities of living animals are no less real than are those of the toys. "'Mind your own business', said Murrum the cat. 'It *is* my business. Everything's my business', said Toad, the night watchman. 'I have too much to look after and that's what it is. It keeps me on the hop the whole time.'"

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From "Poor Cecco"

It is this sure sense of the personalities of her characters, whether toys or living creatures, and her complete grasp of dramatic requirements that give Mrs. Bianco's work an assured high place among children's stories. "The Little Wooden Doll", first told to Pamela when a little girl, is illustrated by the exquisite drawings in color and in black and white which were made by Pamela herself at the time her first book "Flora", for which Walter de la Mare wrote the verses, was published. "The Little Library" has added several other treasures, including "King Penguin, a Legend of the South Sea Isles" by Richard Henry Horne, author of "The Memoirs of a London Doll". That the time is ripe for such revivals, readers of Caroline Hewins's "A Mid-Century Child and Her Books" will discover for themselves. This reminiscent little book, illustrated with fascinating old cuts, contains the Peter Piper Alphabet in its original form. Miss Hewins grew up in New England in a household singularly hospitable to dolls and fairies, cats and dogs, harlequins and pierrots, kings and queens and wise fools, in or out of books, and all that she learned to know and love best in childhood is stored up in her small book.

"When We Were Very Young" by A. A. Milne came over too late for our review of children's books of 1924. It was without question the book of the year and of many years. Its rhymes have now been said and sung — for fourteen of them have been set to music — from coast to coast. I have met only one young man who said he thought it "the silliest book" he had ever read; but there's hope for him, since his first child was but five months old. "Wait until he's five *years* old", said I. "You'll bless Christopher Robin then for having a father like Hoo and a friend like Ernest Shepard to make pictures for his book. If you don't enjoy the verses as the children do, for their rhythms and fun, then read them for their child psychology. I know of no book more penetrated with it."

But I will own that I was skeptical when told that Mr. Milne was writing stories for some new pictures by Willebeek Le Mair — pictures which had set an adventurous American publisher on a treasure hunt. "What will he do without Christopher Robin and Hoo?" said I fearfully, for nothing is quite so sad as the forcible feeding of creative writers for children with pictures or devices for stories. But when the

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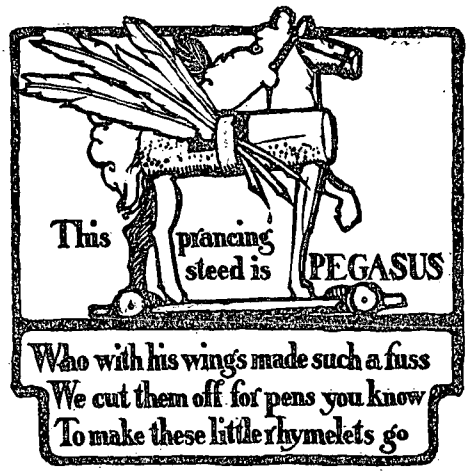
big sky-blue book, with its large clear type, and broad margins for pictures and text, appeared, I quickly discovered, as you will, that Mr. Milne's gift is not limited to verse, to association with one child or one artist.

"A Gallery of Children" is a rare book of short stories for little children, and Willebeek Le Mair has had no such understanding interpretation of her art as Belinda Brown building castles by the sea, Diana Fitzpatrick Mauleverer James feeding the birds in Sparrow Tree Square, The Three Daughters of M. Dupont at the open door of the linen cupboard, Miss Waterlow talking softly to herself in bed (Miss Waterlow is one year old), and the Princess Daffodil on her Magic Hill. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Milne, in looking behind each picture for his story, has not forgotten to look at the picture itself, as children will look, and has given it life and meaning. The younger the children, the more exacting the demand upon both writers and illustrators of books. The little children are reaping a rich harvest this year, for there's an altogether delightful book of plays for them. Not in the language associated with his dramatic criticism has Stark Young written "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman". Like most good work of the kind, these plays were done in the playtime of the author for a group of real children to act whenever and wherever they pleased. They have the touch of poesy and child fun that is missing from most plays for children, and an imaginative appeal that makes the book a delightful one to read aloud with small children.

"Playtime and Company" by E. V. Lucas may be trusted to hold rhymes for the ageless. I have not yet seen the actual book; but since Mr. Lucas walked into the twentieth century with the first of the modern anthologies of verse in his hands, "A Book of Verses for Children", it is safe to suppose that he has been at work upon a book of his own ever since.



From "Penny Toys"

When Louis Untermeyer sailed away leaving "This Singing World" behind him, we hoped he might bring another book home with him, and he has, a perfect gem of a book, which he dedicates to the young niece who accompanied him and calls "The Fat of the Cat". Mr. Untermeyer made his translation and free adaptation of these five stories of Gottfried Keller while in Europe. One feels that in reading them. Steeped in the atmosphere of Seldwyla, knowing all the ins and outs of the place; all the ways and wiles of Glassy, the handsome grey cat who saved his own fat by his shrewdness and clever invention; of Pineiss, the foolish town magician, of Hungry Hans and his roast pig, Strapinski the tailor, and the rest — the poet-artist in Louis Untermeyer has risen to the challenge of the old painter, philosopher, and story teller and delivered his stories in modern English with all the gusto of fresh creation. Boys

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and girls in their early teens will not scorn this book, for it sparkles with the wit, the worldly wisdom, and sharp bargaining of everyday life in any country. For grown ups the book is a treat in itself and rich in suggestion.

Another capital piece of free adaptation coming straight out of our own American Indian tradition is "Skunny Wundy". A. S. Parker (Gawaso Wanneh) heard his grandfather, a Seneca chief, and his uncles tell many of the stories when he was a boy. Boys and girls will be charmed with the intimacy, the beauty, and the lively fun of stories told by an Indian in full command of idiomatic English. The book, unique in form, having the appearance of being bound in birchbark, will make a delightful holiday gift as well as a permanent addition to the Indian lore of children's libraries.

"Chi-Wee", the story of a little seven year old Indian girl, adds a charming picture of life in the desert. Grace and Carl Moon have lived in the country of the Pueblo tribes, and pictures and story combine to make it all seem very real and near to children.

Of "Doctor Dolittle's Zoo", on which Hugh Lofting has been working over in France, I have had not a glimpse, nor yet of Padraic Colum's "The Forge in the Forest"; and barely a look at Tony Sarg's interesting pictures for "The Jungle Man" by Carveth Wells.

There's a very novel story called "Alice in Orchestralia" conceived by Ernest La Prade and designed to interest children in orchestral music. But this I know only by enthusiastic hearsay. The book has an introduction by Walter Damrosch.

No one except Dr. Crothers could have been trusted to lift Dickens characters from the books they live in without jarring the nerves of Dickens lovers. Not only has he done that; he has provided in two short chapters as clear a road to the London of Dickens as he did to the Bagdad of Sindbad and Aladdin in his "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party". Jessie Willcox Smith's pictures for the book, made some years ago, suggested this happy revival for a "Holiday Series" well meriting its name over a long period of years.

It is impossible even to list all the deserving books of 1925. The aim of this article has been rather to point out those which have broken new ground significantly.

The Flying Carpet. Edited by Cynthia Asquith. Illustrated by notable illustrators. Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Goes Voyaging. By David Binney Putnam. Introduction by William Beebe. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Made To Order Stories. By Dorothy Canfield. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Number Three Joy Street. By numerous English authors. Illustrated in color and black and white. D. Appleton and Company.

Poor Cecco. By Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. George H. Doran Company.

The Little Wooden Doll. By Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. The Macmillan Company.

King Penguin. By Richard Henry Horne. Illustrated by Jimmie Daugherty. The Macmillan Company.

A Mid-Century Child and Her Books. By Caroline M. Hewins. Illustrated in color and black and white. The Macmillan Company.

Fourteen Songs from When We Were Very Young. With music by H. Fraser-Simson. Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. E. P. Dutton and Company.

A Gallery of Children. By A. A. Milne. With pictures in color by H. Willebeek Le Mair. David McKay.

Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman. By Stark Young. Illustrated by Edwin Avery Park. Henry Holt and Company.

Playtime and Company. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Company.

The Fat of the Cat, and Other Stories. Adapted from Gottfried Keller by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Albert Sallak. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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Skunny Wundy, and Other Indian Tales. By A. S. Parker (Gawaso Wanneh). Illustrated by Will Crawford. George H. Doran Company.

Chi-Wee: The Adventures of a Little Indian Girl. By Grace Moon. Illustrated by Carl Moon. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Doctor Dolittle's Zoo. By Hugh Lofting. Illustrated by the author. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Forge in the Forest. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated in color and line by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macmillan Company.

Alice in Orchestralia. By Ernest La Prade. Illustrated. With an introduction by Walter Damrosch. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Jungle Man. By Carveth Wells. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Duffield and Company.

The Children of Dickens. By Samuel McChord Crothers. With illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

From "The Little Wooden Doll"

MORE NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

The Adventures of Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. Illustrated in colors by Attilio Mussino. Translated by Carol Della Chiesa. The Macmillan Company. *The long awaited admirable translation of the famous Italian edition. The book was made in Italy and the pictures are identical and irresistible.*

Penny Toys. By Wilbur Macey Stone. With drawings by Jay Chambers and William Jordan. The Triptych. *An original and delightful little book in a limited edition privately printed.*

The Cock and the Little Hen. Illustrated in bright colors by Rudolf Mates. Translated and published by R. D. Szalatnay, New York. *As charming a picture book for American children as the original is for the children of Czechoslovakia, in which country this book was made.*

The Little Fairy Sleepy-Eyes. Illustrated in full color by André Hellé. Duffield and Company. *An adaptation of Andersen's story of Ole-Lukoie which was presented as a ballet at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique in Paris. The fascinating pictures in gay colors constituted the original sketches from which the ballet was built. Music for the tableaux is also given. The book with English text was printed and bound in France.*

When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne. Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. E. P. Dutton and Company. *A special Christmas edition.*

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. Edited by L. Edna Walter. Illustrated in line and color by Charles Folkard. The Macmillan Company. *A big, jolly, and child-like Mother Goose book.*

Wilbur the Hat. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright. *A highly original picture book with meaning for grown ups.*

Adventures in Our Street. Written and illustrated by Gertrude Kay. David McKay. *The children who roll their hoops down Our Street make a gay looking and readable book of realistic stories.*

The Careless Chicken. By Baron Krakemsides. Illustrated by Harry B. Neilsen. Frederick Warne and Company. *An amusing story in verse with fascinating pictures in color.*

The Little Grey Goose. By Felicité Le-

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fèvre. Illustrated by Freda Derrick. Macrae Smith. *A nonsense story with colored pictures. A companion volume to "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen" with Tony Sarg's pictures.*

The Little Lost Pigs. By Helen Fuller Orton. Illustrated in color by Luxor Price. Frederick A. Stokes Company. *Mr. Price, who made the Mother Goose Panorama, has made delightful pictures for Mrs. Orton's story for children just beginning to read.*

Chimney Corner Stories. Selected by Veronica S. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski in color and in black and white. Minton, Balch and Company. *Contains such universal favorites for little children as "Little Black Sambo", "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen".*

Piccolo Pomi. By Antonio Beltramelli. Translated by Leo Ongley. E. P. Dutton and Company. *The story of a little six year old Italian boy, his adventures and friendships, which children will like very much.*

Shen of the Sea. By Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Illustrated with silhouettes by Else Hasselriis. E. P. Dutton and Company. *Humorous short stories based upon Chinese folklore which lend fresh interest to Chinese customs and characters.*

The Cuckoo Clock and the Tapestry Room. By Mrs. Molesworth. With the original illustrations in color and line by Walter Crane. The Macmillan Company. *This new edition of an old favorite is most attractive.*

Old King Cole, and Other Mediæval Plays. By Josephine Elliott Krohn. George H. Doran Company. *Plays with a touch of real festivity. Written for production in a junior high school.*

The Golden Porch. By Winifred M. L. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Dugald Walker. Longmans, Green and Company. *A new edition of a popular book of Greek stories.*

The Pope's Mule. By Alphonse Daudet. With pictures in color and line by Herouard. The Macmillan Company. *The festive atmosphere of old Avignon is in these charming pictures for "The Little Library".*

Rain on the Roof. By Cornelia Meigs. Illustrated by Edith Ballinger Price. The Macmillan Company. *Ship models and old books call forth good stories in a seaport town.*

The Story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By William Canton. The Dial Press.

Broomsticks, and Other Stories. By Walter de la Mare. Alfred A. Knopf. *"Aunt Jemima", "The Three Sleeping Boys of Warwickshire", and "Esmeralda" are included with "Broomsticks" and other titles.*

Songs for Youth. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Leo Bates. Doubleday, Page and Company. *Rudyard Kipling himself made the selection of these poems from his books as being those most appropriate to youth.*

Two Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by J. Lockwood Kipling and W. H. Drake. Doubleday, Page and Company. *The first American one volume edition. The stories are rearranged bringing all the Mowgli stories together.*

The Deerslayer. By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Oregon Trail. By Francis Parkman. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Little, Brown and Company. *There is also a new limited edition containing five pictures by Frederic Remington and five by Wyeth.*

The American Boy's Handy Book. By Dan Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons. *This new edition with its delightful reminiscent introduction commemorates the forty fifth printing of a pioneer book in its field.*

A Prairie Rose. By Bertha E. Bush. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. Little, Brown and Company. *The revival of a good pioneer story for "The Beacon Hill Bookshelf".*

Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail. By Arthur R. Thompson. Little, Brown and Company. *This book has stood a twenty five year test.*

Questers of the Desert. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated by Frank Schoonover. Houghton Mifflin Company. *Adventure among the Hopi Indians.*

Tales from Silver Lands. By Charles J. Finger. Illustrated with woodcuts by Paul Honoré. Doubleday, Page and Company. *The Newbery medal edition, identical at reduced cost.*

A History of France. By H. E. Marshall. George H. Doran Company. *A short chapter on the world war has been added.*

Peep-in-the-World. By F. E. Crichton. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. Longmans, Green and Company. *Revival of a story children like.*

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper and Brothers.

Cricket: A Little Girl of the Old West. By Forrestine C. Hooker. Doubleday, Page and Company. *Mrs. Hooker writes out of childhood memories of the old west. "Little House on the Desert" is about a child of today.*

Navaho Tales. Edited by William Whitman, 3d. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company. *An attractive book of Indian myths.*

Your Washington and Mine. By Louise Payson Latimer. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. *A readable and indispensable up to date book about Washington.*

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Recommend the regular rather than textbook edition for libraries.

The Boys' Book of Ships. By Charles E. Cartwright. E. P. Dutton and Company. *Ships of all times, shapes, and sizes.*

Bob Graham at Sea. By Felix Riesenberg. Illustrated by Charles E. Cartwright. Harcourt, Brace and Company. *A modern sea story for boys by the author of "Under Sail".*

The Voyagers: Legends and History of Atlantic Discovery. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Wilfred Jones. The Macmillan Company.

Quinby and Son. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Company. *Mr. Heyliger has done an admirable piece of work in this story. Older boys and men will appreciate the keen characterization and genuine human interest of it.*

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated by Mrs. Helen M. Grose. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The House of the Seven Gables. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Mrs. Helen M. Grose. Houghton Mifflin Company.

With the Indians in the Rockies. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. The Macmillan Company. *An attractive inexpensive edition.*

The Prince and the Page. By Charlotte Yonge. Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. The Macmillan Company.

Another Book of Verses for Children. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. The Macmillan Company.

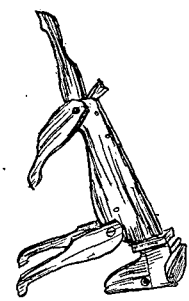
Merrylips. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company.

A Year in the Wonderland of Birds. By Hallam Hawksworth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mighty Men. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Hugh Chesterman. D. Appleton and Company. *Stories of great heroes told for younger children. In two volumes: Book I — "From Achilles to Julius Cæsar." Book II — "From Beowulf to William the Conqueror."*

Everyday Life in Roman Britain. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Illustrated with drawings by the authors. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *A new picture of the Romans by the authors of the invaluable "Everyday Things in England".*

Champlin's New Young Folks Cyclopedia: Places and Events. Henry Holt and Company. *A thorough revision with many new maps and recent changes in geographical partitions. Volume I: "Persons", was published in 1924.*



From "Poor Cecco"

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THE SKETCH BOOK

SANTAYANA, THE POET

By Archibald MacLeish

GEORGE SANTAYANA, the poet, disappeared from the world of polite letters a great many years ago, leaving as the principal reminder of his existence a thin volume of sonnets. It was not understood at the time that his disappearance was to be permanent and the usual appreciations were omitted. There is a certain danger in appreciating poets who may return to outsell the appraiser. But the passage of time and certain intimations from what the "Times" would call "reliable sources" make the matter reasonably clear. Santayana is not to reappear. And it is a fair inference from the evidence that he was never expected to reappear; that his heir and executor, the philosopher, had dealt with him privily but effectively and acquired a very certain hold upon the inheritance. Not banishment from the Republic as became a poet but death and determination were adjudged upon him. "Youth and aspiration", wrote the philosopher, "indulge in poetry; a mature and masterful mind will often despise it and prefer to express itself laconically in prose." And so that drug wherewith philosophers have a poisonous familiarity was administered, and the poet dreamed the forbidden dream and died.

It would be interesting to consider the motives of the deed in all their considerations of reason and intent. But failing an actual knowledge of the facts, presumptions are a necessity, and the fairest of presumptions puts the crime upon a generous ground, a basis of principle. George Santayana was removed because he was not a proper poet within the meaning of the philosophies. He had not, it would appear, grasped the poetic function. He did not understand that it was his, retaining an "innocence of the eye" to "repair to the material of experience, seizing hold of the reality of sensation and fancy beneath the surface of conventional ideas", quarrying from the sensuous world pictures and emotions wherewith the philosopher should construct the temple of divinity. On the contrary he desired not only to hew stone but to build towers. He was no poet royal to the philosophical household, but his own king and philosopher. He did not propose to serve the religious sense by gesturing in inarticulate images toward the Almighty, but rather to find God out in his dark and difficult universe and close with his divinity. And if he had eyes they were not the eyes of innocence. He saw nature with no embarrassed and Wordsworthian surprise but mirrored at two or three reflections from herself in the unbreathed metal of his mind. He was not to be startled by daffodils but

> To the fair reason of the Spring inclined
> And to the Summer's tender argument.

And when he did capture in immediate words the taste and smell and feel of the natural world it was never for remembrance' sake but to throw open windows of sense upon the brain's far faint discoveries —

> Out of the dust the queen of roses springs;
> The brackish depths of the blown water bear
> Blossoms of foam: the common mist and air
> Weave Vesper's holy, pity-laden wings.

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We may say that if this is not within the philosopher's conception of poetry then the worse for philosophy. But we may not doubt that within the "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" George Santayana was an altogether improper poet.

There are, however, various conceptions of the poetic method and the poetic function. There have been philosophies in rhyme since the "De Rerum" and there had been poems of religious experience before the "Sonnets" of Santayana. And it is not the least of Santayana's triumphs that he was later justified out of the mouth of his traducer in the "Three Philosophical Poets". Of the imagined most high poet the philosopher says: "He should live in the continual presence of all experience and respect it; he should at the same time understand nature, the ground of that experience; and he should also have a delicate sense for the ideal echoes of his own passions, and for all the colors of his possible happiness." And it is given him for task "to reconstitute the shattered picture of the world". He is permitted the kingdom of the brain at last and every avenue of realization is thrown open to him.

George Santayana was very clearly not the most high poet nor was he within measurable reach of such greatness. But the air he inhabited was the air the expected genius must climb and his defects were the defects of supreme qualities. He stood upon experience but his experience was æsthetic altogether. He painted the colors of a possible happiness but indirectly and in fitful relief against a dark and brooding present. He relimned fragments and glimpses of the shattered picture of the world but it was a world in which he lived alone. There is nothing universal, nothing drawn from common experience, in his verse. He stands altogether aside from that great tradition of English poetry which has laid hold upon earth and the flavor and saltiness of earth, imaging man as a figure in the pageant of the world who may rebel against the blind mischance of life but who will never challenge its reality nor deny his blood kinship to beasts and trees and all things that die upon the grass. Santayana is too perfect an artist to reach perfection in poetry. His sense is too delicate to give him apprehension of the deep tones and slow vibrations of the seasonal earth; it is only the overtone of human passion that he hears, and faintly and silverly and far away.

And yet the joy of his verse is not so much its delicacy as its brilliance and the temper of its strength. His manner is the manner of swordsmanship, and the blade, though daintily raised, bites in. He is an exquisite in thrust and parry and a master of the subtle feints of fence, but there is more than swordplay in his skill. There is sometimes a desperate courage in the stab of a phrase as though he drove against a shadowy antagonist always at point to strike and overwhelm. Against the mockery of nothingness he turns the deftness of that line which has for hope

> To trust the soul's invincible surmise —

and against an inexplicable fate the words:

> So in this great disaster of our birth
> We can be happy and forget our doom.

It is disaster that is sure and hope that is adventurous.

> Wait for the Spring, brave heart, there is no knowing.

And man's victory over earth is at once the realization and the destruction of the brain's hope for an eternal victory:

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Sing softly, choristers; ye sing
Not faith alone, but doubt and dread.
Ring wildly, Easter bells; ye ring
For Christ arisen, and hope dead.

But for all its intensity the poetry of George Santayana never fails of a fine restraint and an unobtrusive mastery of form. His glimpses of reality are labored into closely articulated epigrams, and his phrases of wonder or of doubt or grief are inevitable unities, perfect to the uses of his will. His use of rhyme and rhythm is beyond praise. Under his hand the reiterated iambic insistence of the line is so softened that the stubborn sonnet becomes at once flexible and a thing of change. And even the rigors of the strict Italian form never drive him to forced, or flat, or uncertain rhymes. Whatever may be the relative merits of prose or verse as a vehicle for the philosophies, this much is sure — Santayana's was an art in poetry that should not have heaped the sacrifice to any god.

THE PROFANITY OF JUXTAPOSITION

By Gertrude Gillingwater

AN absurd title, you say? A silly, pedantic title? Perhaps — but wait! Have you never looked over a shelf of books in a home where book lovers dwell not, and seen, perhaps, a lavender volume of Myrtle Reed standing beside a copy of Charles Lamb or Milton? That is the profanity of juxtaposition. Some people, you know, don't seem to care how their books are arranged.

Only last week a friend of mine who is at Magdalene College, Oxford, wrote me an abusive denunciation of his tutor, winding up with this styptic statement, "Just what you'd expect from a man who keeps his books under glass." But there are, I believe, worse crimes than keeping books under glass, and one is letting them stray all over shelves, without regard to "social position". Literature, though the most democratic thing in the world, is at once the most aristocratic, for it is the one field wherein the *nouveau riche* may not promenade with any hope of recognition. Dress a volume of the ubiquitous H. Bell Wright up in the finest of hand tooled morocco bindings, and could you, with any peace of mind, place him beside even a ragged, tattered copy of, say, Stevenson? You see what I mean.

Fancy, then, my extreme agitation upon entering my room after a walk yesterday, and finding that some fiendish vandal in the guise of a maid had committed the unpardonable offense of dusting off my bookshelves! Fancy my rage upon discovering that in her misguided efforts to renovate the shelves she had actually moved my treasured volumes about — and put them back in hideous disarray! Portions of the Poetry shelves were now occupied by Russian Short Stories; one end of the French Drama section contained three stodgy octavos of German Philosophy; worst of all, a climber from Modern Fiction (which, with the exception of the works of Messrs. Cabell, Mackenzie, Walpole, et al., I try to keep relegated to the lower shelves) — a climber, I say, from this nether stratum was perched impudently on the top shelf, in profane juxtaposition to Volume I of Montaigne — Montaigne in his original panel calf, mind you — London, 1711!

In speechless horror I sank into a chair and stared at the havoc that had been wrought. On a shelf before my very eyes stood the scarlet back of "The Heptameron of Margaret of

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Navarre", shoulder to shoulder with Queen Victoria's memoirs. Next to my austere first edition of Emerson's "Letters and Social Aims" grinned Ring W. Lardner's "Treat 'Em Rough". I shuddered.

George Moore's engaging "Confessions of a Young Man" was rubbing elbows with a stately tome of St. Thomas Aquinas, and beyond it a little green Baudelaire stood beside a smug copy of Henry van Dyke. On the shelf above, a book of Percival Wilde's plays leaned familiarly against a regal "King Lear", while on the other side, Volume III of dear old Bozzy's "Life of Johnson" was being crowded by a biography of Francis X. Bushman.

I rose and glared wrathfully at the outrageous disorder. There, within a foot of my nose, was my prized first edition of the Doctor's "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" (London, 1775) doing its best to repel the advances of "Dere Mable". Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil" smirked up at Canon Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and the Stars", and below, Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" was, I could see, anything but pleased at being placed beside "The Courtship of Miles Standish". On the same shelf Christopher Marlowe's gorgeous "Tamburlaine" was stuffed in next to Channing Pollock's "The Footlights Fore and Aft", and Hilaire Belloc's "The Path to Rome" next to "The Path to *Home*" by Edgar A. Guest!

But this, patient reader, was not the worst. Ah no! On another shelf my tattered three volume edition of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" had been put beside Irvin Cobb's "Speaking of Operations", while below it, a copy of "Great Battles of the British Army" blushed red with rage at its proximity to Ludendorff's story of the war. On the next shelf, by some strange machination of fate, Murray Hill's little book called "Peeps at People" lay amicably against another book called "Peeps at People" by John Kendrick Bangs. My anger was somewhat mitigated as I gazed upon "Margot Asquith: An Autobiography", both volumes of which had been placed next to the blue row of "Pepys's Diary". I lighted a cigarette, and through the wraith of pungent smoke that drifted from it, I half fancied I saw Volume I of the garrulous Samuel lean over, wink slyly, and say to Mrs. Asquith, "You, my dear, are the female Pepys of your age — but I dare you to last as long as I have!"

The whimsicality of this juxtaposition was rapidly tempering the wrath that these other indignities had called forth, yet as I glanced along the shelf and saw "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini" leaning insolently against "The Americanization of Edward Bok", the frown returned to my brow. And when I looked beyond and beheld Volume III of "Sir Thomas Browne's Works" thrust against "Tarzan of the Apes", and Balzac's "Droll Stories" in profane juxtaposition to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", I threw up my hands and fled in horror from the chamber.

MRS. MILLIN AT HOME

By Ethelreda Lewis

PERHAPS you may think that a woman who writes a novel a year, in addition to weekly reviews and articles, must have little of the *Hausfrau* about her. But there you would be wrong. The home of Mrs. Millin has a bright beauty about it, an air of present joy and wellbeing that is ir-

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resistible. It looks as if it had never known a Monday morning in its life. As if rice pudding and neurasthenia and fog were a grisly myth, and cold mutton and failure and the income tax had never been. This summer especially it stood secure amid a splendid conflagration of marigolds, tall, lusty, brilliant, and insistent; like an extravagant fire kindled by summer herself. But you won't often catch Sarah Gertrude among her marigolds. She planted them herself, it is true, but she is never one — in the words of W. H. Davies — "to stand and stare". No doubt she looks down on them from her sleeping porch in the morning with a vivid sense of joy, and then briskly to her work, first domestic, then literary. She has no dreams. Never was there a mind less nebulous, less Teuton, less English, less Russian, more Gallic in its clear, relentless, logical sense of the realities of life. Youth and prosperity are realities she knows well. But if she lived in a garret it would be just the same, except that she would not be there for long. With very little fuss and no lamentation she would quickly get out of that garret. Neither poverty nor riches could dim the bright mind that mirrors life as it is and not as it might be or ought to be. She refused to allow that mirror to be obscured by overlong education, as if she sensed even then the nature of her gift. When she came out in the matriculation lists of her year the first girl student in South Africa, her friends predicted a brilliant university career. Ingratiating letters reached her from various colleges. It was all very intoxicating, very tempting to follow the path to further academic fame in this country that still bows down to the god Examination. But the strange child turned her back on it all, waved her hand in perfunctory farewell to the beaten track, and without more ado followed her own secret path, narrow and short, to success. With Mrs. Millin thought is not a hidden, intangible process: thought is action, is words poured out quickly in inevitable order. She dispenses with that intermediate process that comes between pen and paper; with her thought is born as the written word. There can be no doubtful land, no retarding moment, between a mirror and what it reflects. Here we have the secret of a prolific literary life that is extraordinary. A mind is flashed this way or that — follows an inevitable impression, whether it be that of the psychology of a Conrad (about whom, in a recent article, she actually managed to say something new and valuable), or the sad, hundred years' pilgrimage of the halfcaste in South Africa.

I have heard it said that there is no heart in Mrs. Millin's books. By what impulse, then, was her mind directed to the subject of "God's Stepchildren"? Why smear the surface with talk of pity when in pity lies the hidden root? In this her Gallic mind is plainly visible.

As we were sitting over tea and talk the other day, her cook came into the room with a fresh brew. Cook is one of God's Stepchildren, a Cape colored woman of the old decent type which makes splendid servants. The talk, which had been all on the problems of the halfcaste, was magically switched off by her mistress as the woman approached, to an impersonal subject. I have heard charitable women, whose names are constantly writ large in the advertisements of good works and who are coldly scandalized at Mrs. Millin's choice of subject, talk blandly and stolidly in the presence of black servants, as if they were only animals, about their shortcomings in domestic life and with scarcely veiled hints as to

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the danger of having black men as servants where women are in the house. Mrs. Millin lives her pity and understanding. It is a feeling that seems to date from the day when, walking home from school, she witnessed the meeting of one of her schoolfellows, a pretty girl of ordinary appearance, with her mother and the look of anguish on the poor girl's face in the dreadful moment when her school friend should see that that mother was not quite white.

With a Stepchild in the kitchen, keeping sensible control of the house in the quiet morning hours while her mistress is writing, and with a Zulu houseboy, there are few servant troubles in the house of Millin. Recently, after five years' service, the houseboy took a holiday at his kraal two days' journey away, having saved enough money to collect the cattle necessary to the purchase of a wife. But he came back after the ceremony. It is the sort of house you do go back to. It is the sort of house where, round a table served by the Stepchild with most excellently prepared food, guests are apt to forget this blessing in the informal atmosphere of close talk. Other guests arrive before dinner is over, join the circle at the "walnuts and the wine" stage, and the hour grows late before the bridge tables are brought out. Yes, Sarah Gertrude Millin plays bridge; not dreamily, with one mental eye on her next chapter — she plays it at lightning speed and with the deadly accuracy of some old haunter of clubs.

No, there is really no skeleton in her cupboard. Even her marriage is a particularly happy one. Her husband, far from being of the meek "inset" type, supposed to be proper of the husbands of successful women, has a jaw and a personality as firmly developed as his wife's. Although a successful barrister, he retains an engaging way of kneeling down in front of the bookcase in the house of his friends and becoming lost to the world. In his own house an exceptionally soothing host, he does not rudely stare if his guests kneel before his books, which line nearly every wall and will soon invade the kitchen. Books grow at a surprising rate in that house. On a recent Saturday, after "collecting Phil" at his chambers in town we drove round to a second hand bookshop where he said he had found a nice Dickens. The thirty or so volumes were piled up round the feet of his wife and off they went as pleased as children, with the intention of spending the afternoon, a very wet one, polishing the leather backs with furniture polish.

Sometimes the writer of "God's Stepchildren" wishes she were a little nearer to London or New York. "One reads of my book's success", she said the other day, "and I get lots of letters, but one can't always realize it that way. I can't *warm* myself at it from here, can I?" Then she looked round her home, on its sunny peace, on curly old Bildad, the Airedale (yes, we read "Moby Dick" in the wilds of Johannesburg), on the marigolds blazing away in the African sunshine, on the gate through which her husband would soon return from the day's work, and said, "And yet I don't know — "

But I think she does know the substance from the shadow.

BOOK PEOPLE COME TRUE

By James Hendrickson

AMONG the hundreds of thousands of persons who have read "The Shepherd of the Hills", one of Harold Bell Wright's most famous stories, it is doubtful if many know that most of the

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principal characters really existed and are yet alive, in the Ozark Mountains in southwest Missouri. The scenes were laid around the little village of Garber, Missouri, in the mountains near where the beautiful White River winds its way through the valleys.

Two of the most prominent characters in the story are Old Matt and Aunt Molly, whose real names out of fiction were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Ross. While securing material for his story, Mr. Wright spent much time in the Ross home, and he frequently returned for a visit with these old people. The author was not out of his own territory when he sojourned with Uncle Matt and Aunt Molly. He lived and was reared in or near that part of Missouri, and was pastor of a church at Pierce City, Missouri, not far from the Arkansas line.

Mr. Ross was much like the character in which Mr. Wright portrayed him in the story, a kind hearted, loving old gentleman, conservative in his ways and primitive in his manners. Up to the time of his death about a year ago — a few months after the death of his wife — he had a small store in the town of Garber and was also postmaster for the village. He and Aunt Molly lived in a neat little cottage near the store, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that the hills afforded. They were visited each year by thousands of tourists who spent their vacations along Lake Taneycomo, the lake that was formed by the big hydro dam across the White River near Branson, Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross were photographed many times a year by tourists who had read about them in "The Shepherd of the Hills". Mr. Ross was very genial, and, while he considered all notoriety about him a nuisance, he posed for the pictures and answered the many questions flung at him without losing patience. One was indeed fortunate, however, in securing a picture of Aunt Molly, for she was very industrious and devoted all her time to home duties. Old Matt often declared, "The picture takers plague my wife."

Mr. Ross was not a native of the mountains by birth, but by inclination. He was one of the first homesteaders to settle in that section of the Ozarks, years ago. He knew every local character in Wright's book and was usually willing to discuss them and their connection with the story. The Bald Knobbers, who played a popular part in the setting of the tale, always came into Mr. Ross's discussion. They were a sect or organization formed among the mountain people of that section immediately after the war for the purpose of protecting their rights.

The old man was wont to talk of Sammy Lane, one of the leading characters, not as she is in fiction but as a woman, widowed and left alone in the world with small children. Young Matt would appear before you not in the guise of a preacher, as the author would have him in the story, but as the engineer of a big packing plant in the west. Wash Gibbs, Ollie, Pete and his mother, "they don't live here", Old Matt would say. They are Mr. Wright's own characters.

Dewey Bald, around which so many of the scenes were taken, one of the high sentinels of the Ozarks, still stands towering majestically toward the skies. Tourists mount its summit and look for miles down Mutton Hollow, made popular in the story. The Matthews homestead has been sold. The old mill stands in the woods but it no longer runs. In fact, it is sadly dilapidated, stripped by tourists on the hunt for souvenirs.

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THE NEW YORKER

The Theatrical Season Opens After Many False Starts — A Speculation About Theatrical Managers — Mr. Galsworthy Writes a Few Well Chosen Words for Young Writers — Mrs. Conrad Drives in a Limousine — The Need for a Little Honesty — Some New Books: "The Red Lamp" — "Firecrackers" — "The Contracting Circle".

LIKE a chain of small firecrackers ignited only to fizzle out without noise or consequence, a dozen new plays opened during the hot weeks. It was not until "The Family Upstairs" made its appearance on the boards that one could say honestly that the new season had begun. What went before was, save for one or two isolated and excellent performances, scarcely worth consideration. It is one of the perpetual sources of amazement to us that the Broadway managers are consistently so little able to judge the merits of a piece even so late as an hour before its opening. Surely play after play which has turned up its toes within the past year must have seemed hopeless from the moment of birth. Yet good money is spent in large quantities pumping oxygen into ancient ideas and enfeebled scenarios, while many a manager has his office drawers filled with manuscripts which have lain there, sometimes season after season, waiting a reading. Perhaps the average manager is much too close to his own business. Perhaps in many cases he should never have been a producer at all and only succeeds by playing every hand and so winning once in a while. The real root of the trouble lies in all probability in the number of Broadway theatres, representing a colossal investment, which must be filled from time to time. There aren't enough good plays to go round and so, in order to keep the electric lights burning, any sort of piece is produced on a gamble.

All good plays do not succeed, but any play which does succeed has invariably some underlying idea which the public finds attractive. The same holds true of the novel, and the problem of the theatrical producer and the publisher is to find out what it is that attracts the public. To this there seems to be no answer, unless we take the shining example of the Theatre Guild which subjects each prospective play to the points of view of its six managing directors. Along the glare of Broadway, it is dubious whether any producing organization has made so bright a record as the one which has landed the Guild in its handsome new theatre in Fifty Second Street. It is refreshing to find that in the theatre, where pessimists have told us for so long a time that there is no place for intelligence, there is after all a reward.

Which leads us to "The Family Upstairs", a play certain of success from the beginning, a play of the sort which must have warmed the heart of the manager who first saw it. The piece has a relation to so excellent a play as "The First Year" and so shrewd and expert a piece of hokum as "Abie's Irish Rose". Indeed, it lies somewhere between these two and, like them and like "Is Zat So?", "The

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Fall Guy", "The Poor Nut", "White Collars", and a good many other pieces, it comes out of the theatre itself. It is written by Harry Delf and directed, in a too dynamic fashion, by Sam Forrest. The play is laid in a Harlem apartment and deals with the epic theme of young love struggling to blossom in a tiny four room apartment supported by the $42.50 a week made by a father who is a street car inspector. It is a queer blend of uproarious humor and heartbreaking pathos, unfortunately streaked with blatant dashes of the baldest sort of hokum, inserted, we suspect, by the hand of someone other than the author. The play comes very close to a total collapse in the last act when Enid Grey, as the mother of the boy, enters as a symbol of what someone (Heaven knows who) considers a symbol of Gentility. Clearly the part was written to serve as a contrast to the pretensions of the car inspector's family, but it acts as a boomerang. We suffered from gooseflesh at the spectacle of any creature so horribly genteel. And again we suspect some hand other than the author's. The last act has all the earmarks of having been "doctored". In directing it Sam Forrest evidently believed — and perhaps rightly — in the stupidity of the great public. Every point is brought home with the aid of a sledge hammer. We should like to have seen the manuscript of "The Family Upstairs" fresh from the typewriter of the author. Probably it was a better play than the one which now holds the boards at the Gaiety and shows the scars of a too vigorous managerial attention. Leading us again to the same conviction — that an occasional tiny grain or two of good taste would leaven the lump of Broadway mightily.

It is not difficult to see the parallel between the average theatrical manager and the average editor of the immensely popular magazine. Both seek to tickle the palate of the millions — an eccentric palate given to whimsical changes and unexpected originalities — and so both struggle in the dark, overlooking at the same time the simple axiom that what is good is good, regardless.

We have just finished reading "Caravan", a great thick book which contains all the stories of John Galsworthy as well as a brief preface which should be distributed in pamphlet form to every young writer who is honest, conscientious, and possesses even so much as a grain of talent. "The fiction market", writes the eminently successful Mr. Galsworthy, "is supposed to require short stories of a certain pattern full of 'pep' and with a sting in the tail. The scorpion, it is said, if sufficiently irritated, will sting itself to death. So will the short story when worried by the demands of editors. The inveterately independent will resist these blandishments, go their own ways, imitate no one. . . . Everyone 'that talk about goin' to Heav'n ain't goin' there' and those who dutifully confection the short story to the sacred pattern of the hour may well become of the company which shakes its tambourines in hell. Independence is the state best worth having in life, and such as believe they can achieve it in their later tales by servitude to fashion in their youthful efforts are doomed, I fear, to the drinking of bitter waters."

And this from Mr. Galsworthy, who possesses today a distinguished and worldwide reputation, who is rich and whose earlier stories now appear in a collected edition. Mr. Galsworthy, it must not be forgotten, would have an extremely comfortable income for

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the rest of his life if he did not write another line. His stories have not gone into the waste paper basket or been used to start the fire in the kitchen range. He did not in the beginning receive immense sums and write feature stories on how he courted and won his wife and was able to live with her happily. He was an artist, and it is time for us to admit that art and democracy are incompatible, that craftsmanship, which can be taught, has nothing to do with art, which is the sublimation of the individual. It is time to stop talking bunk on a great many subjects. The most superb example which has come our way is a pamphlet entitled "Harold Bell Wright, An Inspired Novelist" written by Dr. Blanche Colton Williams of the faculty of Hunter College and Columbia University. Nor must we forget that when one goes to visit the widow of Joseph Conrad at Canterbury, one is met with a limousine carrying two men on the box. Conrad wrote to please nobody but himself and he is more alive today than he has ever been. He has had his reward in the very gold which we are taught to believe by instructors in how to write short stories is the reward to be sought. That is but one side of the picture . . . the good, old materialistic side. But Conrad lives with a dignity, a beauty, and a fame which will never come to those who make spectacles of themselves on a platform raised above a two million circulation.

The galleries and concert halls are closed and being repainted and dusted in preparation for the coming season, and so we have sought diversion by reading in the solitude of the country. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" excited us in a way no book save "Studies in Murder" has ever been able to do. It is, indeed, a super-

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Ladies' Home Journal One-Act Plays" (Doubleday, Page). Entertaining and exceedingly actable skits which have appeared in the magazine and proved successful wherever they have been given.

"The Chief British Dramatists" edited by Brander Matthews and Paul Robert Lieder (Houghton Mifflin). Ably selected and brilliantly edited. From early times to the present, excluding Shakespeare.

"The Saint" by Stark Young (Boni and Liveright). This play as reading contains moments of beautiful prose and high vision.

"Sea Plays" edited by Colin Campbell Clements (Small, Maynard). An interesting anthology of short plays dealing with the glamor and romance of the ocean.

"Animal Crackers" by W. G. Clugston (Four Seas). Another cocktail play of three acts, which has entertaining bits.

"Representative American Dramas — National and Local" edited by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown). Another excellent collection from 1894 to 1924, by a clever and conscientious editor.

exciting mystery story. And in Carl Van Vechten's "Firecrackers" we found such a mirror of New York life, in a few of its many phases, as we have not yet encountered. Mr. Van Vechten surely grows more and more shrewd (with a shrewdness not in the least banal and transparent), and in "Firecrackers" he displays a new and impressive strength in the death of Ella Nattatorrini (the Tattooed Countess) and the ensuing visit of Lou Poore from Maple Valley, Iowa, to the Ritz. Therein one finds perhaps the most characteristic of American elements — the violent, incredible sense of contrast within the bounds of a single family. Mr. Van Vechten is not

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ponderous in his books, but he comes much nearer to depicting the American scene than many a laborious, cornfed realist.

E. L. Grant Watson was a discovery to us as a writer. He has published books for some years past, but "The Contracting Circle" was the first we had encountered. This story of the relations between a husband and wife on a remote station of the Australian desert possesses a strange epic quality that raises it high above the usual stream of realistic fiction. The sweep of the tale, its truth, and, in the end, its unflagging beauty sweep into the discard such petty criticisms as might be made against its crudities and the occasional tendency of the author to slip into easy clichés. It reminded us most of "God's Stepchildren", but it is a greater book, more of a novel and less of a treatise. We write this in face of the fact that we approached it in cold blood, and in a vague belief that Grant Watson was a sort of Australian Zane Grey. We should not be surprised if "The Contracting Circle" will be among the year's "discoveries".

LOUIS BROMFIELD

THOUGHTS OF A PRECOCIOUS CHILD

By Maxwell Bodenheim

I

THE moon has lost its necklace
And kneels in the grass blades, hunting for stray beads.

II

One strand of starlight, slipping through the leaves,
Becomes a slim and magical lance
Thrown from some battle upon another world.

III

The wind hunts for a poem,
Fingering each leaf to a syllable
And never quite satisfied
With all its murmuring improvisations.
Perhaps, when the trees are still,
Triumphant discovery has seized the wind!

IV

No doubt the hills became roundshouldered
Bending down to study
An old secret fighting and dying
In the valley between them.

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LORD GREY'S REMINISCENCES

By Burton J. Hendrick

IN the second volume of the present work, Lord Grey recalls that on Monday evening, August 3, 1914, he was standing with a friend at one of the windows in his office in Downing Street. The ultimatum to Germany on the invasion of Belgium had already been framed and the European war was a certainty. It was dusk and the lamps were being lighted in the somewhat cheerless street that shelters the Foreign Office. As the two men rather pensively surveyed the scene Grey remarked: "The lamps are going out all over Europe: we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime." Judging from the two volumes of his memoirs, this remark expressed the belief not only of that evening, eleven years ago, but of the present time. Lord Grey evidently regards it as good prophecy. Certainly he does not think that the lamps of Europe have yet been relighted. The events since the armistice afford him little satisfaction. European politics and diplomacy of the postwar period he clearly regards as little less than failure. This attitude is expressed most clearly in his comment on that episode of his book that will chiefly interest Americans — the episode, indeed, which furnishes the one sensational "revelation" in the two volumes. When Grey left the Foreign Office on December 11, 1916 — just eleven years, to a day, since he entered it as Foreign Secretary in 1905 — he took away only two papers. One was a letter from Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to Great Britain at the outbreak of war, the other a document which promises to become historic as the "House Memorandum". It is this latter paper which sheds much light on the Wilsonian war policy at a critical period, and also on Grey's attitude toward war and peace and the present European scene.

In January and February of 1916 Colonel House visited London, Paris, and Berlin, sounding the several governments on possible terms for ending the war. The Lusitania controversy had been dragging on for nearly ten months, with no satisfactory solution in sight; the inevitable participation of the United States in the war became more apparent, to intelligent observers, every day. On February 22, 1916, Sir Edward Grey drew up a memorandum which set forth two alternatives: peace terms that represented something in the nature of a defeat for Germany — though by no means the overwhelming one which the Allies regarded as essential to the safety and stability of Europe — or the entrance of the United States against the Central Powers. The terms to be offered Germany were the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, the restoration of Belgium, and an ice-free port for Russia — obviously Constantinople. The plan was for President Wilson to propose a peace conference which would settle the war on this basis. If Germany refused to enter such a conference, then the United States would declare war on the side of the Allies. Such was the Wilsonian war program in February,

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1916 — as revealed for the first time in Lord Grey's memoirs. The disclosure will influence the current discussion of President Wilson's war attitude from several points of view. Those who have defended the President's policy as one of ultimate war, and insist that he was determined to uphold the national honor and interests in ways of his own, will find considerable comfort in this indication that he was prepared to take the final step in February, 1916 — a year before the actual declaration. On the other hand, those who have acclaimed President Wilson for his policy "keeping us out of war" may be tly chagrined at this display of a ness for warlike measures — five before the Democratic convention 16 and the celebrated slogan that campaign was fought.

More interesting in the present connection, as shedding light upon the statesmanship of Lord Grey, are his somewhat lugubrious comments on the failure of this ambitious plan. That Grey took the program most seriously his analysis proves. Had Germany rejected the Wilsonian ultimatum — and Lord Grey thinks this probable, for her military strength was still immense, while that of the Allies was diminishing, and Verdun was not yet the terrible failure that in a few months it became — the United States would have been an active partner of Great Britain and France in the early part of 1916. Had Germany agreed to these terms, the world, Grey admits, would have had an unsatisfactory peace; but would the peace contemplated in the House Memorandum, he asks, have been much worse than that which has followed the armistice? He does not definitely answer the question, but his way of putting it, and his speculations on the two alternatives, indicate the direction in which his mind leans. In the light of subsequent events, such a peace would have been a tremendous boon for Germany. From the standpoint of the Allies, however, the Treaty of Versailles, and the overwhelming terms imposed on the vanquished enemy, make the settlement proposed in the House Memorandum appear ludicrously inadequate. Still, asks Grey, would the world be any worse off at the present moment had such a settlement been made?

If a Wilson peace in 1916 had brought real disillusionment about militarism, it would have been far better than what actually happened. Two years of war, in which expenditures of life and national strength and treasure were at the maximum, would have been avoided. European markets and trade might have recovered quickly, for the impoverishment and exhaustion would have been much less. The future peace of Europe, with the unsevered cooperation of the United States, might have been safer than it is today. Prosperity and security might be today more fair in prospect for us all than the victory of 1918 and the treaties of 1919 have made them; and there would have been a peace with no noxious secret ideas of *revanche*. So disappointing have events been since 1919, so dark are the troubles still, that we are tempted to find some relief in building castles in the air; and, if the future is too clouded for this, we build them in the past.

Why did this plan die utterly stillborn? That the British cabinet favored it, if not actively at least in the bottom of their hearts, is no secret. But the difficulty was France. Grey did not officially communicate the Memorandum to the Quai d'Orsay; he personally informed the French Ambassador at London of its purport. Nothing more was ever heard of it. The scrupulous sense of decency and honor that had guided Grey's conduct of British foreign affairs prevented him from doing more. France had a greater stake in a complete German military defeat than Britain; the House Memorandum, as Grey well knew, gave France no security against an early

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renewal of the attack by Germany. The same fear that has directed the foreign policy of France since Versailles made her look upon the Wilsonian peace terms of February, 1916, with an unsympathetic eye. And this is the reason why Grey could not force the issue. To have urged the House Memorandum on France would have seemed like the virtual abandonment of an ally. A less honorable Foreign Secretary than Grey might have done so; his refusal to browbeat a much suffering ally into an unsatisfactory peace — and the House Memorandum gave him the means of doing this — brings out again the highminded principles that guided Grey in the Foreign Office. In his all too brief description of his boyhood he tells of a chance meeting with Gladstone on a railway train. One may be justified in seeing something symbolic in this encounter: as Foreign Secretary, it became Grey's highest ambition to uphold the Gladstonian principle in foreign affairs. He believed, with his great chief, that the "idea of public right", rather than the idea of national profit and aggrandizement, should regulate nations in their dealings with one another. That this was the guiding star of the British Foreign Office from 1906 to 1916, these pages make abundantly plain.

Grey tells once more the familiar story of that period, and relates, with new particularity of detail and new documents, the four great "crises" that preceded 1914 — that of Algeciras, that of Bosnia-Herzegovina, that of Agadir, that of the Balkan wars. Many writers have covered the same ground, though not with the sure touch and information and illumination of Lord Grey; but the new setting and the new interpretations are not what make these chapters a really vital contribution to history. The valuable lesson is the spirit in which the problems are approached and discussed. Once more style is the man. There is no attempt to accuse or excuse; no tortuous effort to score a point on Germany or extenuate British faults or mistakes. The story is told with a serene and quiet dignity that enforces the inevitable lesson. The one impression left after reading the first volume is that of an elevated and conscientious mind, utterly alien to subtlety, possessed with a love of humanity and an unsleeping interest in democratic progress, working amid unparalleled difficulties and discouragements, for one end — the avoidance of war. No honest reader can lay down this book and still give faith to the German accusation that Great Britain was the arch plotter of war. The atmosphere that envelops these pages is the cleanest bill of health that Britain has so far received. "I had tremendously difficult talk and work yesterday", Grey wrote his wife during the Algeciras conference, "and very important. I do not know that I did well, but I did honestly." Therein is the whole story of his diplomatic career.

Lord Grey sheds abundant light upon many phases of the war that are not yet popular knowledge. Why did Great Britain not adopt conscription and train a civilian army ten years before the war began? Why, in the fateful last week in July, 1914, did Grey not warn Germany that the projected attack would find Great Britain in arms alongside France? Why did "stupid" British diplomacy permit Turkey to become Germany's ally? Why was Greece not permitted to join the Entente at the outbreak of war? Why did Bulgaria go to the Central Powers instead of to the Allies? Why was the Dardanelles attack made with-

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out a supporting army? All of us, amateur experts in statecraft and military science, heatedly and authoritatively discussed these topics while the war was going on. Lord Grey has a quiet and satisfactory answer for practically all.

Americans will be chiefly interested, however, in Grey's chapters on the United States and his pictures of the two Americans with whom he was thrown most closely in contact, Walter Page and Colonel House. They may be surprised to learn from these pages of the vital, practical, pivotal part which their country played in the war, from the day that hostilities began. Lord Grey points out that the decision of the great European event, from August 4, 1914, until the end, depended upon the United States. At any time this country, by throwing its support to one side or the other, could have determined the result. In the early days Grey was thinking chiefly of economic support, though the time soon came when he was thinking in terms of actual arms. But Great Britain was helpless without American steel, American copper, American munitions, American money. An embargo on the shipment of supplies to Great Britain — which was the favorite plan of pro-Germans living in the United States, not infrequently finding expression in the Senate — would quickly have brought a German victory. The chief purpose of Grey's diplomacy, therefore, was to assure American support to Great Britain. He was evidently prepared to go to any extreme to do this; he was even prepared to abandon the blockade — something that he fortunately was not forced to do. It was one of the great miracles of the war that Grey found in the American Ambassador, Walter Page, a man whose heart and mind sympathized with his own purposes. One shudders at what the course of history might have been had almost any other two men held these respective offices at this time.

The present work is not an autobiography; Grey's life is still unwritten. But certain personal glimpses enliven the general narrative. Grey is not always in Downing Street discussing the future of Europe with ambassadors, or sitting in bed during the early hours of the morning, diving deep into diplomatic "boxes" and dictating to secretaries. Occasionally he is pruning his roses at his Hampshire cottage; or casting his fly in the neighboring brooks; or walking in New Forest with Theodore Roosevelt, listening to the song of birds, and discoursing on the differences between American and English larks; or furtively crossing Waterloo Bridge at five o'clock in the morning, on the way to that inevitable weekend in the country. One picture shows him at Fallodon in 1870, a child of eight, gazing at an historically famous Aurora Borealis, and wondering whether the strange spectacle is caused by the Germans burning Paris! Now and then we hear him quoting Wordsworth and Keats, but such intimate touches are too infrequent. They give some idea how absorbing the biography of Grey will be when told, not necessarily from the standpoint of state transactions, but from the standpoint of the man himself — the idealist in politics, the cultivated practitioner of fine living, the lover of books and of country life, the man of quiet but sincere and worthwhile affections, the unassertive optimist who, despite the discouraging world in which he lives, still has an abiding faith in the destiny of mankind.

Twenty-Five Years: 1892–1916. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K.G. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1925 — *Putnam.* This third volume from contemporaries is distinctly good — varied, unusual, distinguished, and as a rule characteristic.

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran. Pour le sport* is still a phrase which regulates the wardrobe of many fair damsels.

* MAY FAIR — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* The Arlen gesture more robust than ever.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Lord Nelson a lay figure for Lady Hamilton's graces.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Inglorious Byron is shown to have had a glorious wife.

THE GOOSE WOMAN — Rex Beach — *Harper.* Five movie scenarios masquerading as short stories.

* THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY — Barry Benefield — *Century.* A delicate and humorful story of love and character. (*See page 206.*)

THE MONKEY PUZZLE — J. D. Beresford — *Bobbs-Merrill.* An English wife and mother tries to inspire a genius, with no tangible results. (*See page 214.*)

REPLENISHING JESSICA — Maxwell Bodenheim — *Boni, Liveright.* A dull, posey description of an unreal woman who fights the battle of sex with diminishing zest. Half a dozen pages from the end she finds her Pollyanna-like reward in the arms of a cripple.

THE OLD MAN — Gertrude Bone — *Macmillan.* A small and gracious book telling a story of idyllic rural England.

* DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* Johnny Fraser is a boy of the ages, no matter what the setting — Revolutionary, as a matter of fact.

* SAMUEL DRUMMOND — Thomas Boyd — *Scribner.* A quiet and appealing study of early Ohio days. (*See page 206.*)

THE GREAT VAN SUTTART MYSTERY — George Agnew Chamberlain — *Putnam.* Under Brooklyn Bridge is staged a pretty mystery, narrated in thrilling fashion.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE — Frederick Baron Corvo — *Knopf.* A collection of some of the most bizarre of the tales of this erratic litterateur.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Love and big business in Quebec. The author's twenty fifth. (*See page 215.*)

THE LOVE COMPLEX — Thomas Dixon — *Boni, Liveright.* Good old blood and thunder stuff by the author of "The Clansman". A touch of Freud here and there serves only as a thin disguise for its true melodrama thriller nature.

LOVE — "Elizabeth" — *Doubleday, Page.* Only certain types of the gentle passion displayed — but competently.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* The prodigal son in a midwest setting.

KUNALA — Arpad Ferenczy — *Harcourt, Brace.* Richly colored fantastic tales from Indian folklore, anti-feminist, but not seriously so. (*See page 214.*)

* THE GREAT GATSBY — F. Scott Fitzgerald — *Scribner.* A brilliant *tour de force* which proves this young author one of the best.

HARD WOOD — Arthur O. Friel — *Penn.* Rude chivalry and ruder passions admirably treated in another of Mr. Friel's hillbilly tales.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Forsytes again, slightly popularized.

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* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* A superlatively good study of modern love, not without sentiment in the handling.

THE RECKLESS LADY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* Mother reckless, daughter inclined to be reckless — from Monte Carlo to Grand Rapids — then daughter not so reckless.

* BARREN GROUND — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* A saga of southern soil in which a heroine finds much that is difficult.

WANDERINGS — Robert Herrick — *Harcourt, Brace.* Four stories of the futile search for ideal experience.

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK — E. M. Hull — *Small, Maynard.* Just some more lady killers all along the desert places.

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE — A. S. M. Hutchinson — *Little, Brown.* A story of seeking and purpose — Sim Paris seeks an answer to the riddle of living and thinks he finds it.

AN OCTAVE — Jeffery E. Jeffery — *Little, Brown.* Grit and luck carry a delightful family through the sudden dangers of a hectic week.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Dutton.* Slow moving but exquisitely written study of inns and their inmates.

* THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* The eccentricities of genius given the accents of reality.

* ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The same old Lewis idealist struggles through the ironical mazes of medicine.

DOODAB — Harold A. Loeb — *Boni, Liveright.* A rather ineffectual satire upon contemporary business and social relations.

GREENERY STREET — Denis Mackail — *Houghton Mifflin.* The experiences of a young married couple told with sprightly charm.

* THE PAINTED VEIL — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* Love complications in China, with fervid drama on every page.

TALES OF INTRIGUE AND REVENGE — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* Most of these stories are odd and whimsical, some of them are gruesome.

ELLEN ADAIR — Frederick Niven — *Boni, Liveright.* A discriminating character study of a courtezan against the background of a strictly respectable Scotch family.

THE NEGLECTED CLUE — Isabel Ostrander — *McBride.* Love gives a frail woman the strength to save her daughter in one of the cleverest mysteries the late author ever constructed.

RED ASHES — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* A love story with thrills and sentiment, and a determined and delightful heroine.

CONFIDENT MORNING — Arthur Stanwood Pier — *Houghton Mifflin.* Light and easy reading by an author best known through his popular stories for boys.

THE LITTLE DARK MAN — Ernest Poole — *Macmillan.* As closely as an outsider can, Ernest Poole approaches the mysticism and beauty of an earlier Russia in tales of some power and great deftness.

EBONY AND IVORY — Llewelyn Powys — *Harcourt, Brace.* Powerful sketches by an author of first rate abilities. (*See page 207.*)

THE RELIC — Eca de Queiroz — *Knopf.* Gorgeous irony anent religious fanaticism and a rogue who was bred therefrom.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* Another epic of the soil and the sod, the barn and the field.

THE PLEASURE BUYERS — Arthur Somers Roche — *Macmillan.* Palm Beach society doings make the envious reader almost forget the murder mystery.

SUMMER — Romain Rolland — *Holt.* Second volume of "The Soul Enchanted", the trilogy of which "Annette and Sylvie" is the first part. Annette from 1900 to 1914. (*See page 213.*)

THE CAROLINIAN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* French romance in an American scene.

THE STROLLING SAINT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A glamorous tale of Italy in the days of the Renaissance.

MISS MINERVA BROADCASTS BILLY — Emma Speed Sampson — *Reilly, Lee.* Laughs and chuckles bubble up from these pages, which are particularly adapted to reading aloud.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Doubleday, Page.* A

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sweet heroine moves through a remarkable study of English versus French temperament.

THUS FAR — J. C. Snaith — *Appleton.* A Wellsian mystery story based on the theory that science may go too far in its effort to penetrate the unknown and thereby create a superman.

THE RED CORD — Thomas Grant Springer — *Brentano.* The introduction, by John Luther Long, arouses an interest that is amply satisfied in a colorful tale.

THE CRAZY FOOL — Donald Ogden Stewart — *A. and C. Boni.* Absurdity and nonsense rollicking through a madhouse plot.

THE LAUGHING BUDDHA — James Livingstone Stewart — *Revell.* Chinese life from the inside by a lifelong missionary who wields a facile pen.

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY — Sigrid Undset — *Knopf.* This second volume in a trilogy reconstructing the life of mediæval Norway sustains the power and intensity which made "The Bridal Wreath" a notable book.

LIFE BEGINS TO-MORROW — Guido da Verona — *Dutton.* Mediterranean sensuality on high gear dominating a special case of the triangle. Passion and poison, action and analysis. (*See page 214.*)

THE CONTRACTING CIRCLE — E. L. Grant Watson — *Boni, Liveright.* How the bush closed in upon a lonely couple in Australia. (*See pages 197, 215.*)

KEPT — Alec Waugh — *A. and C. Boni.* A determinedly daring tale of so called high society in London.

FACE CARDS — Carolyn Wells — *Putnam.* Romance, mystery, and terror scientifically mixed by a master hand.

THE RATIONAL HIND — Ben Ames Williams — *Dutton.* An epic of New England farmsteads in which the younger generation tackles the job of restoring the decaying heritage of its fathers.

* THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* A threadbare plot handled with beauty and distinction.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* Glamorous adventure and mystery well told.

A SON OF HIS FATHER — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* Irish Nora goes west and becomes the sunshine of El Rancho de Las Rosas. "For anyone who likes this kind of thing, this is the kind of thing he will like."

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "When We Were Very Young" by A. A. Milne — almost unnecessary to recommend a book that should be in every American home, even the 100% homes.

2. "The Pigeon" — one of Galsworthy's finest plays, and a play that makes excellent reading.

3. "Autumn" — Robert Nathan's best book, and one of the best pieces of prose from the pen of a young American.

4. "The Voice in the Wilderness" by Richard Blaker — an ironical study of the folly of self sacrifice.

5. "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton — scarcely necessary to remind BOOKMAN *readers of this American masterpiece; but it is a good thing to reread after finishing "The Mother's Recompense".*

Blossoms and Moonlight

MATURER and far lovelier than any whole volume of verse ever published during her lifetime is "What's O'Clock" (Houghton Mifflin), Amy Lowell's new collection of poems. There is passion and gusto in them. There is tenderness and beauty. Delicate lyrics vie for first place in the affections with dramatic poems of clarity and power. Miss Lowell has never written more striking pieces than "East, West, North, and South of a Man", or "Which, Being Interpreted, is as may be, or Otherwise". For her friends, it has always been hard to tell whether "Lilacs" and "Grackles" are really her best poems, or whether they seem so because there is so much of Miss Lowell's own personality in them. At any rate, it is sure that she loved them. In my opinion, "Lilacs" is one of the great American poems of the soil. Grace and excellence mark such a fine thing as "Song for a Viola d'Amore", and the sadness of "Nuit Blanche" is almost overpowering:

Music, you are pitiless to-night.
And I so old, so cold, so languorously white.

Let any critic or reader who does not believe that Amy Lowell was a great poet read this book through fairly, and I do not see how he can fail to recognize her stature. It is impossible to measure in words the value of the Duse sonnets. Here one great woman spoke to another, in accents so sure and so sincere that they call for the most intense admiration:

Seeing you after these long lengths of years,
I only know the glory come again,
A majesty bewildered by my tears,
A golden sun spangling slant shafts of rain,
Moonlight delaying by a sick man's bed,
A rush of daffodils where wastes of dried
leaves spread.

"What's O'Clock" is a personal book. It contains much that is lyrical, much that is pure beauty; but much, too, that is Miss Lowell speaking as she might have spoken in front of the great fire in Brookline, or in a letter. Such poems as "The Sisters", "To Carl Sandburg", "On Reading a Line Underscored by Keats in a Copy of 'Palmerin of England'", and "View of Teignmouth in Devonshire" are of that quality. If you have ever read any of Miss Lowell's poetry, you will wish the book. If you have never read her, here is a good place to begin, for this is by far her best book in point of evenness and beauty. She had ceased experimenting, and she knew her

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own powers. What a pity that she could not have had a few more years in which to give us this rich ripe fruit of her genius.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Colour of lilac.
Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice
Since certainly it is mine.

Realism and Fancy

FIVE novels I have read this month, all highly recommended by their publishers, in an effort to find something for this department which seems to me not only amusing but worthwhile. Two of them, at any rate, persist in demanding attention: "Samuel Drummond" (Scribner) by Thomas Boyd and "The Chicken-Wagon Family" (Century) by Barry Benefield. "Samuel Drummond" is by far Boyd's best book; better, as a book, than his magnificent "Through the Wheat". I do not think everyone will enjoy Mr. Boyd's clipped style, his careful development, hi spages which lack luminosity but gain in understanding and clarity. Yet here, I believe, is a novel which compares more than favorably with "Barren Ground" and with any one of the Herbert Quick trilogy. It is a story of a dreaming boy growing to manhood on the farm of early days in Ohio: days, that is, before and after the Civil War. With all his piling of realistic detail on realistic detail, Boyd succeeds in creating an atmosphere of beauty by his character portraits. There is something of the quality of "Growth of the Soil" in "Samuel Drummond" and, strangely too, something of Edna Ferber's "So Big". It is a good book, and deserves success.

"The Chicken-Wagon Family" is romantic nonsense, sublimely careless of reality and yet, in a Dickensian sense, thoroughly real. A combination of Locke and of Barrie, it has charm, pathos, and humor. I cannot imagine anyone who would not read it with amusement and then honestly fall in love with several of its characters. Mr. Fippany is another pleasant vagabond to put in your gallery of delightful idiots. Addie is a fine combination of sentiment and absurdity. This story should be popular with men and women alike; if it does not reach a wide public the fault will not be Mr. Benefield's, for he writes with urbanity and distinction. I don't know when I've had such a good time reading a book! Someone should sit down opposite Mr. Benefield at his desk and say, "Now, look here, sir, you write more than you do, or there'll be trouble!" The trip of the chicken-wagon down Broadway is memorable. One must go back to Dickens for anything that so combines pathos and humor. Do you understand what I mean when I say that to encounter a set of jolly, mad, unreasonable folk in a book is such a relief that it almost makes a sultry, rainy day livable? Just a story, written by a man who knows how to tell a plot without being cheap, and who isn't afraid of letting some folk think he's sentimental, because he knows that there is plenty of real sentiment in the world. If you don't read another novel this autumn, read "The Chicken-Wagon Family", and if you don't enjoy it, I'm sorry for you!

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One Man's Life

HERBERT QUICK'S autobiography should be one of the most interesting ever produced in America, because he combined the editor, the politician, the novelist, with something of the poet. He was in many ways a very great man. "One Man's Life" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a trifle disappointing, but it is nevertheless a fine, a very fine book. Leisurely, balanced, filled with entertaining incident and with personal evaluation, it will be one of the books most read in the autobiographical field this winter. Those who have read his later novels will study with care the use he has made in them of incidents in his own life. My quarrel with the book (I judge that it is not a completed manuscript, but only a part of his life) is, that he does not make the most of his material, as he did in the novels. He seems to feel that he must be more dignified. Perhaps that will recommend it more strongly to some who are growing tired of too revelatory books of personal reminiscence. One of the strongest points of the book is its wealth of political speculation. It is filled with such paragraphs as these:

> We have lost something and gained something by the change. I feel sure that while political action now is far from accurate in representing the will of the people — because in most matters the people have no will to exercise, and for other reasons — we have lost something in the average ability of our political bodies. Select groups of men naturally tended to choose abler men than the democratic methods of to-day are likely to fix upon. But this greater ability was not used with as much care for the public interest as the public sees it. Special interests had a better chance to dominate the men chosen by the old system. On the whole, the change has been from public officers with great ability, acting for selfish objects of their own and of other influential classes, to men of smaller powers mainly devoted to better purposes.
>
> There are more exceptions to this rule than are needed to prove it. Some of the most pitiful failures ever seen in public life were lifted to high positions by the caucus and convention system, and many men of great ability are chosen by the primary system. Our present plan sometimes picks representatives of selfish interests quite opposed to the public weal, and under the old plan we elected many whose devotion to the public interest was pure and shining. On the whole, however, I believe the strong points and the weak spots in the two plans are as I have tried to indicate. I would not go back to the caucus and convention system; but I wish the direct-primary plan could be improved. The improvement indicated is, of course, a more intelligent interest in public affairs on the part of the voters. I am afraid we shall have to stumble and blunder along as we have done in the past for quite some time yet.

Power and Delicacy

THERE are few people who, like Chekhov and Anatole France, are masters of the sketch. In my opinion the short story is a mechanical and unhappy means of expression when compared with the sketch, although the distinction between the two is not always made clear. "Ebony and Ivory" (Harcourt, Brace) displays Llewelyn Powys's genius for this variety of writing. In his African pictures he can be pretty, vulgar, astonishing, but always quietly powerful. A thing like "Black Gods" is not easy to forget. Sometimes he turns to the personal essay, as in "A Leopard by Lake Elmenteita":

> Slowly the time dragged by as I waited for the dawn. In the small hours of the morning I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already past six and the first rays of the great equatorial sun were glancing down upon Africa. Cold and stiff I stood up and looked about. Shafts of fine golden light were slanting down upon the basalt rocks, upon the flamingoes in the shallows, — and upon the miraculous spotted body of a dead leopard which, outstretched in all its bizarre beauty, lay by the edge of those far-off mysterious waters which are called by the natives Elmenteita.

If "The Brown Satyr" is a little too much like Anatole France, we can

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easily forgive, for it is lovely in itself. I like, too, "The Wryneck". No one who cares for beautiful writing can fail to find several hours of absolute pleasure here. Theodore Dreiser, curiously enough, introduces this volume. It is like having a hippopotamus introduce a silver fox. Exalted, dignified, pathetic, is the essay on death with which the book closes:

> Death is dreadful, but would we, think you, without him, get such a divine thrill, as we dip our hands into the salt, consecrated water of the sea, or sit before the linen-laid tables in the luminous cities of the world?
>
> No, to the privileged he is a friend. To the feeble and woebegone surely he is no enemy.
>
> I went home and, sending the housekeeper to her room, sat by the side of my dead brother. A moth, I remember, a glittering silver moth, flew into the lamp and lay on the dressing-table in fluttering agony. Another passed out into the soft, odorous darkness of the garden.
>
> Gradually in its diurnal swing our portion of the earth caught the light of the sun whose radiance spread over the room, upon the familiar books, upon the geraniums at the window, and upon the ashen features lying there full of Pride, Contempt, and Scorn.

A Critical Viewpoint

THE gathering together of some of J. E. Spingarn's essays under the title "Creative Criticism" (Harcourt, Brace) makes available one of the few excellent texts of simple manner on a theory of criticism. His essay, "The New Criticism", has long been a favorite of mine, and of all who wish to develop a sane critical attitude. Here, wisely and gently, he shows the tendencies of critics in various ages and brings that lesson to bear upon our own time. No short paper could possibly give a better idea of what it means to review a book. Every book reviewer in the country should be forced to read it, and everyone who criticizes critics would do well to have a look at it. W. C. Brownell's essays are equally enlightening, but I think they are not so easy to understand. I should like to quote the end of this first chapter:

> From Goethe to Carlyle, from Carlyle to Arnold, from Arnold to Symons, there has been much talk of the "creative function" of Criticism. For each of these men the phrase held a different content; for Arnold it meant merely that Criticism creates the intellectual atmosphere of the age, — a social function of high importance, perhaps, yet wholly independent of æsthetic significance. But the ultimate truth toward which these men were tending was more radical than that, and plays havoc with all the old platitudes about the sterility of taste. Criticism at last can free itself of its age-long self-contempt, now that it may realize that æsthetic judgment and artistic creation are instinct with the same vital life. This identity does not sum up the whole life of the complex and difficult art of Criticism, but without it, Criticism would really be impossible. "Genius is to æsthetics what the ego is to philosophy, the only supreme and absolute reality", said Schelling; and without subduing the mind to this transcendental system, it remains true that what must always be inexplicable to mere reflection is just what gives power to poetry; that intellectual curiosity may amuse itself by asking its little questions of the silent sons of light, but they vouchsafe no answer to art's pale shadow, thought; the gods are kind if they give up their secret in another work of art, the art of Criticism, that serves as some sort of mirror to the art of literature, only because in their flashes of insight taste and genius are one.

In his chapter on "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre", Mr. Spingarn errs, from my own point of view; but there is a matter for argument in the question of the importance of the drama as printed or as acted, and the relative attitude of the critic toward each. The other two chapters in the book, on "Prose and Verse", and on "Creative Connoisseurship", are splendid. No clearer representation of the futility of all the vers libre discussions has been penned. This is an admirable and a clear book for all students of writing and of criticism.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THREE STUDIES OF LITERATURE

By Burton Rascoe

HERE are three books which I hope will be speedily adopted by the English departments of American colleges as textbooks or as books for collateral reading. At the moment I can imagine no cultural innovation in our colleges that would be more salutary. The youth in college, if he is aware of life and eager for the literary reflection of the life about him, usually finds that, for the professors, literature ended with the death of Thackeray in England and with Hawthorne in America; and that, for the writers of textbooks, literature ended before it ever began.

The college textbooks in English are usually full of every sort of device conceivable by the human brain for killing once and for all any interest in literature. If professors are dismayed that immediately upon escaping from the classrooms and reading books for pleasure their more spirited students begin proclaiming that Alfred Tennyson is a jackass and that Edna St. Vincent Millay is better than Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats all rolled into one, they have only themselves to blame. As Tennyson is (or has been) taught in the colleges he is a jackass, and Miss Millay is incomparably better than the exercises in prosody and homiletics that pass for Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats in the college classrooms.

At the conclusion of his section on American poets in the book he has written with his brother, Mark Van Doren reminds his readers that "the making of poetry is a continuous process, not an art once possessed by great masters but now lost and forgotten". That, to the intelligent mind, would seem to be so obvious as to be hardly worth repeating; but no one who knows English literature as it is taught in the colleges or who reads the current reviews can fail to reflect how frequently that truism should be insisted upon. I recall an anthology of American poetry published as late as 1920, intended for college classroom use, which ended with William Vaughn Moody, and omitted Emily Dickinson. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and Carl Sandburg — to name but three poets — were at the time already heralded throughout the land. But the professor's idea was that no poet is a good poet unless he is a dead one.

This belief proceeds from the ancient fallacy, which professors have been clan-anxious to perpetuate, that the perspective of a quarter or a half century must be had upon any writer before his true merits may be discerned. Nothing is further from the truth. The truth of the matter is that if, on being handed Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Richard Cory" or Miss Millay's "Ballad of a Harp-Weaver" on the day of its first appearance, a professor of English should say that he must wait half a century to make up his mind as to whether or not it is a good poem, he simply does not know, except from hearsay, whether "The Eve of Saint Agnes" or the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a good poem. The appreciation of literature is to a high degree spontaneous and intuitive and if one has it, one recognizes a master-

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piece of one's own time as readily as one recognizes a masterpiece by Shakespeare.

The fallacies of the college classrooms are often perpetuated in the book supplements. Hence it has been a peculiarity not only of American but of English criticism to condemn contemporaneous literature for not being like Elizabethan, Jacobean, or Victorian literature, and to set up invidious comparisons between a living author and an established classic of the last century. English criticism, for instance, has always been divided more or less into two camps, one of which believes that Thackeray should have written like Dickens and the other that Dickens should have written like Thackeray; and this sort of nonsense goes on in the reviews of Dreiser, Cabell, Lewis, and Cather.

Happily there is none of that in these three books. The Messrs. Van Doren in their "American and British Literature Since 1890" have done an audacious thing: they have left out Mark Twain, Henry James, W. D. Howells, Whitman, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier. All of these writers were alive after 1890 and some of them continued to write for many years after that date. But the Messrs. Van Doren realized that these writers have been pawed over by innumerable critics, and they confined themselves either to living writers or to writers not long dead who are usually passed over unnoticed in the literary histories. The method the Van Dorens have adopted is wholly admirable: they set down with accuracy, concision, and insight the claims that may be made for and against the authors they are discussing. The survey is by no means complete: I note for instance that Frank Moore Colby, Agnes Repplier, and Clarence Day, Jr., are missing from among the group of American essayists; T. S. Eliot (strangely, since Aldous Huxley is mentioned) and Emily Dickinson from among the poets, and E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf from among the novelists; but what there is of the survey is designed to quicken the student's interest in living literature.

Llewellyn Jones is the greatest authority on metrics we have had since Sidney Lanier. In fact, he is the only critic I know of in this country since Lanier who has devoted himself extensively to the subject. At all events he is the only one who has brought his specialized knowledge in metrics to the sympathetic interpretation of such modern innovators as Carl Sandburg, Adelaide Crapsey, and Vachel Lindsay. For a number of years Mr. Jones has practised the Crocean theory of æsthetic criticism in his columns in the Chicago "Evening Post" and for a long time he has labored valiantly to create an American audience for the passionate and dramatic poetry of Lascelles Abercrombie. It is pleasant, therefore, to find an excellent and contagious chapter on Abercrombie in his "First Impressions" and to find a long, expert, and eloquent chapter on the nature of poetry and a reasoned defense of the Crocean dicta. Mr. Jones's final definition is that all art "is the expression of some intuition and that is always accompanied by emotion". His book contains excellent chapters on Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, Yeats, de la Mare, and on Adelaide Crapsey, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, and Louise Bogan.

Abel Chevalley's "The Modern English Novel" serves again to show how greatly the French excel in the field of criticism; how uncluttered the French critical mind is from the prepossessions that usually hamper the American and English critics; and how swift and pene-

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trating is their gift for grasping and summarizing a writer's whole achievement. The only other work comparable to the foreigner's is Harold Williams's book on the same subject. M. Chevalley acknowledges his debt to Williams; but it is interesting to compare the two books and to note how much more readable M. Chevalley's book is even in translation, and how much further into the development of the novel he carries his book than does Mr. Williams. M. Chevalley presents brief summations of such contemporary writers as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, J. D. Beresford, Rose Macaulay, and Rebecca West.

"The novel is a work of prose fiction of a certain length", says M. Chevalley and so disposes of all of the cant about the novel form; and with another slash he disposes of the false distinctions between literature and journalism — "as if everything alive, direct, and efficacious in literature were not journalism." M. Chevalley's own book of criticism is literature. He has a refreshing aptitude for telling epigrams: "George Moore thinks like a concièrge but writes like an artist"; Henry James "was a bourgeois of cultivated Europe — a bourgeois gentilhomme in many respects — but a confirmed bourgeois"; "Matthew Arnold, the partisan of Gallic and Latin genius — of which genius, let it be said, Arnold saw only the intellectual side"; Meredith "has done more than anyone else to undermine the Victorian colossus. To him women owe the better part of their newly won dignity and liberty"; Thomas Hardy "is perhaps the first English novelist who has known how to begin and finish, how to draw a plan and cleave to it. This is one of the reasons why he is assured of enduring fame in France."

M. Chevalley employs the biographical method of critical interpretation with great success. A case in point is his fine study of the Brontës wherein, after he has sketched the career of Charlotte Brontë about whom English biography is so reticent, he says, "I have written a summary of this life because despite the sensational plots, there is almost nothing in the life and character of Charlotte Brontë that is not in her novels."

M. Chevalley's book is rich in ideas and in suggestions and his analyses are of the unhackneyed kind. It would be a pleasure to quote from him at length, did space permit. I cannot help calling attention, however, to the calm way in which the French critic points out that Victorian literature contained much "diffused Germanism, radiating from a half-German court", and that to this Germanic influence may be attributed these characteristics: "the predominance of a moral point of view; regard for respectability; the union of fiction and edification; the divorce of the realities that are 'beneficent' from those that are not; an abundance that is sometimes soggy; disregard for truth in itself and for itself; show-window sensibility, and *gemüthlichkeit* flowers in every exhibit."

American and British Literature Since 1890. By Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren. The Century Company.
First Impressions. By Llewellyn Jones. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Modern English Novel. By Abel Chevalley. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A NOVELIST

By Blair Niles

STELLA BENSON explains herself. "I have always suffered", she says, "from diverted attention. Of the

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two distinct general compartments of my mind, the one into which the sun most rarely shines, is the one reserved for soul-stirring impressions. The other compartment, filled with little curious happenings connected with everything or nothing, with spiders and spaghetti, boarding house keepers and beetles, puppies and Prime Ministers, is constantly in use with the blinds always drawn up."

In that malady of the "diverted attention" lies the refreshing originality of her work. Although "The Little World" covers ground, on the whole, reasonably well known to the globe trotter, Stella Benson has written of it with a slant all her own. She confesses, for example, that her memory of Akbar's tomb is thrown out of perspective by the intrusion in the garden of a tree which was quivering with the presence of a great many peculiarly charming gibbons, with grey velvet coats and black earnest faces. She realizes that there were hundreds of live gibbons to one dead Akbar. And if you've met and loved gibbons, as on the slopes of the Himalayas about Mundali they swing from branch to branch of the great evergreens, you agree that live gibbons are more engrossing than a dead Akbar.

Even in the presence of the Taj Mahal Stella Benson's diverted attention sees and remembers the gharry horses waiting outside for the tourists.

Everything comes to life under her touch. Buffaloes "wear their horns with pessimism and without *chic*". She knows no one with so humorous a face as an elephant. A "sporting lizard with a good figure and a well-wielded tongue" can hold her attention against any rivalry. She makes an amusing study of pigs as travelers, and in company with a sacred bull at Benares she meditates upon life and feminism.

Description in her hands is poetry, but she is too good a novelist ever to fall into any orgies of description. She paints with light suggestive strokes; showing you "little white beaches where no baby had every set spade" and "towns drowning in shadows". She feels a crying need for "imagination geographies . . . in which all the *feelings* of lands and seas would rise like a scent from between the pages".

They would — if Stella Benson wrote them!

Seeing the wild jungle cock and hens of Laos, she wonders whether "all the tame poor things of our civilization have somewhere a jungle in which they are radiant and wild, whether somewhere unsuccessful clerks and shy curates and lady-companions to irascible old ladies come into their heritage of lovely savagery". Such tender wistful humor is the essence of Stella Benson. It quivers like light in her pages.

The scope of this, her Little World, is comprehensive. It includes two visits to the United States, on one of which she and her husband cross the continent in a Ford car, peep at Mexico, at the Grand Canyon, and call upon Indians at Acoma. There is an *en passant* glance at Japan; so cursory that it might have been omitted in the book. This is true also of the New England chapter; and one could live without the Ford jokes and the account of our newspapers. These might amuse British readers but they are too chronic with us to be relished.

From Japan the author goes on to Manila; to China, where she spends some time in Peking, visits the Great Wall, and travels up the Yangtse. She has a brief chapter about Ceylon; and India is done in greater detail.

The book then settles down, to live with Stella Benson in Yunnan, that lovely hilly country west of China.

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There she records intimacies with valleys and mountains and Buddhas; and describes such absurdities as missionaries and the burning of confiscated opium in a country where "officially opium is not known, not sold, not bought, not smoked". The peasants come out to see the conflagration; and when it is over, she says, they go back to their dark little houses . . and to their consoling opium pipes.

And so you know that it is truly a Little World, for there we see ourselves of the Volstead Act — done in Chinese!

The book concludes with a journey by motor through Annan and into Laos over the new French road to Nhatrang, by train to Saigon, and thence by motor to Angkor.

Much of this Little World lives in my heart as a personal experience, so that I can of my own knowledge assure the stay-at-home reader that here is a travel book nowhere overdrawn, never sacrificing truth yet redolent of romance, full of laughter which is never cruel, and with a tolerant sympathy as wide as its horizons.

The Little World. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company.

GOOD AND OTHER FICTION

By Will Cuppy

SELECT six likely looking novels. Peel off the blurbful outer coverings, so tempting in the dear appearance but seldom rich in spiritual nourishment, pack neatly into a weekend bag, and peruse at your convenience under a beach umbrella. Since to read in haste may be to repent at leisure, gain time by making some sort of working agreement between the bungalow lamp, the mosquitoes, and your conscience.

Now what, if anything, would be the net results of an outing according to this recipe? That would largely depend upon the quality of the novels and of the reader, who may in all charity be credited with some degree of judgment in spite of his taking far too many books to the seashore. Would not the somewhat unwise means toward pleasure and profit be justified if he discovered among his hastily snatched armful one single novel not quite so terrible as usual, not to speak of two or three? The trend of the argument requires a decided "Yes!" to this question, and one who has tried it can testify that there is something more than rhetorical in the ringing affirmative.

One discovered, indeed — though he may be said to have taken it along for that very purpose — what he regarded as a completely first rate work: to wit, "Summer", the second volume of Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted", which began a publishing season ago with "Annette and Sylvie". Hardly a weekend volume, "Summer" is a beautiful and permanent possession, forming part of a trilogy which already matches "Jean-Christophe" in some respects and is obviously intended to stand at the right hand of that classic as a woman's Odyssey.

"Summer" will probably send the reader back to "Annette and Sylvie", but it is in no sense dependent upon the earlier volume. Its own form is at once sufficient unto itself and, by virtue of technical genius, perfectly suited to become a portion of a whole. "To strive, to seek, *not* to find, and not to yield" is the motto, set by the author on his title page, which we behold Annette Rivière living and testing from the year 1900, when she fled from her lover, Roger Brisson, to the outbreak of the world war. The birth of Roger's child — little Marc — in Paris, work as a teacher and secretary, and adven-

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tures in thought and emotion with several men, at least one of whom this "free woman in love" might have married in the end but for circumstance, are main events in the chronicle of fourteen years.

Probably not all readers will surrender at once to this soul history of a woman's middle age with the same trust they gave to the story of Jean-Christophe, who seemed so clearly to be M. Rolland himself. That might be a pity and a critical mistake, since "Summer" is fiction, after all, and not biography, and M. Rolland is not the first male author who has created a truly great woman character. But Annette's soul is not all. There is a living background of relatives — notably Sylvie, who marries — friends and enemies, there are many brilliant studies even of the lesser personages, there are scenes ranging from the quietly psychological to those that may well be called "big". Along with plenty of objective action, there are searching analyses of most of the major problems which confront Annette, and all of us, in the midway of this our mortal life.

If the holiday ration contains — as it does this time — an assortment of books from abroad, the curious reader may wish to concern himself with international tendencies and ratings. The dubious amusement would place Italy second to France, for on its merits Guido da Verona's sultry and rather gruesome "Life Begins To-morrow" deserves the popularity it is said to have attained at home. It deals passionately and, one might say, unrestrainedly, with a triangle composed of the beautiful Novella Fiesco, her invalid husband Giorgio, and her lover, Andrea Ferento. Giorgio's death by poison at the hands of the lover raises the question whether science has the right to take a life. Voluptuousness, vengeance, brutality, and some shocking medical details make this novel strong meat. But strength it has, and that is much.

Not least in interest among Guido da Verona's characters is Marcuccio, Novella's idiot brother, who writes poetry and cries, "I want to be famous, famous, famous!" Although Abby Mattocks in Mr. Beresford's new novel paints, he seeks neither fame nor money, "but only the ecstasy of satisfying the fierce lust for expressing the ideas that burned in him". He is given out as a genius with soiled hands and a habit of spilling cigarette ashes. Brenda Wing, wife of the squire at Zeal-Afford, kisses him in a laudable effort to make him give up drugs and drink and go to work, and Mr. Beresford recounts the resultant scandal mongering. Even when Abby paints Brenda as "a wooded pool in half-sunlight", she perseveres. Little light is cast upon the proposition posed, whether one can or should try to change other people. "The Monkey Puzzle" is to be read for its story rather than for any charm or wisdom in its personages.

Harking back for a moment to Central Europe, one comes delighted upon Arpad Ferenczy's Indian fantasy "Kunala", based upon the Jatakas, the authorship of which is accorded by tradition to the Gotama Buddha himself. Seated among the lesser elephant birds, parabulas, celewakas, and bhimakaras, and surrounded by his wives, the three and one half thousand and two parrot maidens, the Kunala bird, who is the Buddha in a former life, relates to the Cuckoo king fifteen tales all proving that "women are depraved and dangerous and calamitous". When the Kunala bird is displeased with his wives, the three and one half thousand and two parrot maidens, and he always is, he says to them, "Go to perdition,

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ye disreputable birdlings! Cease to exist, ye scandalous parrot maidens, ye inglorious and faithless wives!" One cannot help thinking that milder language on the Kunala bird's part would have brought more satisfactory results.

Remaining are two novels of the open spaces. "The Contracting Circle" is a sombre fiction of the Australian bush, showing the deadly effects of isolation and monotony upon Martin and Maggie O'Brian. In Book One Martin talks to himself. In Book Two Maggie talks to herself. In the end we sympathize with the couple who, for all we know to the contrary, deserved a better fate. One regrets especially the passing of the servant Illagaga (called Gaga for short). Last, and to some tastes least, is James Oliver Curwood's latest. This is a story of strong men and lovely women in Quebec, all more or less concerned with the fortunes of the Laurentian Paper and Pulp Company. Another thread has to do with "that detestable maggot in the feminine brain — the passion for bobbing". "Hair raising" might not be too strong a word for this part of the book. Mr. Curwood seems to demand a certain kind of reader. In case one of the other kind has taken "The Ancient Highway" to the seaside — well, life has its little tragedies. But even so, let him cheer up. There is always the ocean.

Summer. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. Henry Holt and Company.

Life Begins To-morrow. By Guido da Verona. Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Kunala: An Indian Fantasy. By Arpad Ferenczy. With a foreword by C. A. Hewavitarne. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Monkey Puzzle. By J. D. Beresford. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Contracting Circle. By E. L. Grant Watson. Boni and Liveright.

The Ancient Highway. By James Oliver Curwood. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

THE LONE WINTER PASSES

By Thomas Boyd

MIDDLE Vermont is a succession of dark, green amphitheatres, perhaps the most charming of which are to be found in the neighborhood of Woodstock, that white and stately village toward which the Quechee flows from the west and the Kedron trickles from the south. Follow any of these streams and you have a winding gravel road whereon soft shadows fall from pine, cedar, hemlock, and crisply blue spruce. Both stream and road lead through rounded valleys of many shades, valleys made of leisurely curves of earth, studded with rugged boulders. And in these hills, where there are suitable windbrakes, stand old farmhouses, whipped by many kinds of weather.

Anne Bosworth Greene lives in one of those houses. A rainy grey, except at one end where the vegetable paint refuses to peel — which consequently gives it the appearance of continuously reflecting a sunset, this aged frame dwelling blurs into the hillside on which it stands. While below, looking from the front porch downward, there lies a patch of wood, and a great width of pasture land where a string of Shetland ponies kick, squeal, and fatten their sleek hides on the fragrant grass. Mrs. Greene has a pony farm.

It was as chronicler of daily events on this farm that Mrs. Greene wrote her book, "The Lone Winter". A journal in form, it vividly, sometimes romantically, sometimes sentimentally, de-

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tailed the troubles and adventures of a woman, accustomed to the easier life of the city, who had to cope alone with the vicissitudes of winter farm life — milking cows, feeding, bedding, watering, and doctoring several head of riding horses and a number of ponies, riding over slippery hills for provisions, facing the cheerlessness of long isolation. "The Lone Winter" may have had many faults, but it had one strong virtue. Which was that the author remarkably proved her ability to individualize those ponies, those horses, her dogs and cattle.

In her latest book Mrs. Greene has written of a more friendly season, an agreeable summer with the companionship of her daughter and her help in performing the work of the farm. And so events run smoothly, the stars shine down with warmth, and skies are ever clear: "Dipper Hill" is "The Lone Winter" with all the rigors and loneliness removed. The thread of narrative interest, announced at the beginning and iterated at the close, is thin, and mostly of interest to horticulturists. For, after the lone winter has come the springtime, quickly merging into summer, and all that is needed to make the farm ideally complete is a flower garden. And the flower garden, despite burrowings of woodchucks and the trampling hoofs of a horse that strayed, becomes an unquestionable fact. Now there are beds of swaying poppies, tall larkspur, verbena, gentian, and lavender; and above this square of scents and colors, sounds often the industrious buzzing of a humming bird as it hangs tremulous before the cup of a flower, then speeds upward to rest on the twig of a nearby tree. Though this is all pretty enough, a flower garden is, after all, only a flower garden, while thirty below zero is a decided affliction.

It may be that the literary deities of Mrs. Greene are not so exacting as they might be. Mention of Stevenson, referred to by the three telltale initials, of Kipling, of Alfred Noyes, is frequent in the pages; a burbly prose which sounds like a shallow brook, and long philosophical divagations which are like that brook run dry, might be accounted for in this way. Nevertheless, Mrs. Greene has retained her ability to characterize her Shetlands. Here is one of them: "Eleanor is so bay that she fairly burns in the sun; so fat hipped she resembles a Belgian draft-horse; so thick necked, square-nosed, and conscientious-looking that one is amused the moment one glances at her; and to see her thus taking herself home with bridle-reins knotted high behind her ears and an expression of arrant joy, was too much for us. Competence was in every wag of that uplifted head, in every boastful out-throwing of those strong little bay fore-legs, with their drift of whity black hair at the ankle. A pony 'on its own' always throws its legs with touching grandeur. . . ."

Dipper Hill. By Anne Bosworth Greene. The Century Company.

BRINGING UP PARENTS

By Margery Williams Bianco

ONE of those points on which we are drawn at times to envy the lower animals is the apparent absence of any educational problem, beyond the primitive rule of "safety first". Cats and dogs, it is true, make some effort at instilling good manners in their offspring, but this may be merely a concession to the forced relationship with the strange and exacting race of mankind. Alone in the animal king-

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dom is the upbringing of the human young destined forever to be an adventure, fraught with peculiar difficulties and dangers; and the longer we live the less we seem to know about it. The whole thing is, and must remain, experimental — wherein lies its great fascination — and even though occasional successes do occur we are always left with the horrid doubt that they may be, and probably are, purely accidental.

The most, it would seem, that the mere layman and parent can ever hope for is to avoid the more obvious pitfalls and mistakes. Angelo Patri's latest contribution "School and Home" offers much tactful help and suggestion. Mr. Patri is an idealist, but his ideals have a practical foundation. He is very genuinely concerned with the betterment of the present existing relationship between the growing child and the adult, whether in the school or the home, on which the whole question of education hinges. He is a champion of the child as an individual, and he brings to his cause understanding and imagination, combined with a sense of humor and an appreciation of child character based on long and varied experience, which save him from sentimentality. He is a firm respecter of children's rights and an upholder of the old truth that so called badness is only energy misdirected.

The successful direction and development of this energy is the aim of the ideal school Mr. Patri outlines; in the meanwhile, he feels that the only solution lies in the fullest possible cooperation between the present existing school and the home itself. The problem is how these two conflicting camps can be best reconciled for the child's salvation. Parents are only too ready to shift their own responsibility onto the school; let the school educate the child and don't bother us. Mr. Patri, as an educationalist, feels that the real root of the trouble lies frequently in the home; in this statement the more honest kind of parent, secretly conscious of shortcomings, will be inclined to agree with him. He wants not only better schools but better parents, and if some of the examples he quotes are to be taken as typical of the average parental intelligence, he is right. Catch your parent young, would seem to be the real secret — only one can so rarely succeed in doing it. Meantime, over this battlefield of the child's spiritual and physical being the old warfare continues and is likely to continue, in spite of all efforts at understanding; and out of it the child's own personality does in the end emerge, very much, we suspect, as nature originally intended it.

To participators in the game on either side Mr. Patri gives, out of his experience and insight, cogent advice and suggestion; the onlooker will find his volume fascinating reading. He deals with the everyday problems of child psychology simply and directly, with arguments that even the dullest of parents must take to heart, while the more sensitive will get from him courage and support in their own experimental endeavors. Above all, he is one of those rare beings who have not forgotten their own childhood, and it is this memory which gives a living and sympathetic quality to all that he writes. Imaginative parents and teachers will find real pleasure in his book; the unimaginative may stand to lose much of their conceit in the reading but will gain that which is of far greater value.

School and Home. By Angelo Patri. D. Appleton and Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

"STILL More Prejudice", by A. B. Walkley (Knopf), falls with a whimsical, a mellowed irony from one of the most richly distinguished critical pens in England. Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London "Times", was born in 1855; and what he is pleased to call his "prejudice" is far from recognizable as such, after the ripening lapse of exactly three score years and ten. A deep but unobtrusive erudition; a keen, aristocratic yet temperate discernment; a feeling and a flair for what is amusing and for what matters: such attributes give to this and to the several former collections of Mr. Walkley's essays a permanent rank among the most delightful "papers" which have appeared since Addison. "Superbity" (Mr. Shaw's), "Office Boys" (Mr. Wells's), "Untidy Charm" (Johnson's, Rodin's, Paul Poiret's), "Cabotinage", "Duse", and "Mr. Baldwin's Pipe": even this random handful of titles will bear witness to how catholic is the field of Mr. Walkley's prejudice.

More or less divine philosophy manages somehow to be charming even when applied to so earthy a subject as war. André Maurois succeeds in interesting the contemplative reader even when he turns from the spritelike Shelley of "Ariel" to such mortals as Napoleon, Kitchener, and Foch. He presents in "Captains and Kings" (Appleton) three somewhat Platonic dialogues dealing chiefly with the characteristics of the "great man" as he exists in battle, with such allied topics as leadership in the large, the place of courage, enthusiasm, activity, fear, and intuition in military genius. The champion of the man of action is Lieutenant C ——, of the 7th Dragoons, commanding the military post at Bou Salah, who debates with his former tutor, Monsieur R ——, professor of philosophy at a Paris lycée. The philosopher is constrained to believe with a recent observer that in war the generals propose and the Fates dispose, while the lieutenant argues, with multitudinous examples from the field, that military success is indebted, as in other occupations, to purely human attributes. "There is a good deal in what you say", admits the philosopher, and the same reflection may equally be applied to his own reasonings. Wit, logical subtlety, and at some points beauty distinguish the dialogues. They will be prized most by specialists in the art of war, although their significance, by virture of the large philosophical and metaphysical questions proposed, extends far beyond so circumscribed a territory. Those who do not care for the dialectics should find entertainment in the numerous anecdotes of eminent fighters.

It would appear that Burton Rascoe is no slave to the kind of detached and gently speculative criticism which he has been wont, now and again, to practise. In his "Theodore Dreiser" (McBride), a contribution to the Modern American Writers Series edited by Ernest Boyd, he swings the argumentative meat ax so desperately as almost to obscure his main contention that the author of "Sister Carrie" is "one of the authentic geniuses American literature has produced". Stuart P. Sherman,

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the chief recipient of Mr. Rascoe's blows, is charged with being the ring leader of the "critical yelping", misrepresentation, and general campaign of calumny which has pursued Dreiser through the years as an immoralist, Devil's advocate, insulter of American womanhood, ogre, Machiavelli, and terrible Don Juan. Mr. Rascoe finds a better place for his subject, of whom he remarks, "If anything, his moralizing tendency is his greatest drawback as an artist." Who knows but that the heat of this little booklet — a not unwelcome phenomenon in a none too exciting field — may bring more light to bear upon a vexed problem of our letters? Readers who may condemn the treatise on the grounds of mere politeness should still find measurable entertainment in the author's reflections on "Mr. Brownell's kittenish wit", "Mr. Sherman's oily periods", and so on.

"Gone Abroad" (Houghton Mifflin) records the experiences of Douglas Goldring in less frequented parts of Europe, such as the Balearic Isles, and in familiar places out of season. Mr. Goldring is an experienced traveler and a sensitive observer; but he imparts to his book the quality of a literary work by including sketches of characters and incidents and, as the occasion permits, speaking his mind or merely talking at random. In fact, to those who are sympathetic to his general outlook and its concrete manifestations in decidedly minority opinions on political and social questions, he offers a genuine personal intimacy.

It seems to us that poems of revolt cool more quickly than any other type of verse. In "Poems for the New Age" (Seltzer) Simon Felshin has set down in the heat of his rebellious enthusiasm many familiar lines that we have long heard echoing and reechoing through the work of the socalled "young radicals". By this time, in fact, we can almost foresee the various turns that the young poet's inspiration will take. First of all there is the attitude of the young man "fresh for the fight", striding belligerently among the ruins of the old men's civilization. After this we may safely look for lamentations on the death, untimely and cruel, of the young men's leaders, from the humblest Red soldier to Karl Liebknecht and John Reed. Somewhere in such a volume there is to be found a long poem about the city — New York or Chicago — in which the poet delineates the wrongs of the oppressed masses with a scorching pen. And last of all we find poems that express the erotic rebellion of mind and body against bourgeois social conventions. In this particular portion of his book, for instance, the author of "Poems for the New Age" follows faithfully the pattern of his predecessors. Here is an excerpt from "Lamentation":

> I curse the marriage laws.
> I curse the whole social system
> Which makes marriage
> An economic arrangement.

It is the iteration of such catch phrases that makes one impatient with so many of the radical versifiers. Here is verse not without charm, and an expression, often powerful in its crude colloquialism, which sometimes soars to shivering heights. But the reader who today thumbs these searing pages turns away from them with the weariness of one who has read too much of this sort of thing. We know that all revolts must have their singers, and that certain songs that were influential in stirring up such a tremendous upheaval as the Russian revolution will doubtless out-

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live the purpose for which they were written. But these poems will be few, and we do not believe that Mr. Felshin's work will endure with them. Its smoke will have blown away before the fires of new causes arise.

In "The Earth Speaks to Bryan" (Scribner), Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History has assembled the main verities of evolution, including the Foxhall, Piltdown, Heidelberg, Crô-Magnon, and Tennessee men, and other exhibits tending to disprove the notions about evolution held by the Great Commoner. This "tall professor coming down out of the trees", as his oratorical antagonist dubbed him, argues cogently and sometimes wittily as an evolutionist and a Christian. His chapter on "Evolution and Daily Living" is devoted to pointing out the beneficial effects of evolution upon conduct. It contains the startling statement that "Paley's 'Evidences' may be challenged now no more effectively than it could be challenged in 1858". "The Credo of a Naturalist" illustrates the *rapprochement* between theology and science to which the author lends countenance. Professor Osborn's horror of "materialism" and "mechanism" and his departures from the "soulless" psychology of such relatively conservative investigators as Dewey and McDougall are quite as likely to excite argument among some of the evolutionists as among Mr. Bryan's henchmen.

Serious concern about the condition of the English highways has moved Hilaire Belloc to write a serious book on the subject. The author of "The Road" (Harper) points out that the omnipresence of the internal combustion engine will compel drastic new arrangements and concludes that "what we need is, and that immediately, a certain number — quite a large number — of great arterial roads very broad and straight with a special surface, confined to motor traffic alone." He proceeds to develop a plan based upon this almost incontrovertible pronouncement. Before reaching this solemn stage, Mr. Belloc has put the reader clear upon the theory and history of "the road" in general and of the English road in particular. Seven charming illustrations, fifteen maps and diagrams, elucidate a volume which seems to bear a family likeness to the "Short Rational Discourse, lately presented to His Majesty, Concerning the High-ways of England", printed "for a Publick good in the year 1675", the title page of which serves Mr. Belloc for a frontispiece.

Ethel Colburn Mayne is not to be taken in by probably apocryphal tales of the sirens of the past. Neither is she so uncharitable as to omit these tidbits from her handsome and sizable volume called "Enchanters of Men" (Putnam). It is her gift of a pretty humor even more than her talent for austere research which gives solid value to her histories of five mistresses of kings, four courtezans, five royal ladies, five stars of the theatre, opera, and ballet, and four "Egerias". Quite properly the author suspects the many chroniclers who have hated Diane de Poitiers, and wonders whether the four and twenty biographers of Lola Montez have hit upon the truth. Tullia d'Aragona, Ninon herself, Sophie Arnould, of whose voice someone said, "It's the loveliest asthma I ever heard" — she regards them all with a less solemn eye than is customary among male observers, without endangering the mood of æsthetic reverence proper

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to any consideration of these famous ladies, "fair, frail, fascinating — and foreign". Portraits from old prints of the enchanters adorn the book, with one of Lord Byron thrown in, only a page or two from the counterfeit presentment of his Guiccioli.

The authentic inside story of a Wall Street man's career is well told by Edwin Lefèvre in his latest book, "The Making of a Stockbroker" (Doran). Mr. Lefèvre's widely read financial stories have justly won him the rôle of spokesman for the invariable misinterpreted life of the modern stock market. His present narrative traces carefully, with considerable enlightening detail, the rise of a successful broker from a clerkship to entrance into the firm as partner. The work serves eloquently to discredit the persistently unfair and legendary conceptions of Wall Street as the paradise of predatory gamblers and immense, easily made fortunes.

In his introduction to "The Sunny Side" (Dutton) A. A. Milne says that "this sort of writing depends largely upon the irresponsibility and high spirits of youth for its success". If this is true — and who are we to gainsay such an authority? — the gods must have used a bottomless measure when they meted out these three qualities to Mr. Milne, for of all the writers of light verse and lighter sketches he is easily our favorite. "The Sunny Side" is a miscellany of the best of the stuff which he wrote during his years on "Punch". If it did not seem like funking one's job one might quote further from the introduction such lines as, "Perhaps the fact that this collection is final will excuse its air of scrappiness. Odd Verses have crept in on the unanswerable plea that, if they didn't now, they never would; War Sketches protested that I shouldn't have a book at all if I left them out; an Early Article, omitted from three previous volumes, paraded for the fourth time with such a pathetic 'I suppose you don't want *me*' in its eye that it could not decently be rejected." But as it would be funking, one must go on with one's own futile review. Therefore, summing up the argument, we of the affirmative declare that if you have this book and "If I May" and "Not That It Matters", earlier collections, you have one of the best libraries to be had in the modern tradition of humor.

In the huge task of writing "A Political and Social History of the United States" (Macmillan), Homer C. Hockett and Arthur M. Schlesinger have accomplished an authoritative work marked by breadth and thoroughness of knowledge which give it encyclopædic value. Volume I (1492–1828) is by Professor Hockett, Volume II by Professor Schlesinger, and the collaborators have sought successfully to interpret the country's social history through the developments of its political and economic life. Minor, but comprehensive, space is therefore devoted to our various wars, the bulk of the contents being a scholarly consideration of the vast problems which preceded and followed the conflicts, our territorial expansion, the gradual growth of a stable, united government, and the parts played by eminent leaders in the guidance of our domestic and foreign wellbeing.

Though fashions in both prose and poetry have changed much since his day, a new collection of some of the work of Austin Dobson cannot be passed by without a sincere gesture of deference to that graceful and much

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admired poet. "An Austin Dobson Anthology" (Oxford) includes many delightful prose sketches in a form that has almost become a lost art. There are familiar essays here on every sort of subject, the most interesting being those that concern themselves with literary personages. The art of the vignette was raised to a place of distinction by Dobson, both in his poetry and prose. Because the prose sketches are perhaps less known than the poems, we are grateful that so full a collection of them has been made in the present compilation. But the poems are not slighted. The inimitable "Molly Trefusis" appears here, along with others that show the sly art of trick versification in which Dobson delighted. Certain of the more serious poetical works, though few in number, show a hand schooled to the art of the poet's craft. In format the book is admirable, and is made more valuable by a frontispiece portrait of the poet and a biographical note by Alban Dobson, his son. There is also a short foreword by Edmund Gosse that brings back some of the flavor of Dobson's heyday.

There is a time honored tradition which has been built up around translations, and perhaps justly so. They are, generally speaking, unsatisfactory. The reader frequently senses a hopeless gulf between himself and the original. Thus, one opens Christopher Morley's book "Two Fables" (Doubleday, Page) with the usual misgivings. However, almost at the outset one settles down with a feeling of adequacy and satisfaction. The first fable is that *chef d'œuvre* of de Musset, "Le Merle Blanc", an immortal "White Blackbird". The translation is exquisite. It retains all the charm and *esprit* of the original, and Mr. Morley has preserved the satirical brilliance which de Musset intended. The other fable is from the German of Hauff. Not to betray the "nob" of the tale, the title is changed to "The Young Foreigner". This study of manners, under the most amusing cloak of humor, is a very fine piece of work. The introduction to the two fables thus curiously combined explains their *raison d'être;* the underlying idea of having united them is essentially a part of Mr. Morley's whimsical fancy. They complete each other astonishingly.

Michael Monahan's "Adventures in Life and Letters" (Frank-Maurice) has at last been given a new, revised edition, which should be welcome news to the numerous admirers of his work who have long been unable to possess the volume. Among our contemporary essayists Monahan is as completely in a class alone as was the solitary Huneker. Those who remember our first one-man magazine, Monahan's "Papyrus", and the valiant, mellow beauty of its pages, will find in the present reissue a rich miscellany of Monahan's best "Papyrus" prose, a prose which, for grace, purity, and charm, is very near perfection.

The first issue in an interesting new biographical series, "Curiosities of Politics" (Little, Brown), edited by Philip Guedalla, is "Robert Owen" by G. D. H. Cole. It is an able, sympathetic, but restrained life of modern British Socialism's father, the pioneer of Trade Unionism, founder of the first cooperative communities, humanitarian idealist and Utopian, the greatest living force of his time in educational and labor reforms. Mr. Cole wisely suggests that Owen's work should be judged by the enduring achievements of his maturity and late middle years, and not by the pathetic spectacle of a

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garrulous, senile visionary which he presented to the world in his dotage.

It is, apparently, not only the English who enjoy travel in out of the way places. Dr. A. Eugene Bartlett writes, in "Least Known America" (Revell), of a portion of the southwest — comprising parts of Arizona and New Mexico — difficult of access, with "Indian cities . . . that have changed little since the days of Christopher Columbus, and that were well established when he was born", with remains of "a civilization so far back of the Indians that they have only confused traditions of it". Dr. Bartlett writes also of Newfoundland, of the Albany Wilderness in the White Mountains, and of other little explored regions; and his account is one of great interest.

When, almost simultaneously with the publication of "J. Ramsay MacDonald: The Man of Tomorrow", that labor leader became the "man of today" by attaining the premiership, a sequel to the biography became inevitable. "Iconoclast", who wrote the first, has now issued "J. Ramsay MacDonald (1923–1925)" (Seltzer). The book is less a biography than an interpretation of an administration. The viewpoint is partizan but it is not so biased as to be unsound. The explanation of the famous "Red" letter incident, and that of the consequent defeat at the election, are illuminating even if they are somewhat embittered. So sound is most of the writing that we can forgive a final chapter which should be read aloud to an accompaniment of "Hearts and Flowers" played tremolo.

Who now remembers that Cardinal Newman wrote two novels, entitled respectively "Loss and Gain" (1848) and "Callista" (1855)? The earlier tale concerns chiefly the spiritual struggles of one Charles Reding, only son of an Anglican clergyman, who decides while at Oxford that he cannot conscientiously sign the Thirty Nine Articles, and finally is received into the Roman Catholic communion. "Callista" has to do with a beautiful pagan Greek maiden who becomes convinced of the truth of Christianity and suffers martyrdom. Joseph J. Reilly, in his "Newman as a Man of Letters" (Macmillan), holds that these stories, "byplays of genius, done *en passant* by a man who was a preacher, a controversialist, a poet, an historian, and a theologian before he was a novelist", may be said to have "excellences which justify their existence, though not their designation as novels in any real sense". The general reader, who is likely to know only the "Apologia", the "Dream of Gerontius", and the "Idea of a University", will come across in this volume a large new field of interest in Newman's other writings. The specialist will be grateful for what is perhaps the fullest critical consideration of the subject to date. The author, who admires at almost every point, has essayed the difficult task of detachment with some success, presenting adequate evidence for his judgments as to Newman's mastery of rhetoric, perfections of style, and psychological insight. He has not concerned himself with Newman's conversion except as it bears upon his literary career.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The inevitable always happens, which, being interpreted, means that Harold Bell Wright and James Oliver Curwood never miss the bull's eye. Further comment on the newcomers in the August fiction score is unnecessary, but a word of welcome to Merian Cooper is not out of place. This reporter is at the moment of writing one of the vast army of summer tourists pervading Florida by motor car, a horde which augurs an uncountable host when the winter season of periodical migration sets in. The comparison between the perilous migration of the tribe whose nomadic life is celebrated in "Grass" and the mobile Americans who, thanks to Henry Ford, are returning to the habits of their roving ancestors and following the sun and the swallows in their annual flights, is a close one.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Arrowsmith	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
4.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
5.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
6.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
7.	The Mother's Recompense	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
8.	The Peasants	*Ladislas Reymont*	KNOPF
9.	Barren Ground	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	A Son of His Father *	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
12.	The Ancient Highway *	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
3.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
5.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
6.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
7.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
9.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
10.	The Life of Abraham Lincoln	*William E. Barton*	BOBBS
11.	Grass *	*Merian C. Cooper*	PUTNAM
12.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Dynamitic Diaries from France — A Novel in Several Dimensions — America and Paul Morand — Pirandello's Short Stories — An Italian Novel — The Black Death.

FOR several years we have been promised the publication of certain fragments of the diaries kept by Jules and Edmond de Goncourt. These were not to appear until twenty five years after Edmond de Goncourt's death. This period ended in 1922, since when the Académie de Goncourt, on whom devolves the task of issuing the work, has furnished one pretext after another for delaying its appearance. The truth of the matter is that the two brothers were distinctly gullible as regards the weaknesses of their contemporaries and filled their journal with malicious gossip and poisonous innuendo about many authors of both sexes who are still alive, or whose families might object to this resurrection of dead and forgotten scandal. The Académie de Goncourt will no doubt be more reluctant than ever to sanction the publication of the diaries in view of the recent uproar in England caused by Captain Peter Wright's attacks on the moral character of Mr. Gladstone. The present Lord Gladstone took up the cudgels on behalf of his dead father with a bitter and vigorous counter attack. In France the challenge might have taken another and more serious form. The Caillaux sensation is not yet ancient history.

Another diary in somewhat similar vein will, however, be issued shortly, and the announcement has created a furious commotion in a number of literary dovecotes. The author is Jules Renard, who died some fifteen years ago and is chiefly remembered for a poignant study of child life entitled "Poil de Carotte". Renard knew intimately, and disliked cordially, most of the authors connected with the naturalist and symbolist movements in French literature, as well as many others who have since gained Academic honors. Of a naturally timid disposition, he refrained from expressing his personal views during his lifetime but recorded them faithfully from day to day. The existence of these diaries, which will be in three volumes and form the first part of a complete edition of Renard's works, has long been a matter of literary gossip and surmise. Since their appearance has been definitely announced, several people who have, presumably, good reason to fear the author's caustic pen, have approached the publisher, François Bernouard, with requests to suppress any passages in which they are mentioned. Bernouard has refused to do this, cheerfully taking the risk of probable libel actions.

* * * *

I hesitate to classify a new volume entitled "La Nuit Kurde", by Jean Richard Bloch, in any familiar category of fiction. At first glance it would seem to be an extraordinarily effective adventure story, a sort of additional chapter to some modern "Arabian Nights" told with the psychological insight of a disciple of Marcel Proust. This in itself would be a *tour de force*. To have produced a richly woven nar-

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rative full of "*du sang, de la volupté, et de la mort*" is an achievement. Bloch succeeds in presenting us with so convincing a stage setting that we accept the alien morality of his characters as entirely natural and are never shocked by the violence of their emotional reactions.

Underneath this outer fabric the author has woven another sort of pattern. In his preface and epilogue he makes the reader understand that the intensely vivid characters in the narrative itself are in a sense symbols. Saad, the hero, is Everyman, freed at twenty of the inhibitions of our western life but the victim of those changing moods which are part of all human experience. Evanthia is not only the beautiful daughter of the richest merchant of Kasir, but also the "dream girl" who in one form or another has haunted the dreams of all of us "in the brave days when we were twenty one".

Not satisfied with all this, Bloch goes a step further and attempts an entirely original experiment in what might be described as an hexagonal dialogue. On parallel lines, reminiscent of a music score, we have the words of Saad, the conscious thoughts of Saad, the subconscious thoughts of Saad, intermingled with those of his companion Mirzo. By means of a change in type for each section of this "sextette" the reader can follow any one or more parts separately. To read them in succession produces at first the effect of a Freudian and Joycian nightmare; but with a little practice one becomes accustomed to the method. The result is peculiarly fascinating.

* * * *

Possibly it may be revenge against those Anglo-Saxon authors who, from Laurence Sterne to Mary Borden, have taken delight in picturing the French generally, and Parisians in particular, as addicted one and all to the seven shocking sins; but it is notable that the English speaking races have been rather harshly treated lately in French fiction.

I have in mind Abel Hermant's bitter study, in "Le Cycle de Lord Chelsea", of those traits in English social life with which even Michael Arlen does not venture to deal; and Christian Fournier's very modern novel of American life, "La Parabole du Mariage". Now Paul Morand, in a couple of the stories included in his latest volume, "L' Europe Galante", portrays certain types of emigrants from America who, if they were bound in the other direction, might well get no farther than Ellis Island. Yet we feel a distinct regret that Paul Morand does not tell us more about the life and career of Iris Sidedish and Mr. and Mrs. Caress. The former came from a "rainy state in the middle west" of America. Her family were Democrats, Lutherans, and Free Masons, and Iris dearly loved Mlle. Emilie Perrier, alias Daphne. The more normally married couple searched for and found strange, half glimpsed orgies in the Bois de Boulogne. In another of the stories in "L' Europe Galante" Morand is at pains to explain that he is a maker of paradox, always prepared to prove the exact opposite of any statement he may just have made. We may, therefore, expect some day to have him edify us with an account of the conventionality of Iris's morals and the childlike innocence of Mr. and Mrs. Caress. Perhaps, on the contrary, he will simply tell us to reread another day these stories we now have before us. So true is it that in Morand the individual reader may discover whatever he happens to be looking for at that particular moment. Comparing "L' Europe Galante" with Morand's other vol-

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umes of short stories, I am inclined to think it marks a distinct advance. It has the hard incandescent brilliancy of "Ouvert la Nuit" without at times its rather forced realism and brutality. Instead we have a subtle eroticism, recalling that of the drawings of Marie Laurencin. But when will "The Playboy of French Literature" make up his mind to give us a real, full length novel such as we felt should follow his "Lewis and Irene"? Perhaps the East — where he is at present, having just been given a post as diplomatic representative to Siam — will teach him not wisdom, for that he has already, but the secret of contemplative philosophy.

* * * *

No less than twenty four volumes of Signor Pirandello's short stories are promised for publication. The eighth volume of the series — "Novelle per un Anno" — has recently been published in Florence. The majority of the stories bear little resemblance to the author's plays, but the same characteristic irony is discernible.

* * * *

A clever Italian novel is "Il Cuore Che M'Hai Dato" by Fausto Maria Martini (Milan: Mondadovi). It is the story of a husband who, although he adores his wife, cannot refrain from torturing her with his jealousy. Paolo is the victim of an almost insane and, as it turns out, hereditary passion, which he must indulge, although he himself suffers exquisite torture in the process. This bald summary of the theme hardly does justice to the artistic beauty of the story. The book is well worth translating, if only for its setting of an Italian family.

The progress of modern medicine and surgery is startlingly evident to the reader of "Der Schwarze Tod: Eine Chronik der Pest" (Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer). The editor of this remarkable book on "The Black Death" has compiled, mainly from contemporary sources, all the available facts regarding the plagues which wrought such havoc in Europe in mediæval times.

To the student of history the book is of considerable value, but it will interest the general reader. Something of the gruesome fascination of a medical museum permeates its pages, with their quotations from Boccaccio and Machiavelli and reproductions of the Dance of Death paintings and Holbein woodcuts.

The Black Death — or as we know it now, the bubonic plague — swept over Europe with terrifying regularity during the period 1348–1720. The fourteenth century Pope, Clement VI, estimated that in that century alone at least 43 million human beings died under the scourge. Among its victims were Titian, Giorgione, Holbein, and Cornelius Jansen. The preventive measures adopted seem to us, of course, as useless as they were primitive. According to contemporary writers, a cheerful mind was the best safeguard against the epidemic. A curious theory that if the air was kept moving it would somehow be free from infection was responsible for the provision of fans or small birds flying in many of the houses.

The book certainly emphasizes the debt owed by modern civilization to the pioneers of pathology and bacteriology.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:

It would be interesting to know what your readers think of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's prophecy in "The Cruise of the Nona" concerning Lewis Carroll's work, viz.:

"I am perfectly certain that ('Alice in Wonderland') will not long survive the easy and unquestioned security of the England of (Lewis Carroll's) day."

It is difficult to understand this conclusion since the book in question holds no reference to that period, no political allusion, nor even the Mid-Victorian bogey, "class distinction", unless the "Red Queen's" methods smack of Bolshevism, and the hours of work appointed for the "forty maids with forty mops" suggest an infringement on Trade Union rules!

But perhaps my opinion is biased by personal memories of the author, that eccentric and reverent lover of children who used to say: "There are only two ages in which a woman is interesting: under seven and over seventy.". Not that I have reached the latter! But I can give you an instance of Lewis Carroll's sympathy with the former, if I am not trespassing on your space.

Scene: a country house on a winter evening, hushed, expectant of a guest. Two children of four and five have their faces pressed to a frosty window looking down on a drive.

The noise of wheels is heard and a dog-cart draws up below. There follows a pause, prolonged until the children's excitement gives place to disappointment. Has he failed them? No, the nursery door opens and their mother's voice says gaily: "Here he is!" Immediately shyness falls on the pair.

There enters a quiet elderly man who, after the children's embarrassed greeting, drops into a chair by the fire and begins to talk to himself.

Lewis Carroll, pensively: "Now I wonder where he is?"

(Searches in his pockets and produces a large pair of scissors with blunted ends. The children steal closer, watching him as, from a letter case, he extracts another pair, an absurd contrast, barely two inches long.)

"That's right! They always travel together."

Presently the little girl is sitting on his knee, the boy curled up at his feet, listening, absorbed, to the life history of "Big Cutter and Little Snip"!

Despite Mr. Belloc's pragmatic edict I like to think I was that little girl and, somehow, I cannot believe that an author with this intimate knowledge of the workings of a child's mind should fail to interest a future generation; that curious personality, absentminded and retiring, master of abstruse mathematics, yet as simple in heart as the children he loved.

Absentminded he certainly was. Once, when my parents were going to Oxford, Lewis Carroll invited them to lunch, in College. They arrived on the appointed day, to find him standing before the high desk where he always wrote, his theory being that the brain worked best when the body was erect. He greeted them with enthusiasm, drew up chairs and they talked. There was no sign of a meal, but presently the door opened and in came a "gyp" bearing a tray, with one chop and a glass of ale!

Lewis Carroll politely waved it aside. Conversation continued until my mother, divided between mirth and hunger, rose, suggesting that the chop would be spoiled, when the author of "Alice", accepting an invitation to dinner, shook hands warmly with my parents and promised that he would not "fail" them!

One of Lewis Carroll's hobbies was the collection of fancy dress costumes in which his little friends could act and amuse themselves when they came to tea. I still possess a photograph, taken for him, in a Greek peasant's dress which he lent me for some party, and a letter beginning: "My dear little Miss Muriel Hine" (*sic*) in Lewis Carroll's neat writing, wishing me a "beautiful party" and suggesting that he would like my portrait to add to his gallery of children.

Is it possible that the present flood of *vers libres* will submerge "The Walrus and the Carpenter", or that future visitors to Oxford may contemptuously ignore the tiny shop where Lewis Carroll pictured behind the counter a sheep with opinions as set as Mr. Belloc's own and a further accomplishment, that of knitting?

The talented author, Miss Kaye-Smith, told me once that she was "brought up on Fielding"; had read all his work before she attained the age of sixteen! Is this to be the literary fare for children? Certainly in her case it seems to have been nourishing — but who can say what genius requires?

Your interesting article in the May number, 1925, of THE BOOKMAN on the reviewing of children's books has suggested these few lines in defense of an author who,

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like Mrs. Ewing, must have had an immense influence in stimulating imagination. Possibly this may be the reason for Mr. Belloc's sweeping comment. Is life becoming too material for the young to find pleasure in fantasy?

If so I can conceive, say in 2000 A.D., a "movement" started by wise children who have made a discovery. It will be known as "Let's pretend!" Then "Alice in Wonderland" (denied admission to the classics), the loving heart of the author behind it, will arise from the dust as propaganda!

Yours faithfully,
MURIEL HINE.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

It is too bad that Edward Larocque Tinker in his colorful article, "Why 'O. Henry'?", in the June, 1925, number of THE BOOKMAN was not a little more careful with the facts. Though romance in biography is charming, certainly truth has a stronger claim.

In describing Porter's journey from Houston to Austin, Texas, to answer an indictment there charging him with embezzling bank funds, Mr. Tinker tells us that Porter "fell a victim to his own marvelous imagination, which tortured him with frightful pictures of trial, cross examination, conviction, disgrace, shame, and the penitentiary, until his determination was sapped". But according to C. Alphonso Smith, O. Henry's chief biographer, "it was not cowardice that motivated his action. It was the lure of peace and quiet, the call of a new start in life, the challenge of a novel and romantic career".

The next misstatement is a geographical absurdity. Mr. Tinker writes that when the train arrived at the county seat (Austin is both the county seat of Travis County and the capital of Texas), "Porter did not have enough will power to get out. He continued to ride, dully, on and on until he reached the end of the line, New Orleans." In that case it was an amazingly long ride. Austin is one hundred and sixty four miles west of Houston. New Orleans is three hundred and sixty two miles east of Houston. Had Porter continued riding west, he would have traveled around the world before arriving at New Orleans. Of course he didn't reach Austin. He got off the train at Hempstead, Texas, and caught the eastbound for the Louisiana capital.

"Here" (continues Mr. Tinker) "he hung around, aimlessly, for a time until fear drove him to further flight and he took ship to Honduras." It seems, however, that he got out of New Orleans on the first available fruit steamer for Central America; at any rate, his stay in that city was very brief. In Honduras, "he was now safe, to be true, from the law, but not from that far more implacable force — nostalgia". Alas, another wrong guess! What brought Porter hurrying home was his wife's approaching death. She was in the last stages of tuberculosis. When he was informed how serious her condition was, he at once gave up all thought of his freedom and started for Austin. Until this time, however, he had planned to live permanently in Honduras. Mrs. Porter and their daughter, Margaret, were to join him as soon as he could arrange things for them. He had gone so far as to select a school for Margaret.

"Arrived again in New Orleans, he once more weakened; and he stayed on, always promising himself that he would start the very next day on the journey which ended so disastrously in the penitentiary." But there is no evidence that he tarried in New Orleans on his return home. The very nature of his journey convinces one that he lost as little time as possible in reaching his dying wife, whom he loved greatly.

Mr. Tinker next tells us that it was on one of these visits in New Orleans that Porter found the now famous pseudonym, "O. Henry." In the picturesque Tobacco Plant Saloon was a smart barkeeper named Henry, a favorite with news and liquor seeking reporters. Porter came to the saloon so often that he became "on intimate terms with its habitués". One day he asked two young reporters to give him a pseudonym for something he had written. One of them suggested that since he addressed the barkeeper so frequently as "Oh, Henry", he sign his effort simply O. Henry. So runs Mr. Tinker's story. But what of the facts? It is certain that Porter made only two visits to New Orleans and that both were of short duration. In this brief time could he have become intimately acquainted with the frequenters and the barkeeper of a saloon? Porter was an extremely quiet, reticent man. The picture of him in a New Orleans barroom gaily calling to the barkeeper to "set 'em up" and then asking two young reporters for literary advice is just a little incongruous. And, also, at this time he was not writing anything. He was not in a writing frame of mind during either his flight or his return.

Citizens of Austin, where Porter lived for more than ten years, make the claim that he selected his penname there. For two years he worked as paying and receiving teller in the old First National Bank (the general mismanagement of which was the real cause of his prison term). One of the officers was always joking with an old patron, whose first name was Henry. The old man

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was somewhat deaf, and after he left the officer's desk and neared the door, the officer would call out very loudly, "Oh, Henry!" The patron would shuffle slowly back to the desk. After chatting a few minutes, he would start toward the door again, when the officer would call out once more, "Oh, Henry!" Much to the amusement of the employees, and especially to the delight of Porter, the incident was repeated whenever the old fellow visited the bank. In view of Porter's long residence in Austin and of his brief stopovers in New Orleans, this account is much more plausible than Mr. Tinker's.

However, it may be that neither story gives the truth. It is well known that Porter did not use the pseudonym of O. Henry until he was in the federal penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. While there he signed some of his stories Sydney Porter, and W. S. Porter, but other names used were S. H. Peters, James L. Bliss, T. B. Dowd, Howard Clark, and Olivier Henry. The last one suggests a clue. Is it not reasonable to suppose that Porter, after using this pseudonym, thought of making it more simple and distinctive by shortening the first name to the initial "O"? This may be the secret of the whole business.

But we are not quite through. There is still a little more Tinkering to be done.

In mentioning Porter, Mr. Tinker erroneously calls him "Sid" and Sydney. Though his middle name was Sydney, everybody in the southwest who knew him called him "Will Porter".

In Mr. Tinker's final paragraph, "Sydney Porter was sitting inside a grimy little cube of monotonous gloom called a cell in a penitentiary. He had just finished writing the last page of one of his inimitable short stories. . . ." Etc., etc. Strike three and out! Porter was not confined in a cell like most of the men who were "doing time". He was a trusted drug clerk and even had permission to go outside the prison walls. On July 8, 1898, he described his quarters thus:

"I am treated with plentiful consideration by all the officials, have a large, airy, clean sleeping room and the range of the whole place, and big, well kept yard full of trees, flowers, and grass. The hospital here is a fine new building, fully as large as the City Hall in Austin, and the office and drug store is as fine and up to date as a first class hotel. I have my desk and office chair inside the drug store railing, gas lights, all kinds of books, the latest novels, etc., brought in every day or two, three or four daily papers, and good meals sent down the dumb waiter from the kitchen at ten o'clock and three P. M."

This description is confirmed by the published statements of prison officials who worked with him and did all in their power to help him.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL ADAMS.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AUTHORS have now to travel, much as did royalty in the olden times. William McFee writes from New Hampshire that he is completely and entirely happy among the mountains, where no one knows his books and he is not required to face the battering glances of women's clubs. He says, too, that "The Perennial Bachelor" by Anne Parrish is a good novel, an opinion which seems to be general. From Denver comes news that Willa Cather spent the first two weeks of August there, incognito. She was gathering some authentic tradition about the region for her new novel of Mexico and, being absorbed in her work, was desirous of no attention or publicity. It became necessary, however, for her to make herself known to the employees of the Denver Public Library, and Librarian Malcolm Wyer gave her a private tea at which the entire library staff was present. It can never be said that women cannot keep secrets — at least for a time — for these fifty women, respecting Miss Cather's wishes, said nothing of the secret entrusted to them and the press was never apprized of the celebrity in Denver's midst. Miss Cather visited Pueblo and Colorado Springs with the same good fortune. No one spotted her. It is reported that she has succumbed to one of those new cretonne jackets, that she is lovely and gracious, that she cannot mix women's clubs with hard work.

A delightful literary pilgrimage was that undertaken on July 18, 1925, by the members of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of this country. Their annual convention was held in Portland, Maine, during the week of July 13, and the ladies had asked many months ago if on the last day of their stay they might be taken to Quillcote, the summer home of the late Kate Douglas Wiggin, and to the Tory Hill meeting house, the scene of her church play, "The Old Peabody Pew". One hundred and fifty motor cars and buses were let for one afternoon by Portland people, and six hundred business and professional women made the trip to the tiny villages on the Saco River made famous by Mrs. Wiggin's New England stories. The pilgrims first visited the old meeting house, a structure whose hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated two years ago. There they found Mrs. Wiggin's pew decked with flowers; and while one of the visitors, an organist from Pittsburg, wandered into the choir loft and played the old hymn that runs through the church play —

> By cool Siloam's shady rill,
> How fair the lily grows,

many a pilgrim bowed her head in prayer. The minister and his wife, and the senior deacon and his wife, were there to receive the guests; and then they were all whirled a mile down the river to Quillcote, where a delegation of members from the famous Dorcas Society of Hollis and Buxton, Maine, received them. They were first shown through the stately Colonial mansion, now the home of Mrs. Wiggin's sister, Nora Archibald Smith; and then to the barn, long ago converted by the sisters into a village hall. Miss Smith, since her sister's

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death, has covered its walls with all the autographed portraits of literary celebrities her sister collected during her lifetime, and the original illustrations of many of her stories, while a case of rough grey weather beaten boards holds the translations into foreign tongues of all her books — a goodly array — German, French, Spanish, Japanese, Roumanian, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and multiple editions for the blind. The visitors represented thirty four of our states, as well as Canada, and their eager questions and expressions of pleasure at what they saw showed that they were the veritable "fok to gon on pilgrimages".

The University of Michigan has done well to choose for its Art Fellowship award so urbane a figure as that of Jesse Lynch Williams. Mr. Williams is an honest workman and a gentleman of culture and good sense, rare, if you like, in these days, as the saying goes. The fellowship demands a year's residence at the university, which isn't so bad, if you know Detroit. It allows its recipients to bring whatever intellectual food they will to the seeking minds of the great midwest. Robert Frost and Robert Bridges have held this post in the past. So from the poet laureate of Vermont, through the poet laureate of England, we come to Mr. Williams, winner in 1917 of the Pulitzer Prize for "the play of the year that etc.", which, you will remember, was called "Why Marry?" I note that the estimable New York "World" called this play "Why Worry?" Which, after all, may or may not have been unintentional. It was a good play. So too, I hear, is the new Williams piece destined for Broadway this autumn. While Mr. Williams sojourns in Michigan, several other of our literati will be seeking peace in New Mexico. A letter from Witter Bynner headed Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico, sounds sufficiently alluring. Haniel Long, he says, is with him. After eight years of work, Bynner assures the world that he will at last give it his Chinese translations. To Santa Fe this winter, too, will migrate Arthur Davison Ficke and his dark haired artist wife, Gladys Brown. Mary Austin is ensconced in her adobe house there; but I venture to guess that she will again be at the National Arts Club, New York City, before many months have passed. Writers may forsake New York for Chicago or Tucson or even Santa Fe; yet somehow, they do drift back here now and again — even Witter Bynner.

People coming back from England tell of seeing Arnold Bennett and Margaret Kennedy and Compton Mackenzie and H. G. Wells; but so far, no one this year has said anything about seeing A. S. M. Hutchinson, a man I myself have been most anxious to meet. (Not that I'm not anxious to meet the others.) I was once told that Hutchinson was exactly like his own Mark Sabre. That does not seem likely; for Mark Sabre seemed singularly to lack a sense of humor, and Mr. Hutchinson, at least in some of his books, has displayed the fact that he can laugh at himself and the world and his own characters. "One Increasing Purpose", to be sure, is a serious book; but a book which contains fervent and finely etched characterizations shining over and above its propagandism and its involved style. Just how involved is an author allowed to make his style of writing without causing a country to rise as one man in protest? Well, A. S. M. Hutchinson has not quite reached that point, but if he refuses to

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punctuate in a fashion that will elucidate his rather complicated structures, it will not be long before one reader at least cries out, "*Halte-là!*" I hear from Floyd Dell that London was a quiet place, but that in Paris

A. S. M. Hutchinson

he sees everyone he knows. He couldn't, quite, for Charlie Chaplin has been very much in New York City, and Charlie Chaplin is one of the people one must know. Mr. Chaplin should return to Hollywood or to England or wherever he is going, with a full and a merry heart. His picture is alarmingly successful—alarmingly, because it is impossible to go to see it without standing in line for hours. I find that if you go around five o'clock, you can just barely squeeze in the door. What a picture! Charm, pathos, humor: in other words, Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps the best and the only real criticism of "The Gold Rush" was voiced by the remarkably articulate, golden haired young man of six or so who sat back of us. He was silent as long as the great comedian flickered before him, but presently when other scenes occupied the silver screen a shrill and unmistakably sincere voice shouted again and again, "I want Charlie, I want Charlie!" That, of course, is my idea of real dramatic criticism. That is why Alexander Woollcott seems to me the best of the critics: Mr. Woollcott, now of the New York "World", whose editorial page has become nothing more nor less than a daily bulletin of the Hotel Algonquin. Woollcott is a purely personal critic. He has grown up a little, so he does not rise at opening nights — although his progress down an aisle is magnificently Pickwickian — he does not rise, I say, and shout, as he does mentally, "I want Mrs. Fiske, I want Mrs. Fiske."

Kind correspondents inform me that Hamlin Garland, having returned from abroad, has taken the Carroll Beckwith House at Onteora, and that the adjoining studio has been made over into a theatre, where the Garland daughters act with the rest. Surely, if the rest are anything like as pretty and as talented as the Misses Garland, the Onteora theatrical enterprise should be a successful one. Another welcome letter spells honor for one who well deserves it. Captain Achmed Abdullah (the "Captain" may be for polo playing, but I rather think not. However, he does or did play polo, than which there is no more aristocratic sport, unless it be playing chess), author of "Shackled", "The Swinging Caravan", etc. etc., has received word that he has been honored by the French Academy. His collection of short stories published four years ago, "The Honourable Gentleman", has just been crowned, in its French translation, and has been awarded the Prix L'Anglais. It is the first time, so his publishers assure me, that an American writer has been so honored. Congratulations to the urbane and delightful gentleman, who is most certainly an American now, although he has not always been so fortunate —

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or unfortunate, depending on whether you take the Bok attitude or that put forward by Mr. Lewisohn. The French Academy is apparently approaching us slowly, via the East. One invitation I was sorry indeed to regret this month was from the Reverend and Mrs. William E. Barton, who gave a reception during August at the opening of the Lincoln Room at their summer home in Foxboro, Massachusetts. Who was it told me, recently, of a tea with the Sitwells? I can't remember; but anyhow, it was said that Miss Edith wore a hat so large that she had to remove it before going out the door, and that the house was furnished according to Osbert's charming idea that the ugliest and stiffest of Victorian furniture was none too ugly for him. Stuffed birds, you know, and all that. What a delightful conceit. It is shared by the famous editor of a famous American magazine; but he has finally relegated his Victorian antiques to a barn, or rather a museum, where he may sit all day if he chooses on the slippery surfaces of haircloth sofas. After all, there is much to be said for the Victorian era. Only the other day, as I was defending Victorian moods and manners, honesty suddenly overcame me, and I wondered whatever I should have done if I'd lived in that particular age. Honesty is a terrible thing for a gossip to discover in himself. It simply will not do.

Publicity campaigns take many forms. One of the cleverest recently devised comes via the Bernays Public Relations Council, or whatever that gentleman terms himself in the line of publicity procurers. It has to do with a famous soap and, since the first prize is one hundred dollars and the game is a good one, you might apply for details to Mr. Bernays, 9 East 46 Street, New York, if you're interested. The Poetry Society of Texas is up to its prize giving again, and announces that the winning collection of poems in its book publishing contest is "White Fire", by Grace Noll Crowell of Dallas. The volume will be issued at the expense of the Society and will be ready for distribution October 1. The Reverend Rupert Holloway is a lucky man, for he has been awarded the prize of a trip to California and a week in Hollywood offered by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for the best review of "The Skyrocket", Adela Rogers St. Johns's novel of the film studios. Mr. Holloway, a Unitarian minister of Bloomington, Illinois, is accustomed to deliver sermons from time to time with a contemporary novel as theme. His review was one of hundreds submitted from every section of the country and even from the Philippines and China.

The first night crowds are beginning to filter back to town. The opening of "It All Depends" was marked by a great and overawing dignity. Frankly, it was one of the nicest audiences ever witnessed, except at a Winthrop Ames first night. Directly back of me sat Paul Moody, president of Middlebury College, back of him Condé Nast, and to one side of me Messmore Kendall. Having, then, a famous divine, a famous publisher, and a famous attorney around and about me, I felt decidedly inconspicuous. Alice Brady's entrance to the current season was more glittering. Miss Brady herself always glitters, and so did her audience. What's even more important, it also applauded; and when her father embraced her after the second act, it was a scene to make the Playhouse jump a heartbeat or two. Lovely in a box, and welcome back to America from

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scenes abroad, was Carroll McComas. Here too was Owen Davis, whose play "The Gentle Grafter" is designed for Miss Brady later in a season which will probably be occupied entirely with the current attraction, "Oh! Mama", a French farce, only naughty enough to allow Miss Brady to sing, weep, play the piano, dance a bit, and be generally the remarkable personality Miss Brady always is. It was, however, to "The Enchanted April" that all of returning theatrical New York flocked. True, one had been able to observe Laurence Stallings and Cyril Hume together at "The Family Upstairs"; but only briefly, for they spent most of the time excitedly discussing William Morris on the pavement outside. Helen Gahagan, wearing lovely gowns in a gorgeous Italian setting, made Elizabeth's dramatized novel at least a thing of beauty. Much beauty, too, in the audience, including June Walker, Helen Hayes, and many another wide eyed ingénue, and also Bob Benchley, which is perhaps more important. The dramatized novel is becoming more and more popular. As a matter of fact, although "The Enchanted April" moves slowly, it seemed to me at times generally amusing, and it survived a hot night and a heavily perfumed audience admirably. Whoever the lady was who sat next me, she deserves great credit; for when a gentleman sat on her hat she not only did not chide him but laughed heartily at the catastrophe. Perhaps she simply saw a new hat in the occasion — far be it from me to conjecture. By the way, it was not I who sat on the lady's hat but someone, misfortunately, even heavier. Heywood Broun is growing thin and I — oh, well!

Alice Williamson has returned to this country with manuscripts floating from the ends of her Monte Carlo scarfs, as insouciant and as humorful as ever. She is planning to stay with us this winter, which is good news, for she is too delightful a person to be loaned for very long to the other side of the water. Here is one popular

A. M. Williamson

author who laughs at the world in general, and sometimes at herself. Her next published book will probably be "The Lure of Vienna"; since it takes up various medical aspects of that gay town, it should be popular. The author of "The Lightning Conductor" and a score of other popular successes has lost none of the zest for writing which she has always had. She loves writing, she says, and she works hard. She took some of us out to Margaret Mayo's home in Harmon the other evening, and we were shown the house in the trees where the playwright works. Also the garden, where a charming gardener, who writes novels or something and whose name is Mrs. Young, gave us a large armful of corn and some ripe tomatoes. That is just about as literary as any literary pil-

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grimage should be, particularly when your hostess has been lost somewhere in Pennsylvania fishing. "If I stay one more day", Miss Mayo told her mother over the telephone, "I may catch a fish." Well, of course, if one fish makes up for missing us! However, I must say Miss Mayo's house is charming. She is at work on a new play, and from the appearance of her workshop it was easy to see that, like Will Cuppy — whose house somewhere in the vastnesses of the sand dunes is papered with dialogue of the great drama he has been writing for years — Miss Mayo uses her scenes as upholstery. Here was a speech reposing on the sofa cushion, several more on the chairs, and a raft of them all over the divan. I remember once, when "The Red Lamp" was a play instead of a novel, going into Mrs. Rinehart's study in Washington and finding that I didn't dare breathe for fear of sending a speech out the window. There were pieces of play all over everything, only I must say that they were arranged in neat piles, and not used to decorate either the walls or the furniture.

Don Marquis disagrees with me about the quality of light verse being produced in America; well, there needn't be any very great quarrel over it. There's a lot of pretty terrible stuff — and "stuff" is the word — which comes across any editor's desk in the name of verse; but after all, with F. P. A., Fairfax Downey, Keith Preston, Arthur Guiterman, Stoddard King, Dorothy Parker, Don himself, and a quantity of others, the light verse field has its runners up. THE BOOKMAN has offered a prize in co-operation with Maxson Foxhall Judell (a man and not a confection) who edits "The Fun Shop", an excellent humorous syndicated column. Mr. Judell is also the M. F. J. of the New York City theatre programs. Perhaps you have noted his column of cuttings as you sweltered at a first night these days. At any rate, look up "The Fun Shop", and write some verses for it. I should like to have a real reader of THE BOOKMAN win at least one of these prizes. There will be two contests, the first one closing December 25. (Don't try to submit a parody on "'Twas the Night Before Christmas". Maybe Mr. Judell would like it, but I have some influence with at least one of the judges.) The other contest will extend to May 1, 1926, which is a long way off, as anyone will admit who thinks about it even twice. Don't think about this twice, but write a jingle or a fox trot or an Oceana Roll, put it in the oven, or send it without baking to Mr. Judell at Fun Shop Headquarters, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Any poems accepted by Mr. Judell will be paid for at his regular rates, and automatically entered for the prize. When you submit your poem, please put on it somewhere "BOOKMAN Reader". This statement will not have any weight with the judges, but it will please me, because then I'll really believe that someone does read the Gossip Shop. Not long ago, after I had been talking to an audience somewhere or other, I overheard a lady doing her talking. "He leads you up to a point where you think he's going to tell you a nice juicy piece of gossip", she complained; "then he tells you something perfectly innocent." Of course, that's the difference between gossip and scandal. Gossip is, in my opinion, innocent. If you wish scandal, there are plenty of places to find it. Well, this Prix de Fun Shop will be, for each competition, in amount: first prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10;

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and twenty five crisp one dollar bills for all those who receive honorable mention. If you wish to find an example of the best writer of light verse the world has ever produced, in my humble — or, if you catch me in an off moment, off my guard moment, not so humble — opinion, just pick up a volume of Robert Herrick. There's a poet for you! These verses for "The Fun Shop" must be anywhere from two lines to twenty four. Now, there's a point for discussion. How clever can you be in two lines, or is it possible to be clever in twenty four, or is twelve lines enough to be supremely clever in, or can it perhaps be done in one? At any rate, let the versifiers mount their hobby horses and trot out into the lists. Here's for fun!

The Good Bookmaking Number of "The Publishers' Weekly" contained some excellent articles on one thing or another which has to do with the printing of beautiful as well as useful books. Among them was one by Bertrand Zadig, whose black and whites of authors have been gracing the pages of most of the literary supplements for over a year now. Zadig also contributes a portrait of himself, here reproduced with permission. He is a mere youngster when considered in the bearded light of this middle aged office, and he wears a slightly cynical smile. Doubtless he is really shy, and uses this arrant air to cover his inferiority complex, or whatever it is. His rise to fame in his profession has been sudden and complete, yet he deserves every commendation, for his woodcuts are not only artistic but they do bear a faint resemblance to the authors he limns, which is more than can be said for many an artist who goes about sketching writers and other famous ladies and gentlemen of the times. Unlike many young men who suddenly find themselves in a position to write of their own profession, he does not patronize in what is a very clearly written

Bertrand Zadig

exposition. Let me quote his opening paragraphs:

> Strong feeling among book-publishers has lately developed toward recognizing in the woodcut the ideal illustration for the printed page. It should be of interest to see the how before the why of this popularity.
>
> The 15th century marked the first appearance of books, printed books, in our western sphere. Already the Orient had produced what was new to Europe, but differing from these early Italian and German volumes, the Japanese block-books were a series of pictures relieved only by an explanation, a moral in most cases, set within the illustration itself. These books were entirely woodcuts, designed and intended to be made up of as many as 28 separate blocks. The marvelous work in these prints completely amazed the good burghers who received them from Far East Traders. It is the astonishment that they caused which may convince the historian that there was an invention of woodcutting in Europe, apart from any Japanese influence.
>
> It seems strange to find our art developing quite parallel with that of the East. The European woodcut also was designed for color, it was meant to express a moral, it was to become the art of the people.

The Gossip Shop likes to be gentle. It often is. However, there is something about good-intentioned organiz-

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ing of literary matters that occasionally makes the temper on a warm day like this rise a little above ordinary temperature. Take, for example:

A POETIC SURVEY OF CITIES

Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, editor of the American Section of "The Poetry Review" of London, England, and vice president of the Poetry Society of Great Britain, has gone abroad to make a poetic survey of cities, to be included in her Anthology of Cities, which is to have a foreword by Edwin Markham.

In the recently closed Bartlett City Sonnet Contest over eight hundred poems were received from different parts of the world, dealing with 184 cities, the largest number being about Rome, New York, London, and Paris. The hundred best of these poems are to be included in the Anthology, together with the poems about different cities written by contemporary and past poets, many of which Mrs. Bartlett will collect in the cities to be visited in her trip.

The special study to be completed by Mrs. Bartlett in this trip deals with "The Poetry of Cities and Cities in Poetry". She has already succeeded in collecting the poetic expressions about important cities of the past, since the days of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, including the poems about cities written by the most famous poets of the ages up to and including contemporary poets, and the poetic survey to be made in this trip will conclude the City Anthology.

The Poetry Society has awarded its gold medal to Mrs. Bartlett for her valuable contributions to establishing and popularizing poetry on an international platform, she being the second person in fourteen years to be so honored by the Society.

Mrs. Florence Parr-Gere, the noted American pianist-composer, accompanies Mrs. Bartlett on this trip, as she did last year when they went to Europe to complete the organization of the six international poetry contests, including the contest for the best poem on music for the prize offered by Mrs. Parr-Gere.

One of the most conservative and old fashioned corners of the United States, Nantucket Island, was the scene this summer of one of the most novel and interesting experiments in education yet made in America. On Nantucket the descendants of ten English whalers live and thrive, hold their town meetings where Coffins, Folgers, and Pitmans discuss the possibility of new oil lamps for street lighting and send a representative to "America", as they call the mainland, to purchase the town supplies. At the easternmost shore of the isle the village of Siasconset, pronounced Sconset, clings to the edge of the cliffs; and thither every summer come students of life from all parts of the country to participate in the School of Opinion. The School was founded by Frederic C. Howe, economist, lawyer, author, globe trotter, and former government official, after a conversation with a group of scientists and philosophers in which he outlined his dream of a university without a faculty, trustees or endowment, textbooks or class lists. In a stable converted into a tavern and lecture hall, meet men of all shades of opinion, many of them writers, dramatists, or psychologists, to discuss the problems of man, his joys, his sorrows, and his work. Each discloses his own enthusiasm in the hope of awakening the enthusiasms of the others. From July 12 to September 18 they talk. They talk in the morning as breakfast is served on the piazza and they talk on the beach or the moors or the golf links until luncheon. In the afternoon the lecturer of the day holds the floor and answers their questions, and in the evening they talk around the fire until the moon sinks low and the ashes pile high in the grate. In July the working of man's mind and psyche is the main theme; in August, "Our American Civilization" with its art, letters, and culture; in September "International Affairs" and universal problems of man. Always the goal is wisdom and the fulfilment of the individual, rather than the accumulation of knowledge of the means of liveli-

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hood, industry, and politics. In four years the School has outgrown the original farm and spread into a dozen cottages scattered over the moors, while students make the pilgrimage in search of wisdom from beyond the Rockies and the Atlantic. Among the speakers this summer were Professors André Siegfried of Paris, Harold Rugg of Columbia, Harlow Shapley of Harvard, Arthur Schlesinger, and others; writers such as Fannie Hurst, Sinclair Lewis, Waldo Frank, Mark Van Doren, Herbert B. Swope of the New York "World", and other editors and authors; psychologists of varying schools, including Dr. L. Pierce Clark, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, Everett Dean Martin, and John D. Watson, the behaviorist.

B. W. Huebsch, Inc., has combined with the Viking Press, under the latter's imprint, and so we have one publisher less. Mr. Huebsch has been a force in the publishing business and we congratulate him on his new association. Also we, as a magazine, congratulate the editors of "Time" for their perspicacity and bravery in moving to Cleveland, which is a town of sense and of discrimination. "Time" believes that it can be distributed more effectively from the middle of the country, and it will be of great interest to the publishing world to watch this experiment. The editors of "The Saturday Review", as well as "Time's" special writers, will function from New York City. "Time" is an excellent offshoot of "The Yale Daily News", just as Fairfax Downey is an excellent offshoot of "The Yale Record". His book, "Father's First Two Years", has much that is really funny in it. I remember anxious nights of pounding on a typewriter to make little verses to suit Mr. Downey's fancy, for he was editor of Yale's humorous publication when I was a mere undergraduate scribbler. Now, I shall not patronize

From "Father's First Two Years"

Mr. Downey. His book is amusing and deserves success. Also, Margaret Freeman's illustrations are fine. May I quote:

PULLMAN LULLABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy curtain is green;
Thy cradle's the steepest ascent that I've seen;
Thy canopy's low, as I've felt by the bump,
And the selfish old man in the lower's a chump.

Hush-a-bye, baby, in the car's top;
When the air brakes, the upper will rock;
When the train jerks, the baby will squall;
Up will wake passengers, porter and all.

Cora Mel Patten, once of Chicago, now of Los Angeles, dropped in today to tell me that she's to have a children's theatre in Los Angeles next winter. She says that the interest in theatres for young people and in plays for young people is increasing throughout the country. This is a hopeful fact. I have always wondered why more people did not find it fascinating and even profitable to work out ventures of this sort. I was once told that the reason why more entertainment ventures for young people did not pay was that the wealthy did not care to have their youngsters attend playhouses

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frequented by folk who might possibly carry germs. This answer seems a trifle absurd, since undoubtedly most children of whatsoever station in life, beyond a certain period in their lives, attend the motion picture theatres, than which there is no institution more democratic. Child actors, amateur or professional, are fascinating to work with. They are graceful, quick at mimicry, and love to play-act in any form. I should be interested to know what the reaction of BOOKMAN readers and their young folk has been to Milne's "When We Were Very Young". Some parents tell me that only three or four poems in that delectable volume appeal to their offspring. I wonder whether this is generally true or whether, as I suspect and have no immediate method of proving, it's a reflection of those offspring. It becomes increasingly difficult to know just what poems do appeal most to young people. The sound rather than the content is what appeals, in my opinion; and on that ground, practically all of A. A. Milne should hit the infant fancy.

Someone sends, from London, a wise little article by our friend George Grubb, printed there in "The Daily Chronicle". "What Sells Books?" is the question he asks, and he finds the B.P. — in other words, the British Public — at fault that more books are not sold. Does this sound natural? How about the A.P.! He then goes on to point out that all one needs to do to sell a book is to get people to talk about it. This may be done in a number of ways. How must one achieve the spoken word in relation to a given book? "Boosting," he writes, "clever as it may be, does not go very far. Log-rolling still less. Posters help, but they are not everything. Stunts — horrid word — are worse than anything. No, dear reader, there is no royal road to a 'best seller'. It just comes." He goes on to point out that a topical accident may sometimes make the success of a book. Well, I don't entirely agree with him, although the British psychology is foreign to me. Stunts may not work in Great Britain, but I rather think they do in this country, even if they are horrid, both in word and deed; but, after all, I suppose that we are a nation of stunters. A letter from Bennett A. Cerf, a former vice president of Boni and Liveright, says that he has purchased their Modern Library. He further says that he has many ideas about the distribution of books in America. It will be interesting to hear them.

Some people go away for a rest, others go away simply to escape the trials of town, others go away to get married, my child familiar tells me that he goes away to eat. That is quite a proper situation, don't you think? After all, why shouldn't he? Edna Ferber has gone to Chicago to finish a novel, Sidney Howard is in Maine finishing a novel, Raymond Weaver is on Forty Fifth Street finishing a novel, Pearl Doles Bell is somewhere finishing a novel, and it seems to me novel enough just to eat, when there's no novel concerned at all. At any rate, from the Barbary Coast comes my child familiar's voice:

I have a little magic house,
Beside the magic sea,
The waves come up and slap my face,
The mermaids mock at me.

And all there is inside my house
Is quarts on quarts of jam,
And buttered bread and toasted bread
And many a sugared ham!

The mermaids cry, "You glutton!"
The jellyfish, "For shame!"
But what care I, I'd like to know—
I'll eat my way to fame!

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